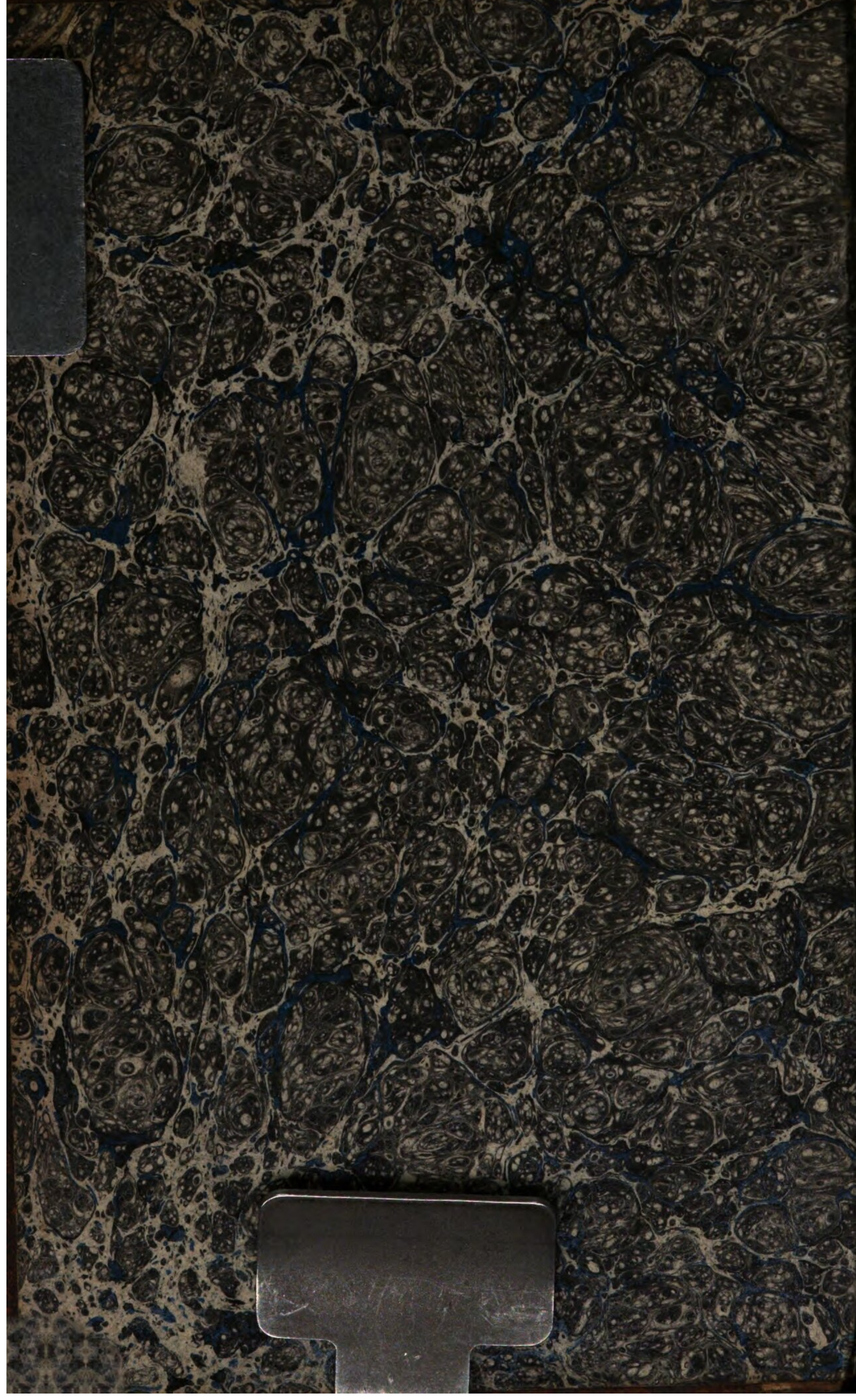






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Shakespeare

Q. C. 151. a.

B. L. angl. pag. 128.

S I X
O L D P L A Y S,
O N W H I C H
S H A K S P E A R E

FOUNDED HIS
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.
COMEDY OF ERRORS.
TAMING THE SHREW.
KING JOHN.
K. HENRY IV. AND K. HENRY V.
KING LEAR.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L U M E I.

L O N D O N,

Printed for S. LEACROFT, Charing-Cross:
And sold by J. NICHOLS, Red-Lion Passage, Fleet-street;
T. EVANS, in the Strand; and H. PAYNE, Pall Mall.

MDCCLXXIX.

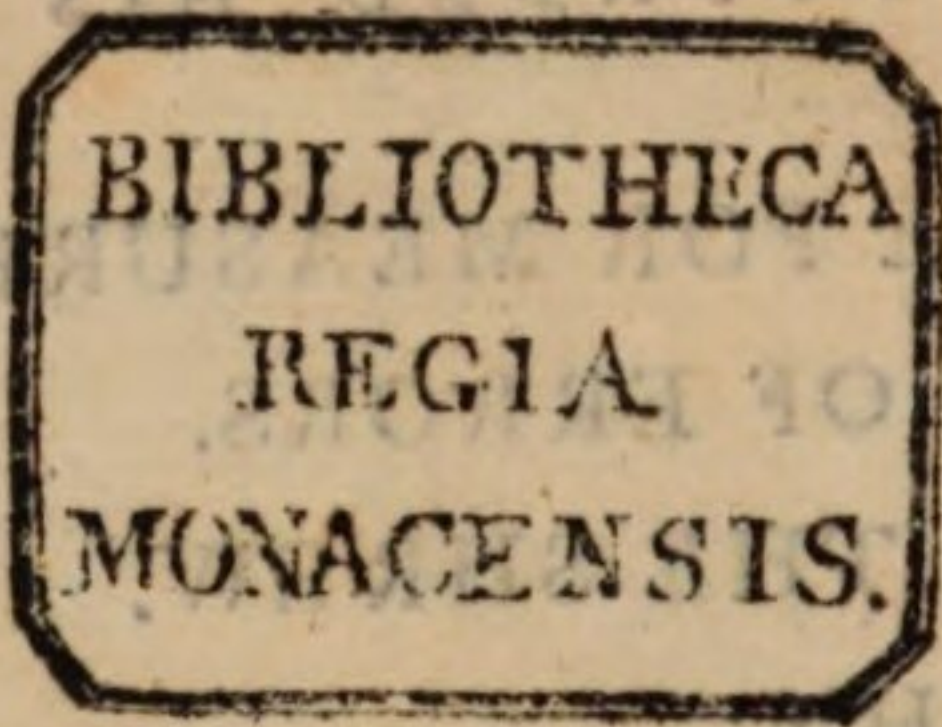
SIX

OLD PLAYS

ON WHICH

SHAKSPEARE

FOUNDED HIS



MEASURE FOR MEASURE
COMEDY OF ERRORS
TAMING OF THE SHREW

KING JOHN
K. HENRY IV. AND K. HENRY V.
KING LEAR

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

LONDON

Printed for S. Leach, Chancery-Cross;
And sold by J. Nichols; Red-Lion-Parlour, Fleet-Street;
J. Evans, in the Strand; and H. P. & A., Pall Mall.

MDCCLXIX.

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

MENÆCHMI.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN OF K. JOHN. PART I.

OLD P L A Y S.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

ROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

MENECHE.

THE TALKING OF A SHREW.

THE TRUTHSOME REIGN OF K. JOHN. PART I.

[vii] ADVERTISEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. STEEVENS being of opinion that these six dramatic pieces, which have been occasionally quoted in the notes to the last edition of Shakspeare, are requisite in an entire state to his illustration; I have undertaken to publish them without departure from the original copies. Their claim to be preserved is built on their having suggested such plans as his superior genius and judgment enabled him to improve.—A basket placed by accident over a weed, and covered with a tile, is recorded by Vitruvius as the origin of the Corinthian capital.

These Plays are here given in a size corresponding with that of the three Volumes of Antient English Dramas re-published by the late Mr. Hawkins, and may be considered as supplemental

to his work. The plays of K. John and K. Lear had indeed been separately re-printed, but were thought necessary to complete the present collection.

March 22, 1779.

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Vet. Auct. apud Suidam.

Multa dies variusque labor mutabilis ævi

Retulit in melius, multos alterna revisens

Lusit, et in solido rursus fortuna locavit,

Virgil.

Printed for J. NICHOLS, T. EVANS, and the rest of the PROPRIETORS.



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The vertuous Behaviours of a chaste LADYE:
The uncontrowled Leawdenes of a favoured CURTISAN:
And the undeserved Estimation of a pernicious PARASYTE.

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The perfect Magnanimitye of a noble KINGE,
In checking Vice and favouringe Vertue:

Wherein is showne,

The Ruyne and Overthrowe of dishonest Practises:
with the Advancement of upright Dealing.

The WORKE of
GEORGE WHETSTONES GENT.

Formæ nulla Fides.



THE
RIGHT KNOWN AND FAMOUS

HEALING OF THE RHEUMATISM

PROMOS AND TISSANDRA

By the same Author

THE HEALING OF THE RHEUMATISM

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THE HEALING OF THE RHEUMATISM

To his worshipfull FRIENDE, and KINSEMAN,
 WILLIAM FLEETEWODE EsQUIER,
 RECORDER of LONDON.

S Y R, (desirous, to acquite your tryed frendships, with some token of good will :) of late I perused divers of my unperfect workes, fully minded to bestowe on you, the travell of some of my forepassed time. But (resolved to accompanye the adventurous Captaine Syr *Humfrey Gylbert*, in his honorable voiadge,) I found my leysure too littel to correct the errors in my sayd workes. So that (inforced) I lefte them disparted, among my learned freendes, at theyr leasure, to polish, if I faild to returne: spoyling (by this meanes) my studdy of his necessarye furnytur. Amonge other unregarded papers, I fownde this discourse of *Promos* and *Cassandra*: which, for the rarenesse (and the needeful knowledge) of the necessary matter contained therein (to make the actions appeare more lively), I devided the whole History into two Commedies: for that, *decorum* used, it would not be convayde in one. The effects of both, are good and bad: vertue intermyxt with vice, unlawfull desyres (yf it were posible) queancht with chaste denyals: al needeful actions (I thinke) for publike vewe. For by the rewarde of the good, the good are encowraged in wel doinge: and with the scowrge of the lewde, the lewde are feared from evill attempts: maintaining this my oppinion with *Platocs* auctority. *Nawghtinesse, commes of the corruption of nature, and not by readinge or bearinge the lives of the good or lewde (for such publication is necessarye), but goodnesse (sayth he) is beautified by either action.* And to these endes: *Menander, Plautus, and Terence* themselves many yeares since intombed (by their Commedies) in honour, live at this daye. The auncient *Romans*, heald their shoves of suche prise, that they not onely allowde the publike exercise of them, but the grave Senators themselves countenaunced the Actors with their presence: who from these trifles wonne morallitye, as the Bee suckes honny from weedes. But the advised devises of auncient Poets, discredited, with the tryfels of yonge, unadvised, and rashe

witted wryters, hath brought this commendable exercise in mislike. For at this daye, the *Italian* is so lascivious in his Commedies, that honest hearers are greeved at his actions: the *Frenchman* and *Spaniard* follows the *Italians* humor: the *Germane* is too holie: for he presentes on every common Stage, what Preachers should pronounce in Pulpets. The *Englishman* in this qualitie, is most vaine, indiscreete, and out of order: he first groundes his worke, on impossibilities: then in three howers runnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes. murder monsters, and bringeth Gods from Heaven, and fetcheth divels from Hel. And (that which is worst) their ground is not so unperfect, as their workinge indiscreete: not waying, so the people laugh, though they laugh them (for theyr follies) to scorn: Manye tymes (to make myrthe) they make a clowne companion with a Kinge: in theyr grave Counsels, they allow the advise of fools: yea they use one order of speach for all persons: a grosse *Indecorum*, for a Crowe, wyll yll counterfet the Nightingales sweete voice: even so, affected Speeche doth misbecome a Clowne. For to worke a Commedie kindly, grave olde men, should instruct: yonge men, should shewe the imperfections of youth: strumpets should be lascivious: Boyes unhappy: and Clownes, should be disorderlye: entermingling all these actions, in such sorte, as the grave matter may instruct, and the pleasant delight: for without this chaunge, the attention, would be small: and the likinge, lesse.

But leave I this rehearfall, of the use, and abuse of Commedies: least that, I checke that in others, which I cannot amend in myself. But this I am assured, what actions so ever passeth in this History, either merry, or morneful: grave, or lascivious: the conclusion shoves, the confusion of vice, and the cherishing of Vertue. And sythe the end tends to this good, although the worke (because of evel handlinge) be unworthy your learned Censure, allowe (I beseeche you) of my good wyll, untill leasure serves me, to perfect, some labour of more worthe. No more, but that, almighty God be your protector, and preserve me from dainger, in this voiadge, the xxix. of July, 1578.

Your Kinsman to use,

GEORGE WHETSTONE.

The

The PRINTER to the READER.

GENTLE Reader, this labour of Maister *Whetstons*, came into my handes, in his fyrst coppy, whose leasure was so lyttle (being then readie to depart his Country) that he had no time to worke it anew, nor to geve apt instructions, to prynte so difficult a worke, beyng full of variety, both matter, speache, and verse: for that every fundry Actor, hath in all these a fundry grace; so that, if I commit an error, without blaming the Auctor, amend my amisse: and if by chaunce thou light of some speache that seemeth dark, consider of it with judgment, before thou condemne the worke: for in many places he is driven, both to praise, and blame, with one breath, which in readinge wil seeme hard, and in action appeare plaine. Using this courtesy, I hould my paynes wel satisfied, and Maister *Whetston* uninjured: and for my owne part, I wil not faile to procure such bookes as may profit thee with delight.

Thy Friend R. I.

THE
A R G U M E N T
OF THE
W H O L E H I S T O R Y E.

IN the Cytie of *Julio* (sometimes under the dominion of *Corvinus* King of *Hungarie*, and *Boemia*) there was a law, that what man so ever committed Adultery, should lose his head, and the woman offender, should weare some disguised apparell, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe lawe, by the favour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of Lord *Promos* auctority: who convicting a yong Gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him, and his minion, to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very vertuous and beawtiful Gentlewoman to his Sister, named *Cassandra*: *Cassandra* to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doying good, that evill might come thereof: for a time, he repyved her brother: but wicked man, touning his liking unto unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunsome for her Brothers life: chaste *Cassandra*, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitie of hir Brother (pleading for life) upon these conditions, she agreede to *Promos*. First that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as feareles in promisse, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe, sygned her conditions: but worse then any Infydel, his will satisfied, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to

keepe his aucthoritye, unspotted with favour, and to prevent *Cassandrae's* clamors, he commaunded the Gayler secretly, to present *Cassandra* with her brother's head. The Gayler, with the outcryes of *Andrugio*, abhorryng *Promos* lewdenes, by the providence of God, provyded thus for his safety. He prevented *Cassandra* with a felons head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the Gaylor, who was set at libertie) was so agreeved at this trecherye, that at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be avenged of *Promos*. And devisyng a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executinge this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do iustice on *Promos*: whose judgment was, to marrye *Cassandra*, to repaire her crased honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solemnpnised, *Cassandra* tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the common weale, before her special case, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. *Andrugio* (disguised amonge the company) forrowing the grieve of his sister, bewrayde his safetye, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renoune the vertues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him and *Promos*. The circumstances of this rare Historye, in action lyvelye foloweth.

THE
HISTORIE
OF
PROMOS AND CASSANDRA.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde-bearer : *One with a bunche of keyes :* Phallax, Promos Man.

YOU officers which now in *Julio* staye,
Know you our leadge, the King of *Hungarie*,
Sent me *Promos*, to joyne with you in sway,
That still we may to Justice have an eye.
And now to show my rule and power at large
Attentivelie his Letters Pattents heare :
Phallax, reade out my Soveraines chardge.

Phallax.

As you commaunde, I wyl give heedefull eare.

[*Phallax readeth the King's Letters, which must be fayre
written in parchment, with some great counterfeat zeale.*

Promos.

Loe, here you see what is our soveraignes wyl ;
Loe, heare his wish that right, not might beare swaye ;
Loe, heare his care to weede from good the yll,
To scourge the wights good lawes that disobay.

Such

Such zeale he beares unto the Common weale,
 (How so he bids, the ignorant to save)
 As he commaundes, the lewde do rigor feele:
 Such is his wish, such is my wyll to have;
 And such a Judge, here *Promos* vowes to be.
 No wyfull wrong sharpe punishment shall mysse;
 The simple thrall shal be judgde with mercie,
 Each shall be doombde even as his merite is.
 Love shall not staye, nor hate revenge procure,
 Ne yet shall coyne corrupt or foster wrong:
 I doo protest, whylste that my charge indure,
 For friende nor foe to finge a partial song.

*Love, hate
 and gaine, the
 causes of In-
 justice.*

Thus have you heard howe my Commission goes;
 He absent, I present our Soveraigne still:
 It aunsweres then, each one his dutie shoves,
 To mee, as him, what I commaunde and wyll.

Mayor.

Worthy Deputie, at thy chardge we joye,
 We doe submitte our selves to worke thy heast:
 Receive the sword of Justice to destroy
 The wicked impes, and to defend the rest.

Shirife.

Our Citty keyes take wisht Lifestenant heare;
 We doe committe our safetie to thy head:
 Thy wyse foresight will keepe us voyde of feare,
 Yet wyll we be assistant still at neede.

Promos.

Both sworde and keies unto my princes use
 I doo receive and gladlie take my chardge.
 It resteth nowe, for to reforme abuse,
 We poynt a tyme of councell more at lardge;
 To treat of which, a whyle we wyll depart.

All speake.

To worke your wyll we yeele a wylling hart.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA. 11

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

Lamia, a Curtizane, entreth synging.

The SONG.

Ala flaunt now vaunt it, brave wenche cast away care
With Layes of Love chaunt it, for no cost see thou spare.

Sith nature hath made thee with bewty most brave,
Sith fortune doth lade thee with what thou wouldst have;
Ere pleasure doth vade thee, thy selfe set to sale,
All wantons will trade thee, and stowpe to thy stale.

All a flaunt, *ut supra.*

Yong Rufflers maintaines thee, defends thee and thine;
Olde Dottrels retaines thee, thy beuties so shine;
Though many disdaynes thee, yet none may thee tuch;
Thus envie refraynes thee, thy countinaunce is such.

All a flaunt, *ut supra.*

Shee speaketh.

Triumphe fayre *Lamia* now, thy wanton flag advaunce,
Set foorth thy self to bravest show, bost thou of happy chaunce
Gyrle, accompt thou thy selfe the cheefe of Lady Pleasure's
traine;

Thy face is faire, thy forme content, thy fortunes both doth
staine.

Even as thou wouldst thy house doth stande, thy furniture is
gay,

Thy weedes are brave, thy face is fine, and who for this doth
paye?

Thou thy self? no, the rushing Youthes that bathe in wanton
blisse,

Yea, olde and dooting fooles sometimes doo helpe to paye
for this.

Free cost betweene them both I have, all this for my behove;
I am the sterne that gides their thoughts, looke what I like,
they love.

Few of them sturre that I byd staie; if I bid go, they flye;
If I on foe pursue revenge, *Alarme* a hundred crye.

The

The bravest, I their harts, their handes, their purses holde at wyl,
 Joynde with the credite of the best, to bowlder mee in yll.
 But see wheras my trustie man doth run; what newes brings he?

ACTUS I. SCENA III.

Rosko (*Lamia's Man*) Lamia.

Rosko.

Good people; did none of you my mistresse *Lamia* see?

Lamia.

Rosko, what newes, that in such hast you come blowing?

Rosko.

Mistresse, you must shut up your shops, and leave your occupying.

Lamia.

What so they be, foolish knave, tell me true?

Rosko.

Oh yll, for thirtie besydes you.

Lamia.

For me, good fellowe! I pray thee why so?

Rosko.

Be patient Mistresse, and you shall knowe.

Lamia.

Go too, say on.

Rosko.

Marrie, right nowe at the Sessions I was,
 And thirtie must to *Trussum corde* go.

Among the which (I weepe to shewe) alas:

Lamia.

Why, what's the matter, man?

Rosko.

O *Andrugio*,

For loving too kindlie, must loose his heade,
 And his sweete hart must weere the shamefull weedes
 Ordainde for Dames that fall through fleshly deedes.

Lamia.

Is this offence in question come againe?

Tell, tell no more; tys tyme this tale were done:

See, see, how soone my triumphe turnes to paine.

Rosko.

Rosko.

Mistresse, you promised to be quiet,
For Gods sake, for your owne sake, be so.

Lamia.

Alas, poore *Rosko*, our dayntie dyet
Our braverie and all we must forgo.

Rosko.

I am forie.

Lamia.

Yea, but out alas, sorrowe wyll not serve:
Rosko, thou must needes provide thee else where;
My gaynes are past, yea, I my selfe might starve,
Save that I did provide for a deare yeare.

Rosko.

They rewarde fayre (their harvest in the stacke)
When winter comes that byd their servaunts packe.
Alas mistresse, if you turne mee off now,
Better then a Roge none wyll me allowe.

Lamia.

Thou shalt have a Pasporte.

Rosko.

Yea, but after what sorte?

Lamia.

Why, that thou wert my man.

Rosko.

O the judge, fylde shoves the favour,
To let one theefe bayle another:
Tush, I know, ere long you so wyll fflyp awaye,
As you, for your selfe, must seeke some testimony
Of your good lyfe.

Lamia.

Never feare: honestly
Lamia nowe meanes to lyve even tyll she dye.

Rosko.

As jumpe as apes in view of nuttes to daunce,
Kytte will to kinde, of custome, or by chaunce:
Well, howe so you stande upon this holy poynt,
For the thing you knowe, you wyll jeopard a joynt.

Lamia.

Admitte I would, my hazarde were in vaine.

Rosko.

Rosko.

Perhappes I know to turne the same to gaine.

Lamia.

Thou comforts mee, good *Rosko*, tell me howe?

Rosko.

You wyl be honest, 'twere syn to hinder you.

Lamia.

I dyd but jeast, good sweete servaunt, tell mee.

Rosko.

Sweete servaunt now; and late, pack Syr, God bwy ye.

Lamia.

Tush, to trye thy unwillingnesse, I dyd but jeast.

Rosko.

And I do but trye how long you would be honest.

Lamia.

I thought thy talke was too sweete to be true.

Rosko.

Yea, but meant you to byd honestie a due?

Lamia.

No, I dyd so long since, but inforste by need,
To byd him welcome home againe, I was decreede.

Rosko.

Verie good, mistresse, I know your minde,
And for your ease this remedie I finde:
Prying abroad for playfellowes and such,
For you mistresse, I heard of one *Phallax*,
A man esteemde of *Promos* verie much:
Of whose nature I was so bolde to axe,
And I finealt he loved lase mutton well.

Lamia.

And what of this?

Rosko.

Marry of this, if you the waye can tell
To towle him home, he of you wyl be fayne,
Whose countenaunce wyl so excuse your faultes,
As none, for life, dare of your lyfe complaine.

Lamia.

A good device, God graunt us good successe:
But I praye thee, what trade doth he profe.se?

Rosko.

He is a paltrie petyfogger.

Lamia.

Lamia.

All the better, fuspition wyl be the leffe.
Well, go thy wayes, and if thou him espye,
Tell him from me that I a cause or two
Woulde put to him at leysure wyllinglie.

Rosko.

Hir case is so common, that small pleading wyl
ferve,
I go (nay ronne), your commaundement to ob-
ferve.

*The scourge of
lawe (and not
zeale) keepeth
the lewde in
awe.*

Lamia.

Aye me alas, lesse *Phallax* helpe poore wench undone I am :
My foes nowe in the winde wyl lye to worke my open shame :
Now envious eyes will prie abroad offenders to intrap,
Of force nowe *Lamia* must be chaste, to shun a more mishap.
And, wanton girle, how wilt thou shift for garments fine and
gay ?
For dainty fare, can crusts content ? who shal thy houserent
pay ?
And that delights thee most of all, thou must thy daliaunce
leave ;
And can then the force of lawe or death, thy minde of love
bereave ?
In good faith, no : the wight that once hath tast the fruits of
love,
Untill her dying daye will long Sir *Chaucer's* jests to prove.

ACTUS I. SCENA IV.

Lamia's Mayde, Lamia.

Mayde.

Forsooth Mistris your thraule staves for you at home.

Lamia.

Were you borne in a myll curtrole ? you prate so hye.

Mayde.

The gentelman that came the last day with Captain *Prie*.

Lamia.

What, young *Hipolito* ?

Mayde.

Even he.

Lamia.

Least he be gone, home hye,
 And will that *Dalia* pop him in the neather roome,
 And keepe the falling doore close tyll I come;
 And tell my thraule his fortune wyll not staye.

Mayde.

Wyll you ought else?

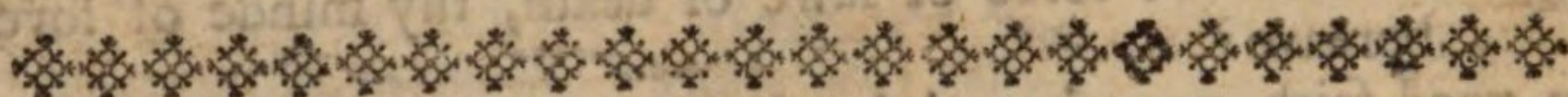
[*Exit.**Lamia.*

Pratyng vixen, away!
 Gallants adue, I venter must *Hipolito* to see,
 He is both young and welthy yet, the better spoyle for mee.

Note.

My hassard for his sake I trowe, shall make him pray and pay:
 He, he shall pranck me in my plumes, and deck mee brave and
 gay.

Of Curtisie, I praye you yet, if *Pballax* come this waye,
 Report, to put a case with him, heare *Lamia* long dyd stay.

[*Exit.*

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

*Cassandra, a Mayd.**Cassandra.*

AYE mee, unhappy wenche, that I must live the day
 To see *Andrugio* tymeles dye, my brother and my stay.
 The only meane, God wot, that should our house aduance
 Who in the hope of his good hap, must dy through wanton
 chance.

O blynde affectes in love, whose tormentes none can tell,
 Yet wantons wyll byde fyre and frost, yea hassard *The force*
 death, nay hell, *of Love.*
 To taste thy sowre sweete frutes, digested styll with care!
 Fowle fall thee Love, thy lightning joyes hath blasted my
 welfare;

Thou fyrst affection fyrst within my brothers brest:

Thou

Thou mad'st *Polina* graunt him (earst) even what he would request:

Thou mad'st him crave and have a prooffe of *Venus* meede,
For which foule act he is adjudg'd eare long to lose his heade.

The lawe is so severe in scourging fleshly sinne

As marriage to worke after mends doth seldome favor win.

A law first made of zeale, bur wrested much amis:

Faults should be measured by desert, but all is one *A good lawe
yll executed.*

The lecher fyerd with lust is punished no more

Then he which fel through force of love whose marriage salves
his fore;

So that poore I dispayre of my *Andrugio's* lyfe,

O would my dayes myght end with his, for to appease my
stryfe!

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

Andrugio in Prison. Cassandra.

Cassandra. A

My good syster *Cassandra*?

Cassandra.

Who calleth *Cassandra*?

Andrugio.

Thy wofull brother *Andrugio.*

Cassandra.

Andrugio, o dismall day, what greefes doe mee assayle?

Condemned wretch to see thee here fast fettered now in jayle!

How haps thy wits were witched so that knowing death was
meede

Thou wouldest commit (to slay us both) this vile lascivious
deede.

Andrugio.

O good *Cassandra*, leave to check, and chide me thraule
therfore,

If late repentaunce wrought me helpe, I would doe so no more.

But out alas, I wretch, too late doe sorrowe my amys

Unles Lord *Promos* graunt me grace, in vayne is had ywist.

B

Wherfore

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Wherefore sweete sister whylst in hope my dampned lyfe yet
were,

Assaulte his hart in my behalfe with battering tyre of teares.
If thou by fute doest save my lyfe, it both our joyes will be,
If not, it may suffice thou soughtst to set thy brother free:
Wherefore speede to proroge my dayes, to-morrowe else I dye.

Cassandra.

I wyll not fayle to pleade and praye to purchase the mercye,
Farewell awhyle, God graunt me well to speede.

Andrugio.

Syster adew; tyl thy returne I lyve twene hope and dreede.

Cassandra.

Oh happy tyme! see where Lord *Promos* comes.
Now tongue addresse thy felfe my mind to wray;
And yet least haste worke waste, I hold it best
In covert, for some advauntage, to stay.

ACTUS II. SCENA III.

Promos with the Shrieve, and their Officers.

Promos.

'Tis strange to thinke what swarms of unthrifts live
Within this towne, by rapine, spoyle, and theft,
That were it not that justice ofte them greeve
The just mans goods by rufers should be reft.
At this our fyse are thirtye judgde to dye
Whose falles I see their fellowes smally feare,
So that the way is, by severity
Such wicked weedes even by the rootes to teare.
Wherefore, *Shrieve*, execute with speedy pace
The dampned wights, to cutte of hope of grace.

Shrieve.

It shal be done.

Cassandra to herselfe.

O cruell words they make my hart to bleede:
Now, now I must this dome seeke to revoke
Least grace come short when starved is the steede.

She

She kneeling speakes to Promos.

Most mighty lord, a worthy judge, thy judgement sharpe abate,
Vaile thou thine eares to heare the plaint that wretched I
relate.

Behold the wofull fyfter here of poore *Andrugio*,
Whom though that lawe awardeth death, yet mercy do him
show.

Way his yong yeares, the force of love which forced his amis,
Way, way that mariage works amends for what committed is.
He hath defilde no nuptiall bed, nor forced rape hath mov'd;
He fel through love who never ment but wive the wight he
lov'd:

And wantons fure to keepe in awe these statutes first were
made,

Or none but lustfull leachers should with rygrous law be payd.
And yet to adde intent thereto is farre from my pretence;
I sue with teares to wyn him grace that forrows his offence.
Wherefore herein, renowned lorde, justice with pitee payse
Which two, in equall ballance waide, to heaven your fame will
raise.

Promos.

Cassandra, leave of thy bootlesse sute, by law he hath bene
tride,
Lawe founde his faulte, lawe judgde him death,

Cassandra.

Yet this maye be replide,
That law a mischiefte oft permits to keepe due forme of lawe,
That lawe small faultes, with greatest doomes, to keepe men
styl in awe.

Yet kings, or such as execute regall authoritye,
If mends be made, may over-rule the force of lawe with mercie.
Here is no wylful murder wrought which axeth blood againe;
Andrugio's faulte may valued be, marriage wipes out his stayne.

Promos.

Faire dame, I see the naturall zeale thou bearest to *Andrugio*,
And for thy sake (not his desart) this favour wyll I showe:
I wyll re pryve him yet a whyle, and on the matter pawse;
To-morrowe you shall lycence have afresh to pleade his cause.
Sbrie execute my chardge, but staye *Andrugio*,
Untill that you in this behalfe more of my pleasure knowe.

Sbrieſe.

I wyll performe your wyll.

Cassandra.

O moſt worthy magiſtrate, myſelfe thy thrall I binde,
 Even for this lytle lightning hope which at thy handes I finde.
 Now wyl I go and comfort him which hangs twixt death and
 life. [Exit.

Promos.

Happie is the man that injoyes the love of ſuch a wife.
 I do proteſt hir modeſt wordes hath wrought in me amaze.
 Though ſhe be faire, ſhe is not deackt with garish ſhewes for
 gaze;
 Hir bewtee lures, hir lookes cut off fond futes with chaſt diſ-
 dain;
 O God I feele a ſodaine change that doth my freedome chayne!
 What didſt thou ſay? ſie *Promos*, ſie! of hir avoide the thought,
 And ſo I will; my other cares will cure what love has wrought.
 Come away. [Exeunt.

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

*Phallax, Promos Officer, Gripax and Rapax Promoters.**Phallax.*

My truſty friendes about your buſineſſe ſtraight,
 With ſymple ſhowes your ſubtile meanings bayte:
 Promote all faults up into my office,
 Then turne me loſe the offenders to fleece.

Gripax.

Tuſh, to finde lawe breakers let me alone,
 I have eyes will look into a mylſtone.

*Phallax.*God a mercy *Gripax*.*Rapax.*

And I am ſo ſubtyll fought I trowe,
 As I the very thoughts of men doo know.

Gripax.

I ſayth, *Rapax* what thought thy wife when ſhe,
 To lye with the preeſt by night ſtole from thee?

Rapax.

Rapax.

Marry she knew you and I were at square;
And least we fell to blowes, she did prepare
To arme my head, to match thy horned browe.

Gripax.

Goe and a knave with thee.

Rapax.

I stay for you.

Phallax.

No harme is done, here is but blow for blow,
Byrds of a fether best flye together:
Then like partners about your market goe:
Marrowes adew: God send you fayre wether.

Gripax.

Fare you well; for us take no care,
With us this brode speeche fildome breedeth square. [*Exeunt.*

Phallax.

Marry Syr, wel fare an office, what some ever it be, [*Phallax*
The very countenance is great, though slender be the *alone.*
fee.

I thanke my good Lord *Promos* now, I am an officer made,
In sooth more by hap then desart, in secret be it sayde. *Office.*
No force for that, each shyft for one, for *Phallax* will doo so;
Well fare a head can take his tyme, noy watch for tyme I trow.
I smyle to thinke of my fellowes how some brave it, some
waight,

And thinke reward there service just, with offred *A note for*
shifts wyl bayght; *wayghters.*

When they (poore soules) in troth do falle a myle upon
account,

For flattery and fervent plesing are meanes to make men mount:
I speak on prooffe: Lord *Promos* I have pleased many a day,
Yet am I neither learned, true, nor honest any way.

What skyls for that, by wit or wyle, I have an office got,
By force wherof every lycence, warrant, pattent, passport,
Leace, fyne, fee, *et cetera*, pas and repas, through *Phallax*
hands

Disordred persons brybe me wel to escape from justice hands.
And welthy churles for to promote, I have now set a worke
Such hungry lads as soone will smell where statute breakers
lurk;

And if they come within our grype, we meane to stripe them so
 As (if they scape from open shame) their bagges with us shall goe.
 And trust me this, we officers of this mylde mould are wrought;
 Agree with us and sure your shame by us shal not be fought.
 But soft a whyle, I see my Lord; what makes him lowre so?
 I wyll intrude into his fight, perhaps his greefe to know.

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

Phallax. Promos.

Promos.

Well mette *Phallax*, I long have wysht to shoue
 A cause to thee which none but I yet know.

Phallax.

Say on my Lord, a happy man weare I
 If any way your wish I could supply.

Promos.

Faine would I speake, but oh, a chylling feare
 (The case is such) makes mee from speech forbear.

Phallax.

These wordes my lord (whome ever have bene just)
 Now makes, me thinke, that you my truth mistrust.
 But cease suspect, my wyll with yours shall gree,
 What so (or against whome) your dealing be.

Promos.

Against a wight of small account it is,
 And yet I feare, I shall my purpose mys.

Phallax.

Feare not my Lord, the olde proverbe doth saye
 Faynt harts doth steale fayre ladyes feld away.

Promos.

Fayre ladyes! O, no ladye is my love,
 And yet she sure as coye as they wyl prove.

Phallax.

I thought as much love did torment you so.
 But what is she that dare saye *Promos* noe?

Promos.

Doe what one can, fyre wyll breake forth I see,

My

My words unwares hath shoven what greeveth me :
My wound is such as love must be my leache,
Which cure wyll bring my gravity in speeche.
For what may be a folly of more note,
Then for to see a man gray beard to dote.

Phallax.

No my lord, *Amor omnia vincit*,
And *Ovid* sayth, *Forma numen habet*.
And for to prove love's service seemes the wise,
Set *Sallamon* and *Sampson*, before your eyes;
For wyt, and strength who wonne the cheefest prise,
And both lyv'd by the lawes love did devise,
Which proves in love a certaine Godhed lyes :
And Goddes rule yearly by wisdom from the skyes,
Whose wyls (thinke I) are wrought best by the wise.

Promos.

Indeede divine I thinke loves working is,
From reasons use in that my senses swarve ;
In pleasure paine, in payne I fynde a blyffe ;
On woe I feede, in sight of foode I stearve :
These strange effects by love are lodg'd in mee,
My thoughts are bound, yet I myselfe am free.

Phallax.

Well my good Lord, I axe (with pardon sought)
Who she may be that hath your thrauldome wrought.

Promos.

The example is such as I fygh to showe,
Syfter she is to dampned *Andrugio*.

Phallax.

All the better for you the game doth goe ;
The Proverbe sayth that kyt wyll unto kinde :
If this be true, this comfort then I fynde—
Cassandra's flesh is as her brother's frayle ;
Then wyll she stoupe (in cheefe) when lords assayle.

Promos.

The contrary (through feare) doth worke my payne,
For in her face such modesty doth raigne,
As cuttes of loving futes with chaste disdayne.

Phallax.

What love wyll not necessity shall gayne ;

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Her brother's life will make her glad and fayne.

Promos.

What is it best *Andrugio* free to set,
Ere I am sure his syster's love to gette?

Phallax.

My lovyng lord, your servaunt meanes not so;
But if you wyll, else where in secret goe:
To worke your wyll, a shift I hope to showe.

Promos.

With ryght good wyll, for such my sicknes is,
As I shall dye if her good will I mys.

[*Exeunt.*

ACTUS II. SCENA V.

The Hangman with a greate many ropes abought his necke.

The wynd is yl blowes no man's gaine, for cold I neede
not care,

Here is nyne and twenty futes of apparrell for my share:

And some, berlady, very good, for so standeth the case

As neyther gentelman nor other lord, *Promos* sheweth grace.

But I marvell much poore slaves, that they are hanged so soone;

* They were wont to staye a day or two, now scarce an after
noone.

All the better for the hangman, I pardons dreaded fore,

Would cutters save whose clothes are good, I never fear'd the
poore.

Let me see, I must be dapper in this my facultie;

Heare are new ropes: how are my knots? I faith fyr, slippery.

At fast or loose, with my *Giptian*, I meane to have a cast;

Tenne to one I read his fortune by the marymas fast.

Serg.

* Away, what a stur is this, to see men goe to hanging?

Hangman.

Harke, God bwy ye: I must be gone, the prisners are a
comming.

[*Exit.*

ACTUS

ACTUS II. SCENA VI.

Six prisoners bounde with cords. Two Hacksters, one Woman, one like a Giptian, the rest poore Roges, a Preacher, with other Officers.

They sing.

With harte and voyce to thee O Lorde,
At latter gaspe, for grace we crie :
Unto our futes, good God accorde,
Which thus appeale to thy mercie.
Forfake us not in this distresse,
Which unto thee our finnes confesse :
Forfake us not in this distresse,
Which unto thee our finnes confesse.

First Hackster.

Al forts of men beware by us whom present death assaults ;
Looke in your conscience what you find, and sorow for your faults.
Example take by our fresh harmes, see here the fruites of pride :
I, for my part deserved death, long ere my theft was spide.
O careles youth lead awrie with everie pleasing toy,
Note well my words, they are of woorth, the cause though my annoy.
Shun to be pranckt in peacocks plumes for gaze which only are ;
Hate, hate the dyce even as the divell ; of wanton Dames beware.
These, these wer they that suckt my welth ; what folowed them in neede,
Twass intist by lawles men on theevish spoyles to feede.
And nussed once in wicked deedes I feard not to offende,
From bad, to worse and worst I fell, I would at leysure mende.
But oh, presuming over much styll to escape in hope,
My faultes were found and I adjudgde to totter in a rope :
To which I go with these my mates, likewise for breach of lawes.
For murder some, for theeverie some, and some for lile cause.

Second

Second Hackster.

Beware deere friends of quarelling, thirst spoile of no mans
breath;
Blood axeth blood; I sheeding blood untimelie catch my
death.

A Woman.

Maides and women, shun pride and sloth, the rootes of every
vice;
My death ere long wil shew their ends; God graunt it make
you wise!

A Scoffing Catchpole.

How now, *Giptian*? All a mort knave, for want of com-
pany?
Be cruellie man; the *Hangman* straight wil reade fortunes
with thee.

The Preacher.

With this thy scoffing speach, good friend, offend him not,
His faults are scorged; thine scape (perhaps) that do deserve
his lot.

A poore Roge.

Jesus save me, I am cast for a purse with three halfe pence.

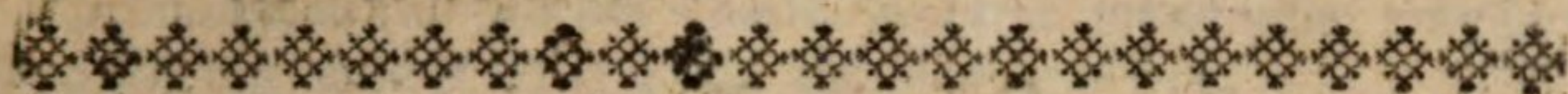
A churlish Officer.

Dispatch, prating knave and be hang'd, that we were jogging
hence.

They leyfurablie depart synging; the *Preacher* whispering
some one or other of the Prisoners styll in the eare.

They sing.

Our secrete thoughts, thou Christ dost knowe,
Whome the worlde doth hate in thrall;
Yet hope we that thou wilt not foe,
On whome alone we thus do call.
Forfake us not in this distresse,
Which unto thee our finnes confesse:
Forfake us not, &c.



ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Promos *alone.*

Promos.

DO what I can, no reason cooles desire:
 The more I strive my fonde affectes to tame,
 The hotter (oh) I feele a burning fire
 Within my breast, vaine thoughts to forge and frame.
 O straying effectes of blinde affected love,
 From wisdomes pathes which doth astraye our wittes;
 Which makes us haunt that which our harmes doth move,
 A sicknesse lyke, the fever Etticke fittes,
 Which shakes with colde when we do burne like fire.
 Even so in Love we freeze through chilling feare,
 When as our hartes doth frye with hote desire.
 What saide I? lyke to Etticke fittes? nothing neare;
 In sowrest Love, some sweete is ever suckt:
 The lover findeth peace in wrangling strife,
 So that if paine were from his pleasure pluckt,
 There were no heaven like to the Lover's life.
 But why stande I to pleade their joye or woe,
 And rest unsure of hir I wish to have?
 I know not if *Cassandra* love, or noe:
 But yet admytte she graunt not what I crave,
 If I be nyce to hir brother lyfe to give:
 Hir brother's life too much wyll make her
 yeelde—

*Might ma-
sters right.*

A promise then to let hir brother lyve,
 Hath force inough to make her flie the fiede.
 Thus though fute fayle, necessitie shall wyn
 Of lordlie rule the conquering power is such:
 But (oh sweete sight) see where she enters in:
 Both hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch.

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Cassandra, Promos.

Cassandra speakes to herselfe.

Cassandra.

I see two thralles, sweete seemes a lytle joye;
For fancies free *Andrugio's* breast hath scope:
But least detract doth rayse a new annoye,
I nowe will seeke to turne to happe his hope.
See, as I wisht, Lord *Promos* is in place;
Nowe in my sute God graunt I maye finde grace.

Shee kneeling speakes to Promos.

Renowned Lorde, whylst life in me doth last,
In homage bondes I binde myselfe to thee;
And though I did thy goodnesse latelie taste,
Yet once againe on knees I mercie seeke
In his behalfe that hanges twene death and life,
Who styll is preast if you the mendes do leeke,
His lawles love to make his lawfull wile.

Promos.

Faire dame, I wel have wayd thy sute, and wish to do thee
good,
But all in vaine, al things conclude to have thy brother's blood.
The stricknes of the lawe condemnes an ignorant abuse,
Then wylful faultes are hardlie helpt or cloked with excuse;
And what maye be more wylfull then a maide to violate?

Cassandra.

The force was final when with her wyl he, wretch, the conquest gate.

Promos.

Lawe ever at the worst doth conster evyl intent.

Cassandra.

And lawe even with the worst awardest them punishment;
And sith that rigorous lawe adjudg'd him to dye,
Your glorie will be much the more in showing him mercie.
The world will think how that you do but graunt him grace
on cause:

And

And where cause is there mercy should abate the force of lawes.

Promos.

Cassandra, in thy brother's halfe thou hast sayde what may be;
And for thy sake it is, if I doe set *Andrugio* free.

Shart tale to make, thy beauty hath surprized me with love,
That maugre wit, I turne my thoughts as blynd affections
move.

And quite subdude by *Cupids* might, neede makes me sue for
grace

To thee *Cassandra* which doest holde my freedome in a lace.
Yeelde to my will, and then commaund even what thou wilt
of mee;

Thy brother's life, and all that else may with thy liking gree.

Cassandra.

And may it be, a Judge himself the self same [*Cassandra*
fault should ax, *to herself.*

For which he domes an others death? O crime without ex-
cuse!

Renowned lorde, you use this speach (I hope) your thrall to
trye,

If otherwise my brother's life so deare I will not bye.

Promos.

Faire dame my outward lookes my inward thoughts bewray,
If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a
kaye!

Cassandra.

If that you love (as so you saye) the force of love you know,
Which felt, in conscience you should my brother favour show.

Promos.

In doubtfull warre one prisoner still doth set another free.

Cassandra.

What so warre seekes, love unto warre contrary is you see.
Hate fostreth warre, love cannot hate, then maye it covet force.

Promos.

The lover ofte sues to his foe, and findeth no remorse.
Then if he hap to have a helpe to wyn his frowarde foe,
Too kinde a foole I will him holde that lets such vantage goe.

Cassandra.

Well, to be short, my selfe wyll dye ere I my honor stayne;
You know my minde, leave off to tempt, your offers are in vaine.

Promos.

Promos.

Bethink yourself at price enough I purchase, sweet, your
love;

Andrugio's life suffis'd alone your straungenes to remove;

The which I graunt, with any wealth that else you wyll re-
quire:

Who buyeth love at such a rate, payes well for his desire.

Cassandra.

No, *Promos*, no; honor never at value maye be folde;
Honor farre dearer is then life, which passeth price of golde

Promos.

To buie this Juel at the full, my wife I may thee make.

Cassandra.

For unfure hope, that peereless pearle I never will forsake;

Promos.

These futes seemes strange at first, I see wher [To him-
modesty beares sway; self.

I therefore wil set down my wyll, and for hir answer staye.

Fayre *Cassandra*, the juel of my joye,

Howe so in showe my tale seemes straunge to thee,

The same well waide, thou need'st not be so coye,

Yet for to give thee respite I agree.

I wyll two daies hope styll of thy consent;

Which if thou graunt (to cleare my clowdes of care)

Cloth'd like a Page (suspect for to prevent)

Unto my Court, some night, sweet wenche, repaire.

Tyl then adue; thou these my words in works perform'd shall
find.

Cassandra.

Farewel my Lord, but in this fute you bootles wast your
wind.

Cassandra! O most unhappy, subject to everie woe,

What tonge can tel, what thought conceive, what pen thy
guesse can shew!

Whom to scourge, heaven and earth do heapes of thral ordain,

Whose words in waste, whose works are lost, whose wishes
are in vain.

That which to others comfort yeelds, doth cause my heavy
cheer,

I meane, my beautie breeds my bale, which many hold so
deere,

I would

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA. 31

I would to God that kinde else where bestowed had this blase,
My vertues then had wrought regard, my shape now gives
the gase.

This forme so *Promos* fiers with love as wisdom cannot quench
His hote desire, tyll he lust in *Venus*' seas hath drencht.

At these wordes *Ganio* must be readie to speake.

A C T U S III. S C E N A III.

Ganio, *Andrugio's boye*. *Cassandra*.

Ganio.

Mistress *Cassandra*, my master longs to heare of your good
speed.

Cassandra.

Poore *Ganio*, his death alas, fierce fortune hath decreed.

Ganio.

His death! God forbid all his hope should turne to such
successe;

For God's sake, go and comfort him, I sorrowe his distresse.

Cassandra.

I needes must go, although with heavy cheere.

Ganio.

Sir, your syster *Cassandra* is here.

[*Exit*.

A C T U S III. S C E N A IV.

Andrugio out of prison. *Cassandra on the stage*.

Andrugio.

My *Cassandra* what newes, good sister shoue.

Cassandra.

All thinges conclude thy death, *Andrugio*:
Prepare thy selfe, to hope it ware in vaine.

Andrugio.

My death! alas, what rayfed this new disdayne?

Cassandra.

Not Justice zeale in wicked *Promos* sure.

Andrugio.

Andrugio.

Sweete, shew the cause I must this doome indure,

Cassandra.

If thou dost live, I must my honor lose.
 Thy raunsome is, to *Promos* fleshly wyll
 That I do yelde: than which I rather chose
 With torments sharpe my selfe he first should kyll.
 Thus am I bent: thou seest thy death at hand:
 O would my life would satisfie his yre,
Cassandra then would cancell soone thy band.

Andrugio.

And may it be a judge of his account
 Can spot his minde with lawles love or lust?
 But more, may he doome any fault with death,
 When in such faute he findes himselfe unjust?
 Syfter, that wise men love, we often see,
 And where love rules, gainst thornes doth reason spurne;
 But who so loves, if he rejected be,
 His passing love to peevish hate will turne.
 Deare sister then note how my fortune stands:
 That *Promos* love, the like is oft in use;
 And sith he crave this kindnesse at your hands,
 Think this, if you his pleasure do refuse,
 I, in his rage (poor wretch) shall sing *Peccavi*.
 Here are two evyls, the best harde to digest;
 But whereas things are driven unto necessity,
 There are we byd, of both evyls choose the least.

Cassandra.

And of these evils the least, I hold, is death,
 To shun whose dart we can no meane devise;
 Yet honor lives when death hath done his worst:
 Thus fame then lyfe is of farre more comprise,

Andrugio.

Nay, *Cassandra*, if thou thy selfe submyt,
 To save my life, to *Promos* fleshly wyll,
 Justice wyll say thou dost no cryme commit,
 For in forst faultes is no intent of yll.

Cassandra.

How so th' intent is construed in offence,
 The Proverbe saies that tenne good turnes lye dead,

And

And one yll deede tenne tymes beyond pretence
By envious tongues, report abroad doth spread.
Andrugio, so my fame shall vallew'd bee;
Dispite will blase my crime, but not the cause;
And thus, although I fayne would set thee free,
Poore wench, I feare the grype of flaunder's pawes.

Andrugio.

Nay sweete sifter, more flaunder would infame
Your spotles lyfe to reave your brother's breath,
When you have power for to enlarge the same;
Once in your handes doth lye my lyfe and death.
Way that I am the selfe same flesh you are;
Thinke, I once gone, our house will goe to wrack:
Knowe, forced faultes for flaunder neede not care:
Looke you for blame, if I guaile through your lack.
Consider well my great extremitie;
If other wise this doome I could revoke,
I would not spare for any jebardye
To free thee, wench, from this same heavy yoke:
But ah, I see else no way saves my life,
And yet his hope may further thy consent;
He sayde, he maye percase make thee his wife,
And t' is likelie he cannot be content
With one night's joye: if love he after seekes;
And I discharg'd, if thou aloofe then be,
Before he lose thy selfe that so he leekes,
No doubt but he to marriage wyll agree.

Cassandra.

And shall I sticke to stoupe to *Promos* wyll,
Since my brother injoyeth lyfe thereby?
No, although it doth my credit kyll,
Ere that she should, my selfe would chuse to dye.
My *Andrugio*, take comfort in distresse,
Cassandra is wonne thy raunsome great to paye;
Such care she hath thy thraldome to releace
As she consentes her honor for to flay.
Farewell, I must my virgins weedes forsake,
And lyke a Page to *Promos* lewde repayre.

[*Exit.*

Andrugio.

My good sifter, to God I thee betake,
To whome I pray that comforte change thy care.

C

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA V.

Phallax *alone.*

Phallax.

Tis more then straunge to see Lord *Promos* plight;
 He fryskes about as byrdes were in his breech.
 Even now he seemes (through hope) to taste delight;
 And straight (through feare) where he clawes it doth not ych.
 He museth now, strayght wayes the man doth sing;
 (A fight, in sooth, unseemely for his age)
 He longing lookes when any newes shal bring,
 To speake with him, without there waytes a Page.
 O worthy wit (fyt for a Judges head)
 Unto a man to chaunge a shiftles mayde!
 Wyncke not on me; twas his and not my deede:
 His, nay his rule, this *Metamorphos* made—
 But Holla, tongue, no more of this, I pray:
Non bonus est ludere cum sanctis.
 The quietest and the thryftiest course, they say,
 Is not to checke but prayse great mens amys.
 I finde it true; for soothing *Promos* vaine
 None lyke my selfe is lykte in his conceyte:
 Whyle favour last, then good, I fish for gaine
 (For grace wyll not byte alwayes at my bayte)
 And as I wish, at hande, good fortune see.
 Here coms *Rapax* and *Gripax*, but what's this?
 As good as fayre handsel God graunt it bee:
 The knaves bring a Woman *coram nobis.*

ACTUS III. SCENA VI.

Phallax, Gripax, Rapax, a Bedell, and one with a browne Byll
 bring in Lamia and Rosko her man.

Lamia.

Teare not my clothes my friends, they cost more then you
 are aware.

Bedell.

Bedell.

Tush, soon you shal have a blew gown; for these take you
no care.

Rosko.

If she tooke thy offer, poore knave, thy wife would starve
with cold.

Gripax.

Well Syr, whipping shall keepe you warme.

Phallax.

What meanes these knaves to scolde?

Rapax.

Maister *Phallax*, we finde you in good time;
A woman here we have brought afore you;
One to be chargde with many a wanton crime,
Which tryall will, with prooffe inough, finde true:
A knave of hers we have stayed likewise,
Both to be us'd as you shall us advise.

Phallax.

What call you hir name?

Rapax.

Lamia.

Phallax.

Fayre Dame, hereto what do you saye?

Lamia.

Worshipfull Sir, my selfe I happy reake
With patience that my aunswer you will heare.
These naughtie men these wordes on mallice speake,
And for this cause yll wyll to me they beare.
I scornde to keepe, their mindes with money playe;
I meane to keepe my life from open shame;
Yea, if I liv'd as lewdlie as they saye.
But I that knewe my selfe unworthy blame
Shrunk not to come unto my triall nowe:
My tale is tolde; conceyve as lyketh you.

Phallax.

My friends, what prooffe have you against this dame?
Speake on sure ground, least that you reape the shame:
The wrong is great, and craves great recompence,
To touch her honest name, without offence.

Gripax.

All *Julio*, Syr, doth ryng of her lewd lyfe.

Byll.

Indeede she is knowne for an ydle hufwife.

Rosko.

He lyes, she is occupied day and night.

Phallax.

To sweare against her, is there any wight?

Rapax.

No, not present; but if you do detayne her,
There wil be found by oth some that wyll stayne her.

Phallax.

I see she is then on suspition stayde,
Whose faultes to search, upon my charge is layde.
From charge of her I therefore will set you free;
My selfe will search her faultes, if any be.
A Gods name you may depart.

2 or 3 *speake.* God bwy, Syr.

Gripax.

In such shares as this henceforth I will begin,
For all is his, in his clawes, that commeth in.

[*Exeunt.*]*Phallax.*

Fayre *Lamia*, since that we are alone,
I plainly wyll discourse to you my minde:
I thinke you not to be so chaste a one
As that your lyfe this favor ought to fynde.
No force, for that, since that you scot free goe,
Unpunished whose life is judged yll;
Yet thinke (through love) this grace the Judge doth shew,
And love with love ought to be answered styll.

Lamia.

Indeede I graunt (although I could reprove
Their lewde complayntes with goodnesse of my lyfe)
Your curtesy your detter doth me prove,
In that you tooke (my honest fame in stryfe)
My aunswere for discharge of their report:
For which good turne I at your pleasure rest,
To worke amends, in any honest fort.

Phallax.

Away with honesty, your answeare then, in sooth,
Fyts me as jumpe as a pudding a Friar's mouth.

Rosko.

He is a craftie childe; dally, but do not.

Lamia.

Lamia.

Tush, I warrant thee, I am not so whot.
Your wordes are too harde, fir, for me to conster.

Phallax.

Then to be short, your rare bewtie my hart hath wounded so
As, (save your love become my leach) I sure shall die with
woe.

Lamia.

I see no signe of death in your face to appeare;
Tis but some usuall qualme you have pitifull dames to feare.

Phallax.

Faire *Lamia*, trust me I faine not, betimes bestow som grace.

Lamia.

Well, I admit it so; onelie to argue in your case.
I am married, so that to set your love on me, were vaine.

Phallax.

It suffiseth me that I may your secrete friend remaine.

Rosko.

A holie hood makes not a Frier devoute,
He will playe at small game, or he fitte out.

Lamia.

Though for pleasure, or to prove me, these profers you do
move,
You are to wise to haffarde life upon my yeelding love.
The man is painde with present death, that useth wanton
pleasure.

Phallax.

To scape such paine, wise men these joyes without suspect
can measure.

Furthermore, I have ben (my Girle) a Lawier to too long,
If at a pinche I cannot wrest the law from right to wrong.

Lamia.

If lawe you do professe, I gladlie crave
In a cause or two your advise to have.

Phallax.

To resolve you, you shall commaunde my skyll,
Wherfore like friendes lets common in good wyll.

Lamia.

You are a merie man, but leave to jeast,
To morrowe night, if you will be my geast

At my poore house, you shall my causes knowe,
For good cause, which I meane not here to shoue.

Phallax.

Willinglie, and for that haste calles me hence
My sute tyll then shall remaine in suspence:
Farewell clyent, to morrowe looke for me.

[*Exit.*

Lamia.

Your good welcome, Sir, your best cheere will be.

Rosko.

I tolde you earst the nature of *Phallax*,
Money or faire women workes him as waxe.
And yet I must commend your sober cheere,
You told your tale, as if a Saint you were.

Lamia.

Well (in secreete be it fayde) how so I seemd divine,
I feared once a blew gowne would have bene my shrine.
But nowe that paine is fled, and pleasure keepes his holde,
I knowe that *Phallax* will my fame hence forth upholde:
To entertaine which Geast I will some dayntie cheere prepare;
Yet ere I go, in pleasant song, I meane to purge my care.

THE SONG.

A D U E, poore care adue,
Go cloye some helples wretche;
My life, to make me rue,
Thy forces do not stretch.

Thy harbor, is the harte,
Whom wrong hath wrapt in woe;
But wrong doth take my parte
With cloke of right in shoe.

My faultes inquirie scape,
At them the judges winke;
Those for my fall that gape,
To shoue my lewdnesse shrink.

Then filly care, go packe,
Thou art no geast for me;
I have, and have no lacke,
And lacke is throwde for thee.

[*Excunt.*

ACTUS

ACTUS III. SCENA VII.

Cassandra, apparelled like a Page.

Cassandra.

Unhappy wretche, I blush my felfe to see
Apparelled thus monstrous to my kinde :
But oh, my weedes wyll with my fault agree,
When I have pleasde lewde *Promos* fleshlie minde.
What shall I do ? go proffer what he sought ?
Or on more fute shall I give my consent ?
The best is fure, since this must needes be wrought,
I go, and shewe neede makes me to his bent.
My fluddes of teares, from true intent which floe,
May quenche his lust or ope his musled eyen
To see that I deserve to be his wife,
Though now constrainde to be his concubine.
But so or no, I must the venter give :
No daunger feares the wight prickt foorth by neede :
And thus lyke one more glad to dye than lyve,
I forewarde set ; God graunt me well to speede. [Exit.



ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Dalia, Lamia's Maide going to market.

Dalia.

WITH my mistresse the worlde is chaunged well,
She fearde of late of whipping cheere to smell ;
And nowe againe both gallant, fresh and gaye,
Who in *Julio* flauntes it out lyke *Lamia* ?
A luckie friende (yea one that beareth fwaye)
Is now become a proppe of such a staye
To hir good name, as who is he dare saye
That *Lamia* doth offende nowe any waye ?

This her good friende wyll be hir Geast this night;
 And that he maye in his welcome delyght,
 To market I in haile am sent to buye
 The best cheare that I fasten on my eye.

[Exit.]

ACTUS IV. SCENA II.

Promos *alone.**Promos.*

By prooffe I finde no reason cooles desire.
Cassandraes fute sufficed to remove
 My lewde request; but contrarie, the fire
 Hir teares inflamd of lust and filthy love.
 And having thus the conquest in my handes
 No prayer servde to worke restraint in me,
 But needes I would untye the precious bandes
 Of this fayre dames spotles virginitye.
 The spoyle was sweete, and wonne even as I woulde;
 And yet ungainde tyll I had given my trothe
 To marie hir, and that hir brother shoulde
 Be free from death; all which I bounde with oathe,
 It resteth now (unlesse I wrong her much)
 I keepe my vowe: and shall *Andrugio* live?
 Such grace would me with unindifferencie tuch,
 To pardon him that dyd commit a rape.
 To set him free, I to *Cassandra* fware,
 But no man else is privie to the same;
 And rage of Love for thousande oathes nyll spare,
 More then are kept when gotten is the game.
 Well, what I sayde, then Lover like I sayde,
 Now reason sayes, unto thy credite looke;
 And having well the circumstaunces wayde,
 I finde I must unsweare the oathe I tooke.
 But double wrong I so should do *Cassandra*;
 No force for that my might commaundeth right;
 Hir privie maine hir open cryes will staye,
 Or if not so, my frowning will hir fright:
 And thus shall rule conceale my filthy deede.
 Nowe forthwith I wyll to the Gayler sende

That

That secretelie *Andrugio* he behead,
 Whose head he shall with these same wordes commend
 " To *Cassandra*, as *Promos* promist thee,
 " From prison loe, he sendes thy Brother free.

ACTUS IV. SCENA III.

Cassandra.

Cassandra.

Fayne would I wretch conceale the spoyle of my virginity,
 But o my guilt doth make me blush chaste virgins here to see.
 I, monster now, no mayde nor wyfe, have stoupte to *Promos*
 lust;

The cause was, nether fute nor teares could quench his
 wanton thirst.

What cloke wyl scuse my crime? my selfe my conscience
 doth accuse:

And shall *Cassandra* now be turned, in common speeche, a
 stewes?

Shall she, whose vertues bare the bell be calld a vicious dame?

O cruell death, nay hell, to her that was constraynd to shame.

Alas few wyll give foorth I fynd to save my brothers lyfe,

But fayntly I through *Promos* othes doo hope to be his wife.

For lovers feare not how they sweare to wyn a lady fayre,

And having wonne, what they did wish, for othes nor lady
 care:

But to be just or no, I joy *Andrugio* yet shall lyve;—

But ah I see a sight that doth my hart as under ryve.

ACTUS IV. SCENA IV.

Gayler with a dead mans head in a charger. *Cassandra.*

Gayler.

This present wil be galle I know to fayre *Cassandra*,
 Yet if she knewe as much as I, most swete I dare well say.
 In good tyme see where she doth come to whome my arrand is.

Cassandra.

Cassandra.

Alas his hasty pace to me, shoves somewhat is amys.

Gayler.

Fayre *Cassandra*, my Lord *Promos* commends him unto thee,
To keepe his word, who sayes from prison he sends thy brother
free.

Cassandra.

Is my *Andrugio* done to death? fye, fye, o faythles trust!

Gayler.

Be quiet, Lady, law found his fault, then was his judgment
just.

Cassandra.

Wel my good friend, show *Promos* this, since law hath don
this deed,

I thank him yet he would vouchsaf on me my brother's head;
Loe this is all: now geve me leave to rew his losse alone.

Gayler.

I wyll perform your will, and wish you cease your mone.

Cassandra.

Farewell.

Gayler.

I sure had shoven what I had done, her teares I pittied so,
But that I wayde that women fyld do dye with greefe and woe:
And it behoves me to be secret, or else my necke-verse cun:
Well, now to pack my dead man hence it is hye tyme I run.

Cassandra.

Is he past sight? then have I tyme to wayle my woes alone:
Andrugio, let mee kis thy lippes yet ere I fall to mone.
O would that I could waite to teares to wash this bloody face,
Which fortune farre beyond defart hath followed with disgrace.
O *Promos* false and most unkinde, both spoyld of love and ruth!
O *Promos* thou dost wound my hart to thinke on thy untruth!
Whose plyghted fayth is tournd to frawd, and words to works
unjust!

Why doe I lyve, unhappy wench, fyth treason quites my trust?
O death, devorse me wretch at once from this same worldly
lyfe!

But why do I not slay myselfe for to appease this stryfe?
Perhaps within this wombe of myne another *Promos* is;
I so by death shal be avengd of him in murthring his;

And

And ere I am assured that I have revengde this deede,
Shall I dispatch my lothed life? that hast weare more than
speede.

So *Promos* would triumphe that nowe his tyranny should know;
No, no, this wicked fact of his so slightly shall not goe.
The King is just and mercyfull, he doth both heare and see,
See mens desarts, heare their complaynts to judge with equity.
My wofull case with speede I wyll unto his grace addresse,
And from the first unto the last the truth I wyll confesse.
So *Promos*, thou by that same lawe shalt lose thy hated breth,
Through breach wherof thou didst condemne *Andrugio* unto
death.

So doing yet, the world will say I broke *Diana's* lawes:
But what of that? no shame is myne when truth hath shewne
my cause.

I am resolved the King shall knowe of *Promos* injury;
Yet ere I go, my brother's head I wyll ingraved see. [Exit.

ACTUS IV. SCENA V.

Gayler. Andrugio.

Gayler.

Andrugio, as you love our lives, forthwith post you away:
For Gods sake to no lyving friend your safety yet bewraye;
The proverbe sayth two may keepe counsell if that one be gone.

Andrugio.

Affure thy self, most faithful friend, I wyl be knowne to
none.

To none alas! I see my scape yeeldes mee but small releefe;
Cassandra and *Polina* wyll destroye themselves with greefe,
Through thought that I am dead: they dead, to live what
helpeth me?

Gayler.

Leave of these complaints of smal availe, thank God that you are
free,
For God it was within my mind that did your safety move,
And that same God no doubt wyl worke for your and their
behave.

Andrugio.

Andrugio.

Most faithfull friend, I hope that God wyl worke as you do say,
And therefore to some place unknowne I wyl my selfe conuaye.
Gayler, farewell: for thy good deede I must remayne thy
debter;

In meane whyle yet receyve this gyft, tyll fortune sends a better.

Gayler.

God bwy Syr, but kepe your mony, your need you do not
know.

Andrugio.

I pas not now for fortunes threats, yea though hir force she
show,

And therefore styck not to receyve this smale reward in part.

Gaylar.

I wyll not sure such proffers lease; tys time you doe depart.

Andrugio.

Since so thou wilt, I wyl be gone; adue tyl fortune smile.

[*Exit.*

Gayler.

Syr, fare you wel, I wyl not fayle to pray for you the while.
Well, I am glad that I have sent him gone,
For, by my fayth, I lyv'd in perlous feare:
And yet, God wot, to see his bytter mone
When he should dye, would force a man forbear
From harming him, if pittie might beare sway.
But see how God hath wrought for his safety:
A dead man's head that suffered th'other day,
Makes him thought dead, throughout the citie.
Such a just, good, and righteous God is he,
Although a whyle he let the wicked rayne,
Yet he releeves the wretch in misery;
And in his pryde he throwes the tyraunt downe.
I use these wordes upon this onely thought
That *Promos* long his rod cannot escape,
Who hath in thought a wylfull murder wrought,
Who hath in act perform'd a wicked rape.
Gods wyl be done, who well *Andrugio* speede;
Once well, I hope to heare of his good lucke;
For, God, thou knowest my conscience dyd this deede,
And no desire of any worldly muck.

[*Exit.*

ACTUS IV. SCENA VI.

Dalia from market.

Dalia.

In good sweete sooth I feare I shal be shent,
It is so long since I to market went ;
But trust me, wyld fowle are such costly geare;
Specially woodcocks out of reason deare,
That this houre I have the market bett,
To drive a bargaine to my most profyt ;
And in the end, I chaunc'd to light on one
Hyt me as pat as a pudding *Pope Jone*.
Other market makes pay downe for their meate,
But that I have bought on my score is set.
Well fare credit when mony runneth low,
Marry, yet Butchers the which do credit so,
(As much good meate as they kyll) may perchaunce
Be glad and fayne at heryng cobs to daunce.
What force I that? every man shyft for one;
For if I starve, let none my fortune mone.

She faynes to goe out.

ACTUS IV. SCENA VII.

Grimball, Dalia; eyther of them a Basket.

Grimball.

Softe *Dalia*; a woorde with you, I praye.

Dalia.

What, friend *Grimbal*; welcome as I maye saye.

Grimball.

Sayst thou me so? then kyffe me for acquaintaunce.

Dalia.

If I lyke your manhooode, I may do so perchaunce.

She faynes to looke in his basket.

Grimball.

Bate me an ase, quoth *Boulton*: Tush your minde I know:
Ah Syr, you would, belike, let my cocke sparrowes goe.

Dalia

*Dalia.*I warrant thee *Grimball.**[She takes out a white pudding.]**Grimball.*Laye off handes *Dalia.*

You powte me, if that you got my pudding awaye.

*Dalia.*Nay good, sweete, honny *Grimball*, this pudding give me.*Grimball.*

Iche were as good geete hir, for she wyll hate, I see,
 Well, my nown good harte roote, I freele give thee this,
 Upon condition that thou give me a kys.

Dalia.

Nay, but first wash your lippes with sweete water you shall.

Grimball.

Why ych was ryte now for my pudding, hony sweet *Grimbal.*
 Well *Dalia*, you will floute so long, tyll (though I faye)
 With kindnesse you wyll cast a proper handsome man away :
 Wherefore, foote Conny, even a little spurte.

Dalia.

Laye off handes, Sir.

Grimball.

Good do not byte, for ych meane thee no hurte :
 Come off, Pyggeinie, prefarre me not a jote.

Dalia.

What would the good foole have?

Grimball.

Why you woot whote.
 Hearke in your eare.

Dalia.

You shall commaunde, so proper a man ye are,
 That for your sake I wyll not sticke to ware
 A blew Caslocke during my lyfe forfoothe :
 Mary, for my sake, I woulde be verie lothe
 So goodlie a handsome man should lose his head.

Grimball.

Nay, for my head, care not a tinker's torde,
 For so God judge me, and at one bare worde,
 Yle lose my death, yea, and my great browne Cowe,
 I love you so filthilie, law ye nowe.

Dalia.

Dalia.

Thou sayest valiantlie, now sing as well too,
And thou shalt quicklie knowe what I meane to doo.

Grimball.

Yes by Gogs foote, to pleasure thee, ych shall
Both syng, spring, fight and playe the dewle and all.

Dalia.

O lustilie.

T H E S O N G.

Grimball.

Come smack me, come smack me, I long for a smouch.

Dalia.

Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie fine flouch.

Grimball.

Leard, howe I love thee.

Dalia.

This cannot move me.

Grimball.

Why pretie Pysney, my harte, and my honny.

Dalia.

Because, goodman Hogs face, you woe without money.

Grimball.

I lacke money, chi graunt.

Dalia.

Then *Grimball* avaunt.

Grimball.

Cham yong, sweete hart, and feate; come kyffe me for love.

Dalia.

Crokehanke, your jowle is to great such lyking to move.

Grimball.

What meane you by this?

Dalia.

To leave thee, by Gys.

Grimball.

First smack me, first smack; I dye for a smouch.

Dalia.

Go pack thee, go pack thee, thou filthie fine flouch. [*Exit.*

Grimball.

Dalia, arte thou gone? what wilt serve me foe?
 O God, cham readie to raye myselfe for woe.
 Be valiaunt, *Grimball*; kyl thy felfe man.
 Nay, bum ladie, I will not by Saint *Anne*.
 Ich have hearde my great *Granfier* faye,
 Maide will faye naye, and take it; and so she maye.
 And therfore chyll to Mistrresse *Lamia*.
 With these Puddings and cock sparowes by and by;
 And in the darke againe ych will hir trye.



ACTUS V. SCENA I.

*Phallax alone.**Phallax.*

I marvell much what worketh to my Lord *Promos* unrest,
 He fares as if a thousand devils were gnawing in his brest.
 There is sure some worme of griefe that doth his conscience
 nip,
 For since *Andrugio* lost his head, he hath hung downe the lippe:
 And truth to say, his fault is such as well may greve his mynd,
 The devill himselfe could not have usde a practise more unkind.
 This is once, I love a woman, for my life, as well as he,
 But (fayre dames) with her that loves me, I deale well with,
 trust mee.
 Well, leave I now my Lord *Promos* his owne deeds to aunswere:
Lamia, I know, lookes, and double lookes, when I come to
 supper:
 I thought as much: see, to seeke me heare coms her aple squier.

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

*Rosko, Phallax.**Rosko.*

O that I could find Master *Phallax*, the meate burnes at
 the fire.

And

And, by your leave, *Andrugio's* death doth make my mistress
sweate.

Phallax.

How now *Rosko*?

Rosko.

Ist you Syr? my mistress doth intreate
That with all speede your worship will come away to supper;
The meate and all is ready to set upon the borde, Syr.

Phallax.

Gramercy for thy paynes; I was even comming to her.

Rosko.

You are the welcomst man alyve to her I know,
And trust me at your commaundement remayneth poore *Rosko*.

Phallax.

It is honestly sayd, but now tell mee
What quality hast, that I may use thee.

Rosko.

I am a Barbour, and when you please, Syr,
Call (and spare not) for a cast of rose water.

Phallax.

But heare me, canst thou heale a greene wound well?

Rosko.

Yea, greene and ould.

Phallax.

Then thy best were to dwel
In some usuall place or streete, where through frayes
Thou mayst be set a worke with wounds alwayes.

Rosko.

I thanke my Mistress I have my hands full,
To trym gentlemen of her acquayntaunce;
And I trust, Syr, that if your worship chaunce
To have neede of my helpe, I shall earne your mony
Afore an other.

Phallax.

That thou shalt truly.
But fyrre, where dwels *Lamia*?

Rosko.

Even heare Syr, enter I pray.

Phallax.

That I wyl sure, if that my way be cleare.

D

Rosko.

Rosko.

Yes Sir, her doores be open all the yeare.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA III.

*Polina (the mayde that Andrugio lov'd) in a blew gowne.**Polina.*

Polina curst, what dame alyve hath cause of grieve lyke thee,
 Who, (wonne by love) hast yeeld the spoyle of thy virginity?
 And he for to repayre thy fame, to marry thee that vowde,
 Is done to death for first offence the second mends not lowde.
 Great shame redounds to thee, o love, in leaving us in thrall;
Andrugio and *Polina* both, in honoryng thee did falle.

Thou so didst wytych our wits, as we from reason strayed
 quight,

Provyockt by thee we dyd refuse no vauntage of delight.

Delight! what did I say? nay death, by rash and fowle abuse,
 Alas I shame to tell thus much, though love doe worke excuse.
 So that (fayre dames) from such consent, my accydents of
 harme

Forewarneth you to keepe aloofe though love your harts do
 arme.

But ah *Polina*, whether runnes thy words into advise,
 When others harmes, in forst by love, could never make the
 wife.

The cause is plaine, for that in love no reason stands in steade,
 And reason is the only meane, that others harmes we dreade.

Then, that the world hereafter may to love inferre my yll,
Andrugios tombe with dayly teares *Polina* worship wyll:

And furthermore I vowde whyllst life in me doth foster breth
 No one shall vaunt of conquered love by my *Andrugios* death.
 These shameful weedes which forst I were, that men my fault
 may know,

Whilst that I live shall show I morne for my *Andrugio*.

I wyll not byde the sharpe assaultes from sugred words ysent,
 I wyll not trust to careles othes which often wyn consent:

I wyll cut off occasions all which hope of myrth may move;
 With ceaseles teares yle quench each cause that kindleth coles
 of love:

And

And thus tyl death, *Polina* wyll estraunge her selfe from joy,
Andrugio to reward thy love which dyd thy life destroy. [*Exit.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA IV.

Rosko alone.

Rosko.

A Syr, in fayth, the case is altred quight,
My mistris late that lived in wretched plight
Byds care adue and every cause of woe,
The feare is fled that made her sorrow so.
Master *Phallax* so underprops her fame
As none for lyfe dare now her lewdnes blame.
I feare (nay hope) she hath bewicht him so
As haulfe his brybes unto her share will goe:
No force for that; who others doth deceyve
Deserves himfelfe lyke measure to receyve.
Well, leave I *Lamia*, for herselfe to pray
Better then I can shewe who knowes the way.
It stands me on for my poore selfe to shyfte,
And I have founde a helpe at a dead lyfte.
My ould friend *Grimball's* purce with pence is full,
And if I empty it not, *Dalia* wull.
The flavering foole, what he can rap and rend
(He loves her so) upon the fylth wyll spend:
But bye your leave, yle barre her of this match,
My net and all is set, the foole to catch.
Forsooth before his amorous fute he move
He must be trim'd to make her more to love
And in good sooth the world shal hardly fall
But that he shal be washt, pould, shavd and all.
And see the luck, the foole is fast I know,
In that with *Rowke* he doth so sadly goe.

SCENA V. Grymball, Rowke, Rosko.

Grymball.

God bores, as sayst, when somewhat handsome ch'am,
I faith she wyll come off for very shame.

D 2

Rowke.

Rowke.

Yea without doubt, for I sweare by Saint *Anne*
My felfe loves you, you are so cleane a young man.

Grimball.

Nay, thou wouldest say so when my face is fayre washt.

Rosko.

Good luck a Gods name, the wodcocke is masht.

Rowke.

And who barbes ye *Grimball*?

Grimball.

A dapper knave, one *Rosko*.

Rosko.

Well letherface; we shall have you asse, ere you goe.

Rowke.

I know him not: is he a deaft barber?

Grimball.

O yea, why he is Mistris *Lamia's* Powler:
And looke fyrra, yen is the lyttel knave.
How dost *Rosko*?

Rosko.

Whope, my eye sight God save
What ould *Grimball*! welcome, sit you downe heare.
Boye.

Boy.

Anon.

Rosko.

Bay leaves in warme water, quick, bring cleane
geare. *Boy in the House.*

Boy.

Strayght.

Rowke.

As thou saydest *Grimball*, this is a feate knave indeede.

Rosko.

How say' Syr? oyntments for a scab do you neede?

Rowke.

Scab! scurvy Jack! Ile set you a worke Syr.

Grimball.

Nay Gogs foote, good nowe, no more of this stur.

Rowke.

I faith Barber, I wyll pyck your teeth straight.

Rosko.

Rosko.

Nay, to pick my purse I feare thou dost wayght.

Rowke.

Yea Gogs hart.

Grimball.

Nay, Gogs foote.

Rosko.

Nowe come Ruffen.

Grimball.

Leave, if you be men,
Heare ye me now? be friendes, and by my trothe,
Chill spende a whole quarte of ale on you bothe.

Rosko.

Well Masse *Grimball*, I lytle thought I wus,
You would a brought a knave to use mee thus.

Grimball.

Why, knowest him not? why it is lustie *Rowke.*

Rosko.

A strong theefe, I warrant him by his looke.

Rowke.

Go to, no more, Barber, least copper you catch.

Grimball.

What wilt give thy nose awaye? beware that match.
For chy fee no copper unlesst be there.

Boy.

Master, here is delicate water and cleane geare. *Boy brings*

Rosko.

water.

Well to quiet my house, and for *Grimball's* sake,
If it pleaseth you as friendes, we hands will shake.

Grimball.

I, I, do so.

Rowke.

And for his sake I agree.

Grimball.

Well then that we may drinke, straight wayes wash mee.

Rosko.

Good Syr, here's water as sweete as a rose.
Now whyles I wash, your eyes harde you must close.

Grimball.

Thus?

Rosko.

Harder yet.

Grimball.

O, thus.

Rosko.

Yea marry so.

Howe fyrre, you knowe what you have to doe.

*Rowke, cuttes Grimball's purse.**Rosko.*Winke harde, *Grimball.**Grimball.*

Yes, yes, I shall.

Rowke.

Heare's the toothpick and all.

[*Exit.**Rosko.*

Depart then, tyll I call.

Verie well Syr, your face is gayly cleane ;

Were your teeth nowe pickt, you maye kisse a queane.

*Grimball.*Sayst thou mee so? Good nowe dispatch and awaye :
I even fyfill untill I smouch *Dalia.**Rosko.*O doo you so? I am right glad you tell :
I else had thought, tad bene your teethe dyd smell.*Grimball.*

O Lorde, gogs foote, you picke me to the quicke.

Rosko.

• Quiet yourselfe, your teeth are furred thicke.

Grimball.

O, oh no more : O God, I spattel blood.

*Rosko.*I have done : spyt out ; this doth you much good.
Boye.*Boy.*

Anon.

*Boy within.**Rosko.*Bring the drinke in the porringer,
To gargalis his teeth.*Boy.*

Boy.

It is here, Syr.

[*Exit.*

Rosko.

Wash your teeth with this, good maister *Grimball*.

Grimball.

I am poysoned; ah, it is bytter gall.

Rosko.

Eate these Comfyts, to sweeten your mouth with all.

Grimball.

Yea mary Syr, these are gay sugred geare.

Rosko.

Their sweetnesse straight wyll make you stinke I feare.

Grimball.

Well nowe, what must I paye, that chy were gone.

Rosko.

What you wyll.

Grimball.

Sayst me so? O cham undone.

Rosko.

Howe nowe *Grimball*?

Grimball.

O Leard, my purse is cutte.

Rosko.

When? where?

Grimball.

Nowe, here.

Rosko.

Boye, let the doore be shutte :

If it be here we wyll straight wayes see.

Where's he that came with you?

Grimball.

I can not tell.

Rosko.

What is hee?

Grimball.

I knowe not.

Rosko.

Where doth he dwell?

Grimball.

O Leard, I ken not I.

D 4

Rosko.

Rosko.

You have done well :
 This knave, your pence in his pocket hath purst :
 Let's feeke him out.

Grimball.

Nay hearke, I must neades first.
 O Leard, Learde, cham ficke : my belly akes too too.

Rosko.

Thou lookst yll : well Yle tell thee what to doo.
 Since thou art so ficke, straight wayes get thee home,
 To finde this Jacke my selfe abroad wyl come :
 The rather, for that he playde the Knave with mee.

Grimball.

Cham ficke in deede, and therefore ych thanke thee.

Rosko.

I see sometime the blinde man hits a crowe ;
 He maye thanke me that he is plagued foe.

Grimball.

Well, well, *Dalia*, the love ych bare to thee
 Hath made me ficke and pickt my purse from mee. [Exit.

Rosko.

A, is he gone ? a foole company him :
 In good sooth Sir, this match fadged trim.
 Well I will trudge to find my fellewe *Rowke*,
 To share the price that my devise hath tooke. [Exit.

ACTUS V. SCENA VI.

*Cassandra in blacke.**Cassandra.*

The heavy chardge that Nature byndes me to
 I have perform'd ; ingrav'd my brother is :
 I woulde to God (to ease my ceaseles woo)
 My wretched bones intombd were with his,
 But o in vaine this bootelesse wish I use,
 I, poore I must lyve in sorrowe joynde with shame.
 And shall he lyve that dyd us both abuse ?
 And quench, through rule, the coles of just revenge ?

O no :

O no: I wyll nowe hye me to the King,
 To whom I wyll recount my wretched state;
 Lewde *Promos* rape, my brother's death, and all:
 And (though with shame I maye this tale relate)
 To proove that force enforced me to fall.
 When I have showne Lorde *Promos* fowle misdeedes,
 This knife, foorthwith shall end my woe and shame:
 My gored harte which at his feete then bleedeth,
 To scorge his faultes, the Kyng wyll more inflame.
 In deedes to doo that I in woordes pretende,
 I now advise my journey to the King:
 Yet ere I go, as swans sing at their ende
 In solemne song I meane my knell to ryng.

Cassandraes Song.

Sith fortune thwart doth crosse my joyes with care,
 Sith that my blisse is chaungde to bale by fate;
 Sith frowarde chaunce my dayes in woe doth weare,
 Sith I, alas, must mone without a mate;
 I wretch have vowde to sing both daye and night,
 O forrowe, flaye all motions of delight!

Come, grieslie grieve, torment this harte of mine,
 Come, deepe dispaire, and stoppe my loathed breath;
 Come, wretched woe, my thought of hope to pine,
 Come, cruell care, preferre my fute to death:
 Death, ende my wo, which sing both daye and night,
 O forrowe, flaye all motions of delight! [Exit.

G. W.

F N I S.



THE
SECOND PART
OF THE FAMOUS
HISTORIE
OF
PROMOS AND CASSANDRA:

Set forth in a Comickall DISCOURSE.

BY GEORGE WHETSTONE GENT.

Formæ nulla Fides.



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Printed by I. I. I.



THE
SECONDE PARTE
OF THE
HISTORIE
OF
PROMOS AND CASSANDRA

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

*Polina in a blewe Gowne, shadowed with a blacke Sarcenet, going
to the Temple to praye upon Andrugio's Tombe.*

PROMISE is debt, and I my vowe have past
Andrugio's tombe to wash with daylie teares;
Which sacrifice (although God wot, in waste)
I wyll performe; my altar is of cares.
Of fuming sighes my offering incence is,
My pittious playntes in steede of prayers are:
Yea, woulde to God, in penance of my mys,
I with the rest, my loathed lyte might share!
But oh in vaine I wish this welcomde ende;
Death is to slowe to slaye the wretched wight:
And all to soone he doth his forces bende
To wounde their hartes which wallowe in delight.

Yet in my eare styll goes my passing bell,
 So ofte as I *Andrugio's* death doo minde,
 So ofte as men with poynted fingers tell
 Their friendes my faultes which by my weedes they finde.
 But oh the cause with death which threats me most,
 I wish to dye, I dye through wretched woe;
 My dying harte desires to yeelde the ghost,
 My traunces straunge a present death foreshewe.
 But as the reede doth bow at every blast,
 To breake the same when rowghest stormes lackes might,
 So wretched I with every woe doe waste,
 Yet care wants force to kyll my hart outryght.
 O gracious God, and is my guilt so great
 As you the same with thousand deathes must wreake?
 You will it so, else care I could intreate,
 With halfe these woes my thryd of lyfe to breake.
 But what meanst thou, *Polina* most accurst?
 To muse why God this pennaunce joynes thee to?
 Whose correction, although we take at worst,
 To our great good he doth the same bestow.
 So that, syth greefe can not relyve my friend,
 Syth scorching fighes my sorrowes cannot drye,
 Syth care himselfe lackes force my lyfe to ende,
 Syth styll I lyve that every howre doe dye;
 Syth mighty God appoyntes my pennaunce so,
 In mornefull song I wyll my patience show.

Polina's Song.

Amyd my bale, the lightning joy that pynning care doth bring,
 With patience cheares my heavy hart, as in my woes I sing.
 I know my guilt, I feele my scourge, my ease is death I see;
 And care (I fynde) by pecemeale weares my hart to set me
 free.

O care, my comfort and refuge, feare not to worke thy wyll;
 With patience I thy corsives byde; feede on my life thy fyll:
 Thy appetyte with syghes and teares I dayly wyl procure,
 And wretched I will vaile to death, throw when thou wilt
 thy Lure.

[*Exit Polina.*

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA II.

Enter a Messenger from the King.

I have at length (though weery come in troth)
 Obtaynd a fight of *Julio's* stately walles :
 A king's message can not be done in sloth :
 Whome he bids goe, must runne through myre and dyrt :
 And I am sent to Lord *Promos* in post
 To tell him that the King wyll see him strayght ;
 But much I feare that *Promos* needes not boist
 Of any gayne by his soveraignes receyte.
 But *Holla* tongue, of lavysh speeche beware.
 Though subjects oft in Princes' meaning pry
 They must their wordes and not their myndes declare :
 Unto which course I wyll my tongue apply,
 Lord *Promos* shall my Prince's comming know,
 My Prince himselfe the cause thereof shall show. [Exit.]

ACTUS I. SCENA III.

Rosko, Lamia's man.

Rosko.

Is't possible that my mistris *Lamia*
 Over the shooes should b'yn love with *Phallax* ?
 Why, by I—(as she her selfe doth faye)
 With pure good wyll her harte doth melt lyke waxe :
 And this I am sure, every howre they themselves
 By their sweete selves, or by their letters greete :
 But the sport is, to see the loving elves
 Byll together when they in secret meete.
 She lowres, he lauffes, she fyghes throwe pure love ;
 Nay, nay, sayes he (good pugges) no more of this :
 Well, sayes shee, and weepes, my grieve you do *The strumpets*
 not prove : *and croco-*
 Then strayght this storme is cleared with a kys. *diles alyke.*
 And then a both sides three wordes and a smouch ;
 Within her eare then whispereth this flouch,

And

And by the way he stumpleth on her lyppes.
 Thus eyther stryves most loving signes to show;
 Much good do it them, fyth they are both content:
 Once I am sure, how so the game doth goe.
 I have no cause their lyking to repent.
 I syldome doe between them message beare,
 But that I have an Item in the hande:
 Well, I must trudge to doe a certain chare,
 Which, take I tyme, cocke for my gayne doth stand.

ACTUS I. SCENA IV.

Phallax. Dowson, a Carpenter.

Phallax.

Dispatch *Dowson*; up with the frame quickly;
 So space your roomes, as the nyne worthyes may
 Be so instauld as best may please the eye.

Dowson.

Very good, I shall.

Phallax.

Nay, soft; *Dowson*, stay:
 Let your man, at Saint *Annes* crosse, out of hande
 Ereckt a stage, that the Wayghts in sight may stande.

Dowson.

Wyll you ought else?

Phallax.

Soft a whyle: let me see:
 On Jesus gate, the foure vertues, I trow,
 Appoynted are to stand.

Dowson.

I Syr, they are so.

Phallax.

Wel then, about your charge: I will foresee
 The Consort of Musick well plast to be.

Dowson.

I am gone, Syr.

[Exit.]

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA V.

The Bedell of the Taylers, Phallax.

Bedell.

Heare you, Maister *Phallax*?
The Wardens of the Marchant Taylers axe
Where (with themselves) they shall their Pageaunt place?

Phallax.

With what strange shoves doo they their Pageaunt grace?

Bedell.

They have *Hercules* of monsters conqueryng,
Huge great *Giants* in a forest fighting
With *Lyons*, *Beares*, *Wolves*, *Apes*, *Foxes* and *Grayes*,
Baiards, *Brockes*, &c.

Phallax.

O wondrous frayes.
Marry Syr, since they are provided thus
Out of their wayes, God keepe Maister *Pediculus*.

Bedell.

You are plefaunt Syr, but with speede I pray
You aunfwere mee; I was charged not to stay.

Phallax.

Because I know you have all things currant,
They shall stand where they shal no viewers want:
How say you to the ende of Ducke Alley?

Bedell.

There all the beggers in the towne will be.

Phallax.

O, most attendaunce is where beggers are:
Farewell, away.

Bedell.

I wyll your wyll declare.

E

ACTUS

ACTUS I. SCENA VI.

Phallax. *Two men apparrelled lyke greene men at the Mayor's feast, with clubbes of fyreworke.*

Phallax.

This geare fadgeth now that these fellowes peare:
Friendes where waight you?

First.

In Iesus streete to keepe a passadge cleare.
That the King and his trayne maye passe with ease.

Phallax.

O, very good.

Second.

Ought else, Syr, do you please?

Phallax.

No, no: about your charge.

Both.

We are gone.

[*Exeunt.*

Phallax.

A Syr, heare is short knowledge, to entertayne a kyng;
But O, O, *quid non pecunia?* yea at a dayes warning?
The King in provision that thought to take us tardy,
As if we had a yeare bene warnd, shall by his welcome see.
I have yet one chare to do: but soft here is *Rosko*,
I must needes delyver him a messadge before I goe.

ACTUS I. SCENA VII.

Rosko. Phallax.

Rosko.

I fayth I have noble newes for *Lamia*.

Phallax.

Nay soft, friend *Rosko*, take myne in youre waye.

Rosko.

Mayster *Phallax*, O Syr I cry you mercy.

Phallax.

Phallax.

Rosko, with speede tell thy Mistris from me,
The king straight wayes wyll come to the Cytie,
In whose great trayne there is a company
Within her house with mee shall mery be.
Therefore, for my sake, wyll her to foresee
To welcome them, that nothing wanting be:
This is all I wyll, for want of leysure. [Exit.

Rosko.

I wyl not fayle Syr to show your pleasure.
Mary, in fayth, these newes falles jumpe with the rest,
They shal be welcome and fare of the best:
But although they well fyll their bodyes thus,
Their purses will be dryven to a *non plus*.
No force a whyt, each pleasure hath his payne,
Better the pource then body starve of twayne.
Well, I wyll trudge my welcome newes to tell,
But then abroade, good company to smell. [Exit.

ACTUS I. SCENA VIII.

Corvinus the King; Cassandra; two Counsellors, and Udista
a young nobleman.

King.

Cassandra we draw neare unto the Towne,
So that I wyll that you from us depart,
Tyll further of our pleasure you doe heare.
Yet rest assured that wycked *Promos*,
Shall abyde such punishment, as the world
Shall hould mee just, and cleare thee of offence.

Cassandra.

Dread Soveraigne, as you wyl, *Cassandra* goeth hence. [Exit.

King.

I playnely see it tendes to great behove
That Prynces oft doo vayle their eares to heare
The miser's playnt: for though they doe appoynt
Such as they thynke will justice execute,
Au'thority is such a commaunder,

As whereas men by office beareth sway,
 If they their rule by conscience measure not,
 The poore man's right is overcome by might:
 If love, or hate, from justice leave the judge,
 Then money sure may overrule the case.
 Thus one abuse is cause of many moe,
 And therefore none in judges ought to be.
 How rulers wrong, fewe tales are tould the King:
 The reason is, their power keepes in awe
 Such men as have great cause for to complayne.
 If *Cassandra* her goodes, nay life, prefer'd
 Before revenge of *Promos* treachery,
 I had not knowne his detestable rape,
 The which he forst to save her brother's lyfe.
 And furthermore, *Andrugio's* raunsome payde,
 I had not knowne he put him unto death:
 For when (good soule) she had this treason tould,
 Through very shame her honour so was spoyld,
 She drewe her knyfe to wound her selfe to death;
 Whose pytious plyght my hart provockt to wrath
 At *Promos* wyles.
 So that, to use indifferency to both,
 Even in the place where all these wronges were done,
 Myselfe am come to fyt upon the cause.
 But see where *Promos* and the Mayor waight
 To welcome mee with great solemnity.
 With cheereful shoue I shaddowe wyll the hate
 I beare to him for his insolency;
 Perhaps I may learne more of his abuse,
 Whereby the more his punishment may be.
 Come my Lords, to the towne haste we apace.

All speake. We all are prest to wayght upon your grace.

ACTUS I. SCENA IX.

Promos, Maior, *three Aldermen in red gownes, with a Sworde bearer, awayghtes the Kinge's comming.*

Promos *his brieffe Oration.*

Promos.

Renowned King, lo here your faithful subjects preast to show
The loyall duetie which (in ryght) they to your highnesse owe.
Your presence cheares all sorts of us; yet ten times more we

joye
You thinke us stoarde, our warning short, for to receyve a
Roye.

Our wyll is such as shall supplie, I trust, in us all want,
And where good wyll the welcome geves, provysion fyld is
scant.

Loe this is all, yea for us all that I in wordes bestowe;
Your Majestie our further zeale in ready deedes shall knowe.
And first, dreade King, I render you the swoorde of justice
heare,

Which as your lieutenant, I trust, uprightlie I dyd beare.

The King delyvrs the sworde to one of his counsell.

King.

Promos, the good report of your good government I heare;
Or at the least the good conceyte that towards you I beare,
To incourage you the more in justice to perseaver,
Is the cheefe cause I dyd addressse my progresse heather.

Promos.

I thanke your Highnesse,

The Maior presentes the King with a fayre Purse.

Maior.

Renowned King, our ready wylles to showe
In your behalfe our goodes (nay lyves) to spende,
In all our names I freelie here bestowe
On your Highnes this Purse; unto this ende

To possesse your most royall majestie,
In all our wealth therto bounde by duetie.

King.

Your great good wyls, and gyfts with thankes I take;
But keepe you styll your goodes to do you good.
It is inough and all that I do crave,
If needes compels for your and our safety,
That you in part your proffers large performe;
And for this time, as outward shewes make prooffe,
It is inough (and all that I desire),
That your harts and tongues (alyke) byd me welcome.

All. Lord preserve your Majesty.

*Five or sixe, the one halfe men, the other women, neare unto the
Musick, singing on some stage erected from the ground. During
the first parte of the song, the King faineth to talke sadlie with
some of his Counsell.*

The Kings Gentleman Usher. Forwards my Lords.

*They all go out leysurable while the rest of the song is made
an ende.*



ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Lamia the Curtisan.

Lamia.

The match goes harde which rayseth no man's gaine;
The vertue rare, that none to vice maye wreat:
And sure, the lawe that made me late complaine,
Allureth me many a wanton geast.
Dames of my trade shutte up their shoppes for feare,
Their stufte prov'd *Contra formam Statuti*:
Then I, which lycenst am to sell fine ware,
Am lyke to be well customed, perdy.

And

And nowe tyme serves, least custome after fayle,
 At hyest rate my toyes I vallue must :
 Let me alone to set my toyes to sale,
 Yong Ruslers I, in faith, wyll serve of trust.
 Who wayes me not, him wyll I fayne to love ;
 Who loves me once, is lymed to my heast ;
 My cullers some, and some shall weare my glove,
 And be my harte whose payment lykes me best.
 And here at hande are customers I trowe ;
 These are the friendes of *Phallax*, my sweete friende.
 Now wyll I go, and set my wares to showe,
 But let them laugh that wynneth in the ende. [Exit.

ACTUS II. SCENA II.

Apio and Bruno, two Gentlemen straungers ; with Rosko.

Apio.

Come on good friende : where dwels Lady *Lamia* ?

Rosko.

Even by, Syr.

Apio.

Well then, go thy waye.

Showe who sent us, and what our meaning is,
 Least she, not knowing us, doo take amys
 That thus boldlye we come to visite hir.

Rosko.

No bolder then welcome, I warrant you Sir.

Bruno.

Well, thy message doo.

Rosko.

I go.

[Exit.

*Four Women bravelie apparelled, sitting singing in Lamia's
 windowe, with wrought smockes and cawles in their hands, as
 if they were a working.*

The Quyre.

If pleasure be treasure.

E 4

Apio.

*Apio.***Harke.***The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde is here.**Refuse you, or chuse you,**But welcome who drawes neare; but welcome who drawes neare.**Bruno.***They be the *Muses* sure.***Apio.***Naye *Syrens* lure.***First sings.* Here lyves delyght.*Second.* Here dyes despight.*Both.* Desyre here hath his wyll.*Third.* Here loves reliefe*Fourth.* Destroyeth grieve*Last two.* Which carefull hartes doth kyll.*Bruno.***Attende them styll.***Apio.***That, as you wyll.***First.* Here wysh in wyll doth care destroye.*Second.* Playe here your fyll, we are not coye:*Third.* Which breedes much yll we purge annoy,*Fourth.* Our lyves here styll we leade in joye.**The Quyre.****If pleasure be treasure,****The golden worlde is here, the golden worlde
is here:****Refuse you, or chuse you,****But welcome who coms neare; but welcome
who coms neare.***First.* Wantons drawe neare,*Second.* Taste of our cheare,*Both.* Our cates are fine and sweete;*Third.*

Third. Come, be not coye;
Fourth. To worke our joye;
 We fall wyll at your feete.

Bruno.

A, good kinde wormes.

Apio.

Harke.

First. Loe here we be, good wyll which move

Second. We lyve, you see, for your behove:

Third. Come, we agree to let you prove,

Fourth. Without a fee, the fruites of love.

The Quire all.

If pleasure be treasure, the golden worlde is
 here, &c.

Bruno.

Upon this large warrant we maye venter.
 The doore opes alone; come let us enter.

Apio.

Agreede.

*Enter a Sergeaunt bearing a Mace, another Offyicer with a Paper
 lyke a Proclamation; and with them the Cryer.*

Officer.

Cryer, make a noyse.

Cryer.

O yes. *And so thrise.*

Officer.

All manner of personnes here present—

Cryer.

All manner of personnes here present—

Officer.

Be sylent, on payne of imprisonment.

Cryer.

Be sylent, on payne of imprisonment.

The

The officer reades the Proclamation.

Corvinus, the hye and mightie King of Hungarie and Boemia: Unto all his loving subjects of *Julio*, sendeth greeting;

And therewithall giveth Knowledge of his princelie favour towards every sort of them.

First, if any person, officer, or other, hath wronged any of his true subjects by the corruption of brybes, affecting or not favouring of the person, through usurie, extortion, wrong imprisonment, or with any other unjust practise, His Majestie wylles the partie so grieved to repayre to Syr *Ulrico*, one of his Highnesse privie Counsell; who (finding his or their injuries) is commaunded to certifie them, and their prooffe unto the Kings Majestie; where incontinentlie he wylle order the controversie, to the release of the partie grieved, and the punishment of the offenders.

Further, if any of his faithfull subjectes can charge any person, officer, or other, with any notable or haynous offence, as Treason, Murder, Sacriledge, Sedicion, or with any such notorious cryme; for the safetie of his Royal Person, benefyte and quiet of his Realme and subjectes, on Fridaye nexte, his most excellent Majestie (with the advise of his honorable Counsell) wyl in open Court syt; to heare and determine all such offences. Therefore he strayghtlie chargeth all and everie of his subjectes that knowe any such haynous offenders, on the forenamed daye that he present both the offender and his faulte. Dated at his Royall Court in *Julio*, the 6 of Februarie.

GOD save the KING.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS II. SCENA IV.

Rosko.

Rosko.

See howe we are crost! we thought the King for pleasure
Came to visite us: when to his paine
And our plagues, I feare he bestowes his leysure
To heare the wronges of such as wyl! complayne

Of any man: But the sport is, to see
 Us officers, one looke of another;
 I at Lorde *Promos*, Lorde *Promos* at mee;
 The *Lawiers* at the *Sbrieve* and *Maier*:
 They gafe as much on the ruling Lawier;
 For to be plaine, the clearest of all
Peccavi sing, to heare the grievous call
 Against usurie, brybrie, and barrating,
 Suborning, extorcion and boulstring.
 Some faultes are hearde, some by Proclamation staye,
 Before the King to be hearde on Fridaye.
 I yet have scape, and hope to go scot free:
 But so, or no, whylst leyfure serves mee,
 To have my aunswers fresh if I be cauld,
 Of merry mates I have a meeting stauld,
 To whom, my fences to refresh, I wend;
 Who gets apace as meryly may spend. [Exit.

ACTUS II. SCENA V.

*Sir Ulrico with divers papers in his hand; two poore Citysiens
 soliciting complayntes.*

Ulrico.

As thou complaynst; agaynst all equity
 Houldes *Phallax* thy house by this extremity?

First.

Yea sure, and he hath bound me so subtylly
 As lesse you helpe, lawe yeeldes me no remedy.

Ulrico.

Well, what say you? is *Phallax* mony payd?

Second.

Save fyve pound, Syr.

Ulrico.

For which your bond is stayde.

Second.

Nay mary, the same I would gladly pay,
 But my bonde for the forfeyt he doth stay.

Ulrico.

Ulrico.

Summum jus, I see, is summa injuria.
So these wronges must be salved some other way.

First.

Yea, more then this, most men say—

Ulrico.

What?

First.

To be playne, he keepes Mistris *Lamia*.

Ulrico.

Admyt he doe, what helpe have you by this?

Second.

Yes mary, it prooves a double knave he is,
A covetous churle and a lecher too.

Ulrico.

Well, well, honest men, for your witnesse go;
And as on prooffe I fynd your injuries,
So I wyl move the king for remedies.

Both.

We thanke your honour.

[*Exeunt.*

Ulrico.

Tys more then straunge, to see with honest show
What fowle deceytes lewde officers can hyde:
In every case, their crafte they collour so,
As styll they have stryckt lawe upon their fide.
These cunning Theeves with lawe can lordships steale,
When for a sheepe the ignoraunt are trust:
Yea, who more rough with small offenders deale
Then these false men to make themselves seeme just?
The tirant *Phallaris* was praysed in this
When *Perillus* the brasen torment made,
He founde the wretch strayght wayes in some amys,
And made him first the scourge thereof to taste:
A just reward for such as doe present
An others fault, himselfe the guiltyest man:
Well, to our weale, our gracious king is bent
To taste these theeves to use what meanes he can.
But as at Cheastes though skylful players play
Skyllesse vewers may see what they omyt,
So though our King in searching judgment may

Gesse

Gesse at their faultes which secrete wronges commit,
 Yet, for to judge by trueth, and not by ame,
 Myselfe in cheete his highnesse doth auctorise
 On prooffe for to returne who meryts blame,
 And as I fynde, so he himselfe will punish;
 So that to use my charge indyfferently,
 My elyents' wronges I wyll with wytnesse trye.

As he is going out, Pimos, a young Gentleman, speaks to him.

ACTUS II. SCENA VI.

Pimos.

Sir *Ulrico*, I humbly crave to know
 What good successe my honest sute ensues.

Ulrico.

Master *Pimos*, in breefe the same to shewe,
 I feare you both my order wyll refuse.

Lyros, that thinkes he geves more then he should,
 And you, for that you have not what you would.

Pimos.

It shall goe hard if that your award mislikes mee.

Ulrico.

Wel, goe with me, and you the same shall see.

Pimos.

I waight on you.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Phallax.

Phallax.

MY troubled hart with guiltynesse agrev'd
 Lyke fyre doth make my eares and cheekes to glow:
 God graunt I scape this blacke day unrepv'd,
 I care not how the game goe to-morrow.

Well,

Well, I wyll fet a face of brasse on it,
 And with the rest upon the King attend,
 Who even anon wyll heare in judgement fyt,
 To heaven or hell some officers to send.
 But soft, a pryze; *Gripax* and *Rapax* I see,
 A share of their venture belongs to mee.

ACTUS III. SCENA II.

Gripax, *Rapax*, *Promoters*. *John Adroynes*, a *Clowne*;
Phallax.

John.

Nay good honest *Promoters*, let mee go.

Gripax.

Tush *John Adroynes*, we must not leave you so:
 What, an ould hobclunch a wanton knave.
 You shal to the King.

John.

Marry *John Adroynes*, God save
 The King: why he wyll not looke on poore men.

Rapax.

Yes, yes; and wyll spye a knave in your face.

John.

Wyll he so? then good you be gone apace.

Gripax.

And why?

John.

Least in my face he spye you too.

Phallax.

Have you seene adawe bebob two crowes so?

Rapax.

Well, come awaye, Syr Patch.

John.

Leave, or by God yle scratch.

They sawle a fightyng.

Gripax.

What wilt thou so?

John.

Yea, and byte too.

Gripax.

Gripax.

Helpe *Rapax*, play the man.

John.

Nay, do both what you can.

Phallax.

If that in bobs they bargayne be,
In fayth they share alone for mee.

Rapax.

What bytest thou, hobclunch?

John.

Yea, that chull, and punch.

Gripax.

O Lorde God, my hart.

John.

Knaves, Ile make you fart.

Rapax.

Hould thy hands, Lob.

John.

Fyrst, take this bob.

Phallax.

To parte this fraye it is hye time I can tell,
My *Promoters* else of the roste wyll smell.

Rapax.

O, my neck thou wylt breake.

John.

Yea Gods ames, cryst thou creake?

Phallax.

How now, my friends! why what a stur is this?

Gripax.

Marry.

Phallax.

What?

John.

Eare they part, yle make them pys.

Phallax.

Houlde; no more blowes.

John.

Knaves, this honest man thanke
That you scape so well.

Phallax.

Phallax.

Friende be not to cranke ;
 I am an officer, and meane to know
 The cause why you brauld thus, before I go ;
 Your bobs show that the same you best can tell.

Rapax.

I would your worship felt the same as well,
 I then am sure this blockhedded slave
 For both his faultes double punishment should have.

Phallax.

What faultes ?

Rapax.

Marry.

John.

He wyll lye lyke a dogge.

Phallax.

How now you churle, your tongue would have a clog,
 Say on.

Rapax.

To shoue his first and chiefeft faughte.
 His father's maide and he, are naught.

John.

What I ?

Rapax.

I.

John.

By my Grandfire's soule, you lye.

Phallax.

Peace.

Friende, for this faulte thou must dye.

John.

Dye ? Leard save us you sqwade knave ; yle bum yee,
 For reforming a lye thus against mee.

Phallax.

Tush, tush, it helpeth not if they can prove this.

Gripax.

For some prooffe, I sawe him and the maide kys.

John.

Can not foke kys, but they are naught by and by ?

Phallax.

Phallax.

This presumption, friende, wyll touch the shrowdlie.
If thou scape with lyfe, be thou sure of this,
Thou shalt be terrible whipped for this kys.

John.

Whypt! mary God shielde; chy had rather be hangde.

Rapax.

Growte nowle, come to the king.

John.

Art not well bangde?

Phallax.

Well, good fellowes, lets take up this matter.

Gripax.

Nay first *John Adroines* shal be trust in a halter.

Phallax.

Why, helpes it you to see the poore man whypt?
I praye you, friendes, for this tyme let him goe.

John.

Stande styll, and chull whether they wyll or no.

Rapax.

Nay, but we charge him in the King's name, staye thee.

Phallax.

Harke, honest man, I warrant thee set free,
Grease them well in their handes, and speake them fayre.

John.

O Leard God, our tallow potte is not here.

Phallax.

Tush, clawe them with money.

John.

Who so? my nayles are sharpe.

Phallax.

I see, for Clownes *Pan's* pype is meeter then *Apollo's* harpe:
They can no skylle in musicke but plaine song.

Gripax.

I praye lets goe; we tryfle tyme too long.

Phallax.

Strayght.

Cockes foule, knave, stoppe his mouth with money.

John.

O, I ken you nowe Syr; chi crie you mercie.

F

Rapax.

Rapax.

Come on, flouch, wylt please you be jogging hence?

John.

Here is all; tenne shyllinges and thyrtene pence.

Phallax.

Harke ye, my friendes.

Gripax.

We must not let him goe.

Phallax.

Harke once more.

John.

Give them the money.

Phallax.

It shall be so.

*Rapax.*Well, although he deserves great punishment,
For your sake, for this tyme we are content:*John Adroines* farewell; henceforth be honest,

And for this faulte wyll passe it ore in jeast.

[*Exeunt.*]*John.*

Then gives our money.

Phallax.

Why?

John.

Why they dyd but jeast.

Phallax.

Yea, but they tooke thy money in earnest.

[*Exit.*]*John.*

Art gone? now the Dewle choake you all with it:
 How chy kisse againe the knaves have taught me wyt;
 But by saint *Anne*, chy do see burlady,
 Men maye do what them woll that have money.
 Ich surely had bene whipt, but for my golde,
 But chull no more with smouches be so bolde.
 Yea, and Ich wish all lovers to be wyse,
 There be learing knaves abroad have cattes eyes.
 Why, by Gods bores they can bothe see and marke,
 If a man steale but a smouch in the darke.
 And nowe the worlde is growne to such jollie spyre,
 As if foke doo kysse the'are nought by and by.

Well,

Well, ych wyll home, and tell my father *Droyne*,
Howe that two theeves robd mee of my coyne. [Exit.]

*Enter the King, Promos, Ulrico, Maior, Gonfago, Phallax,
with two other attendantes.*

King.

Sir *Gonfago*, if that we henceforth heare
With will, or wealth, you doe our subjects wrong,
Looke not agayne this favour for to fynde;
We use this grace to wyn you to amende:
If not, our wrath shall feare you to offende.
God speede you.

[Gonfago doth reverence and departeth.]

King.

I see by prooffe that true the proverbe is,
Myght maisters right, wealth is such a canker,
As woundes the conscience of his maister,
And devoures the hart of his poore neyghbour:
To cure which fore, justice his pryde must pyne,
Which justice ought in princes most to shine:
And syth subjects lyve by their princes law,
Whose lawes in cheefe the rytych should keepe in awe.
The poore in wronges but fildome doth delyght,
They have inuffe for to defende their right.
It much behoves the maker of these lawes
(This mony findes in them so many flawes)
To see his lawes observd as they are ment,
Or else good lawes wyll turne to evyll intent.
Well, ere I leave, my poorest subjects shall
Both lyve and lyke, and by the richest stawl.

Promos.

Regarded and most mightie Prince, your clemency herein
Those harts your rule commands through feare, to faithful love
shall win.

Ulrico.

Renowned King, I am for to complaine
Of *Phallax*, Lord *Promos* secondary,
Whose hainous wronges many poore men doth paine,
By me, who pray your highnes remedy,

F 2

King.

King.

My Lord *Promos*, it seemes you rule at large,
When as your clarkes are officers unjust.

Promos,

Dread King, I thinke he can these wrong discharge.

King.

Doe you but thinke Syr? a sure speare to trust,
A dum death and blynde judge can do as much.
Well, well, God graunt your owne lyfe byde the tuch.
Syr *Ulrico*, your complaynt continew.

Ulrico.

Gratious King, his wronges be these, in few.
First, *Pballax* is a common Barriter,
In office, a lewd extortioner.
The crafty man oft puts these wronges in ure
If poore men have that lykes his searching eye;
He showeth Gould the needy soules to lure;
Which if they take, so fast he doth them tye,
That by some bonde or covenaut for fayted
They are in forst (farre beneath the vallew)
To let him have what his eye coveyted:
And for to prove that this report is true,
I showe no more then witnesse prov'd by oth,
Whose names and handes defends it heare as troth.

[*Ulrico delivers the King a writing with names at it.*]

King.

How now *Promos*? how thinke you of your man?
Use both your wyttes to cleare him if you can.

Promos.

Dread King, my hart to heare his faultes doth bleed.

King.

How farde it then to suffer it indeede?
It dyde, I trow, or now you speake in jest.
Thy master's mute, *Pballax*, I houlde it best
That thou speake for thyselfe.

Pballax.

I humbly crave
Of your grace, for aunswere respyt to have.

King.

King.

Why? to devise a cloke to hyde a knave?
 Friend, *veritas non quærit angulos*;
 And if yourselfe you on your truth repose,
 You may be bould these faulies for to deny:
 Some lyttel care upon their othes to lye.
 See if any in your behalte will sweare.

Phallax.

O Lord God, is there no Knyghtes of the poste heare?
 Well then, of force I must sing *Peccavi*,
 And crye out ryght to the King for mercy,
O King I am in faulte I must confesse,
The which I wyll with repentaunce redresse.

King.

Thy confession doth meryt some favour,
 But repentaunce payes not thy poore neyghbour;
 Wherefore, Syr *Ulrico*, his goods sease you,
 And those he wrong'd, restore you to their due.

Ulrico,

Looke, what he gettes, most thinke he wastes straight waye
 Upon a leawde harlot named *Lamia*:
 So that his goods wyll scarce pay every wight,

King.

Where naught is left, the king must lose his right.
 Pay as you may, I hould it no offence
 If eache pay somewhat for experience.
 But by the way, you rule the citty well
 That suffer, by your nose, such dames to dwell.
 And now, *Phallax*, thy further pennaunce ys,
 That forthwith thou do resigne thy office.
Ulrico, to his account lykewise see.

Ulrico.

It shal be done.

King.

Phallax, further heare mee:
 Because thou didst thy faultes at first confesse
 From punishment thy person I release.

Phallax.

I most humbly do thanke your majesty.

Promos.

Ah! out alas! *Cassandra* heare I see.

Cassandra in a blew gowne shadowed with black.

Cassandra.

O would the teares myght tel my tale, I shame so much my
fall,
Or else Lord *Promos* lewdnes shoven, would death would ende
my thrall!

Promos.

Welcome my sweete *Cassandra.*

Cassandra.

Murdrous varlet, away!

Renowned King, I pardon crave for this my bould attempt
In preasing thus so neare your grace, my sorrow to present:
And least my foe, false *Promos* heare, do interrupt my tale,
Graunt, gracious King, that uncontroul'd I may report my bale,

King.

How now *Promos*? how lyke you of this song?
Say on fayre dame, I long to heare thy wrong.

Cassandra.

Then knowe dread Soverayne, that he this doome did geve,
That my brother for wantonnesse should lose his head,
And that the mayde which fin'd should ever after lyve
In some religious house, to sorrowe her misdeede.
To save my brother jug'd to dye, with teares I fought to
move

Lord *Promos* hart to shewe him grace; but he with lawles love
Was fyred by and by; and knowing necessity
To save my brother's lyfe, would make me yeeld to much,
He crav'd this raunsome, to have my virginitie;
No teares could worke restraynt, his wicked lust was such;
Two evils here were, one must I chuse, though bad were very
best,

To see my brother put to death, or graunte his lewde request,
In fyne, subdude with naturall love, I did agree
Upon these two poyntes, that marry me he should,
And that from prison vyle he should my brother free.
All this with monstrous othes he promised he would,
But oh this perjurd *Promos* when he had wrought his wyll,
Fyrst cast me of, and after caus'd the Gailer for to kill

My

My brother, raunfomde with the spoyle of my good name:
So that for companing with such a hellish feende
I have condemnde myself to weare these weedes of shame,
Whose cognifance doth shewe that I have (fleshly) fin'd.
Loe thus, hie and renowned king, *Cassandra* endes her tale,
And this wicked *Promos* that hath wrought her endles bale.

King.

If this be true, so fowle a deede shall not unpunisht goe,
How sayst thou *Promos* to her playnte? arte giltye? yea or noe?
Why speakst thou not? a faulty harte thy seilence sure doth
showe.

Promos.

My gilty hart commaunds my tongue, O King, to tell a
troth,
I doe confesse this tale is true, and I deserve thy wrath.

King.

And is it so? this wicked deede thou shalt ere long buy deare.
Cassandra, take comfort in care, be of good cheere:
Thy forced fault was free from evill intent,
So long, no shame can blot thee any way:
And though at full I hardly can content thee
Yet as I may, assure thyselfe I wyl.
Thou wycked man, might it not thee suffice
By worse then force to spoyle her chastitie,
But heaping sinne on sinne against thy oth,
Hast cruelly her brother done to death.
This over prooffe ne can but make me thinke
That many waies thou hast my subjectes wrongd;
For how canst thou with justice use thy swaie
When thou thy selfe dost make thy will a lawe?
Thy tyranny made mee this progresse make
How so for sport tyl now I colloured it,
Unto this ende, that I might learne at large
What other wronges by power thou hast wrought,
And heere I heare: the ritche suppress the poore
So that it seemes the best and thou art friendes:
I plaste thee not to be a partiall judge.
Thy offycers are covetous, I finde,
By whose reportes thou over-rulest futes:
Then who that gives an Item in the hande

In ryght, and wrong, is sure of good successe.
 Well, varlet, well, too flowe I hether came
 To scourge thy faultes, and salve the sores thou mad'st.
 On thee vyle wretche this sentence I pronounce;
 That forthwith thou shalt marrie *Cassandra*,
 For to repayre hir honour thou dydst waste;
 The next daye thou shalt lose thy hated lyfe
 In penaunce that thou mad'st hir Brother dye.

Promos.

My faultes were great, O King, yet graunt me mercie,
 That nowe with bloody fighes lament my finnes too late.

King.

Hoc facias alteri quod tibi vis fieri.
 Pittie was no plee, Syr, when you in judgement fate:
 Prepare your selfe to dye, in vaine you hope for lyfe.
 My Lordes, bring him with mee: *Cassandra* come you in like
 case;
 My selfe wyll see thy honour salu'd in making thee his wife,
 The sooner to shorten his dayes.

All the company. We wayte upon your grace.

As the King is going out, a poore man shall kneele in his waye.

King.

Syr *Ulrico*, I wyld commission should be made
 To Syr *Anthony Alberto*, and *Iustice Diron*,
 To heare and determine all sutes to be had
 Betwene Maister *Prostro*, and this poore man: is it done?

Ulrico.

Renowned King it is ready.

King.

Repayre to Syr *Ulrico* for thy commission.

All. God preserve your Majestie.

They all depart save the Clowne.

Clowne.

Bones of me, a man were better speak to great Lords they
 see,
 Then to our proude Justlers of peace that byn in the cuntry.

He

He that is ryth, as my dame sayth, goes away with the hare :
This two yeere they have hard my matter, and yet cham nere
the neere.

And at first dash, a good fatte Lorde, God in heaven save his
life,

Fayth, for nothing, told the King of Mas *Prostros* and my stryfe.
O Leard, ych thought the King could not bide or poore men
to looke;

But God save his grace, at fyrst dash, my supplication he tooke.
And you hard how gently he call'd mee poore man, and wild
me goe

For my passport, I kenne not what, to good Syr *Ulrico*,
Well, chull go for't, and hope to be with Master *Prostros* to
bring;

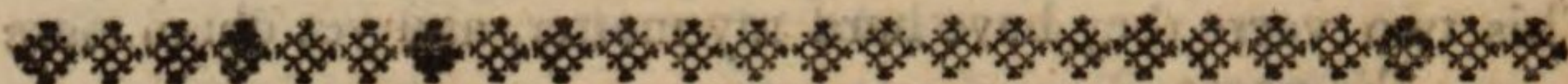
But ere ych goe, chul my Ballat of good King *Corvyn* sing.

The Clownes Song.

You barrons bolde and lustie lads,
Prepare to welcome our good King,
Whole comming fo his subjectes glads
As they for joye the belles doo ryng.
They fryfke and skippe in everie place,
And happy he can see his face,
Who checks the ryth that wrong by might
And helpes the poore unto his right.

The love that rygour gettes, through feare,
With grace and mercie he doth wyn;
For which we praye thus everie where
Good Lorde preserve our King *Corvin*.
His favour raignes in everie place,
And happy he can see his face.

[*Exit.*



ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Gresco, a good substantiall Offycer ; Two Beadelles in blew Coates,
with Typestaves.

Gresco.

COME loytring knaves, speede about your businesse ;
Fetch me in all ydle vacaboundes.

First.

Yes, Syr, yes.

Gresco.

Search Ducke alley, Cocke lane, and Scouldes corner :
About your charge ; lets see howe you can sturre.

Second.

Yes, I have winges in my heeles to flee.

First.

Who gives two pence a straunge Monster to see ?

Second.

What monster ?

First.

A horned beast with winges upon his heeles.

Second.

Out, dronken dreule.

Gresco.

What ! runnes your head on wheeles ?
Be packing bothe, and that betymes, you were best.

First.

We are gone, Syr ; we dyd but speake in jeast.

[*Exeunt Beadelles.*]

Gresco.

The King, I fayth, hath set us all a worke,
To searcke odde holes where ydle varlettes lurke ;
He so nypped our *Maïor* for yll rule,
As ever since he hath bene lyke to whule ;
And in a rage, the man is now so whotte
As lewde personnes, tagge and ragge, goes to potte.

But

But in chiefe he stormes at fyne mistrisse *Lamia*,
 She drinckes for all; come she once in his waye:
 And least she scape, myselfe forsooth he wylles
 Worshipfullie to fetche hir with fortie Bylles.
 Well, I must goe and worke our *Maier's* heast,
 No force, for once she wyll never be honest.

[Exit.]

ACTUS IV. SCENA II.

*Andrugio, as out of the wooddes, with Bowe and Arrowes, and
 a Cony at his gyrdle.*

Andrugio.

This savage life were hard to brooke, if hope no comfort
 gave;
 But I (whose life from tyrant's wrath God's providence did
 save)
 Do take in worth this misery, as penaunce for my mys,
 Stil fed with hope to chaunge this state when God's good
 pleasure is,
 A hollow cave for house and bed, in worth *Andrugio* takes;
 Such sorie foode as fortune sendes, he fyldome nowe forsakes.
 I am my selfe forsoothe nowe butcher, cooke, cater and all,
 Yea often tymes I fall to sleepe with none, or supper small.
 Then in my denne I call to minde the lyfe I lyv'de in blisse,
 And by the want, I freedome judge the greatest joye that is.
 The freeman is in viewe of friendes, to have release in neede,
 The exyle, though he have no lacke, yet lyves he styll in
 dreede
 That his mysdeedes wyll hardly scape the punishment of lawe,
 And lyving he were better dead that lyveth in this awe.
 Besides this feare which never fayles the banisht man in want,
 As ofte he is, is sure to finde his succors verie scant.
 Then who is he so mad, that friendes and freedome doth
 enjoye,
 That wyll adventure breach of lawe, to lyve in this annoye?
 And not annoye to him alone, but to his friendes and kyn:
 Great

Great be the cares *Cassandra* and *Polina* lyveth in,
Through thought of me whom long agoone beheaded they
suppose:

For my offence thus are they scorgde, yet dare I not disclose
My safetie, for theer helpe: but harke! who commeth here?
This chaunce seemes strange: God graunt good newes; I
hope, and yet I feare.

John Adroynes, a Clowne: Andrugio.

John.

If che could finde my mare, che would be rusty by the rood,
And cham sure the hoorechup is peaking in this wood.
Chy wyl seeke every corner, but che wyll find her.

He whistlyng lookes up and downe the stage.

Andrugio.

This clowne can hardly mee bewray, and yet such dunghyll
churles
Such newes as is in market tounes about the country whorles.
What seekes thou, good fellow?

John.

My sqawde Mare: dost her know?

Andrugio.

No.

John.

Then scummer me not; in haste ych goe
Seeke my mare, to see the sport at *Julio*.

Andrugio.

What sport?

John.

A lyttel sport.

Andrugio.

What?

John.

Nay skyl not a whit?

Andrugio.

What meanes this affe?

John.

T'wyll teache the hoorecup wyt.
H'yll hang handsome young men for the foote sinne of love,
When so his knavery himselfe a bawdy Jack doth prove.

Andrugio.

His wordes seemeth straunge; somewhat is awry.

John.

Wel, chyll see his shoulders from's jowle to flye.

Andrugio.

Whose shoulders, friend?

John.

As though you dyd know?

Andrugio.

Whome?

John.

Lord *Promos*.

Andrugio.

Yes, my most accursed foe:
But what of him?

John.

Thou kenst.

Andrugio.

No.

John.

Sayst not, yes.

Andrugio.

Yes.

John.

So.

Andrugio.

But friend, thou took'st my wordes amys,
I know nothing in what state *Promos* is.

John.

Thou know'st and thou knowest not: out horson foole!
Leave stealing Cunnyes and get thee to scoole.
Farewell.

Andrugio.

Soft.

John.

O th' arte no foole, good theefe:
Save my mony, take my life.

Andrugio.

Andrugio.

Tush, be breefe.
Some newes of lewde Lord *Promos* tell mee,
And wyth lyfe and mony, yle set thee free.

John.

I wyll. Thou knowst the King now at *Julio*.

Andrugio.

Very well.

John.

Thou canst tell as wel as I.
Let me goe.

Andrugio.

Nay yle see if thou dost lye.
If thou dost, yle whip thee when thou hast done.

John.

Kissyng and lying, ich see is all one,
And chave no mony, chul tell true therfore.

Andrugio.

Dispatch then.

John.

Then, lying Promoter, this more.
Casgandra scufde *Promos* of honestie,
And killyng *Ramstrugio* for baudry.

Andrugio.

What more?

John.

The King at *Promos* great pleasure did take;
And *Casgandra* an honest woman to make,
The King maunded him her strayght to marry,
And for killyng her brother, he must dye.

Andrugio.

Is this true?

John.

Why how fay you? do I lye?

Andrugio.

Well, so or noe, for thy newes have this connie.

John.

Gods bores, gave it me; to be swete tis to cheape:
Burlady, yet tyll Sunday it will keepe.

Well, now, God bwe, Mas lying Promoter:

Wees see at the sport?

Andrugio.

Andrugio.

I, peradventure.

John.

Since can not finde my mare, on foote chull go :
Ych thinke each daye a nowre to be at *Julio*.

[*Exit.*]

Andrugio.

Straunge are the newes the Clowne hath shewne to me ;
Not straunge a whyt, if they well scanned be,
For God we see, styll throwes the tyraunt downe,
Even in the heyght and pride of his renowne.
Lorde *Promos* rule, nay tyranny in deede
For Judges is a mirror worthy heede.
The wretched man, with showe of Justice zeale,
Thoroughly dyd with poore offenders deale.
The wicked man both knewe and judgde abuse,
And none so much as he, her faultes dyd use.
He fellons hang'd, yet by extorcion stoale ;
He wantons plag'd, himselfe a doating foole :
He others checkt, for suing for their right,
And he himselfe mayntayned wrongs by might.
But see the rule of mischief; in his pride
He headlong falles, when least he thought to slide.
Well, by his fall I maye perhaps aryse :

Andrugio, yet in clyming be thou wyse.

What? styll unknowne shall I live in this wood?

Not so.

Go wraye these newes, no doubt, unto my good.

Yet ere I go, I wyll my selfe disguise,

As in the towne, in spite of linxes eyes,

I will, unknowne, learne howe the game doth go :

But ere I go, syth eased is my woe,

My thanks to God I fyrst in song wyll shoe.

Andrugio's Song.

To thee, O Lorde with harte and voyce I syng,
Whose mercie great, from mone to sweete delight,
From grieve to joye my troubled soule doest bring ;
Yea more, thy wrath hath foylde my foe in fyght,
Who sought my lyfe (which thou, o God, didst save)
Thy scorge hath brought untimelie to his grave.
Whose

Whose grieſe wyll gawle a thouſand judges moe,
 And wyll them ſee themſelves, and ſentence juſt,
 When blacke reproche this thundring ſhame ſhall ſhoe,
 A judge condemde for murder, theſte and luſte.
 This ſcorge, O God, the lewde in feare wyll bring;
 The juſt, for joye, thy praifes lowde wyll ſyng.
 [Exit

Greſco, with three other, with bylles, bringing in Lamia priſoner.

Greſco.

Come on faire dame, ſince faire words works no heede,
 Now fowle meanes ſhall in you repentaunce breede.

Lamia.

Maſter *Greſco*, where you maye helpe, hurt not.

Greſco.

And nothing but chaſtment wyll helpe you to amende:
 Well, I wyll not hurt you your lewdnes to defende.

Lamia.

My lewdnes, Syr! what is the difference
 Betwixt wantons, and hoorders of pence?

Greſco.

Thou haſt winde at wyll, but in thy eyes no water:
 Tho' arte full of grace: how ſhe bluſheth at the matter!

Lamia.

Howe ſample I your wyfe and daughter, Syr?

Greſco.

Axe mee, when whypping hath chaung'd thy nature.

Lamia.

What whypping? why am I a horſe or a mare?

Greſco.

No; but a beaſt that meetelie well wyll bare.

Lamia.

Indeede (as nowe) perforce I beare this flowt:
 But uſe me well, elſe I fayth, gette I out
 Looke for quittaunce.

Byl.

Binde hir to the peace, Syr, [First Byl.
 So maye your worſhip be out of daunger.

Greſco.

Bring hir awaye; I knowe howe to tame hir.

Lamia.

Lamia.

Perhaps, Syr, no: the worst is but shame hir.

Byl.

Come ye drab.

[*Second Byl.*

Lamia.

Howe nowe scab! handes of my gowne.

Byl.

Care not for this; yuse have a blew one soone. [*Third Byl.*

[*Exeunt.*

Cassandra.

Cassandra.

Unhappy wench, the more I seeke for to abandone grieve
The furdur off I wretched finde both comfort and reliefe.
My brother first, for wanton faultes condempned was to dye,
To save whose life my fute wrought hope of grace, but
haples I

By such request my honor spoyld and gayned not his breath,
For which deceite I have pursude Lorde *Promos* unto death,
Who is my husbände nowe become, it pleas'd our soveraigne so
For to repayre my crased fame, but that which workes my wo
This day he must (oh) leese his head my brother's death to
quite,

And therin fortune hath, alas! showne me hir greatest spyte.
Nature wyld mee my brother love; now dutie commaunds mee
To preferre before kyn or friend, my husband's safetie.
But O! aye me, by fortune I am made his chiefest foe,
Twas I, alas! even onely I that wrought his overthroe.
What shall I doo to worke amends for this my haynous deede?
The tyme is short, my power small, his succors axeth speede.
And shall I seeke to save his blood that latelie fought his lyfe?
O yea, I then was sworne his foe, but now as faithfull wife
I must and wyll preferre his health, God sende me good
successe,

For now unto the King I wyll my chaunged minde to expresse.
[*Exit.*

Phallax.

Phallax.

Was ever man set more freer than I?
First went my goodes, then my Offyce dyd flye.

G

But

But had the King set me free from flatterie,
 The next deare yeare I might have starv'd perdie.
 But Lorde *Premos* hath a farre more freer chaunce,
 He free from landes, goodes, and office doth daunce;
 And shall be free from life, ere long, with a launce.
 The officers and chiefe men of *Julio*
 Vengeance lyberall themselves lykewise shooe;
 Poore knaves and queanes that up and downe do goe
 These horesen kinde crustes in houses bestoe:
 But yet, poore cheere they have: marry for heate
 They whyp them untill verie blood they sweate.
 But see their cost bestowde of fyne *Lamia*;
 To save hir feete from harde stones and colde waye,
 Into a carte they dyd the queane convaye,
 Apparelled in colours verie gaye;
 Both hoode and gowne of greene and yellowe saye.
 Her garde weare typstaves all in blewe arraye;
 Before hir a noyse of Basons dyd playe:
 In this triumph she ryd well nye a daye.
 Fie, fie! the citie is so purged nowe,
 As they of none but honest men allowe;
 So that farewell my parte of thriving there:
 But the best is, flattrers lyve everie where.
 Set cocke on hoope; *Domini est terra*.
 If thou cannot where thou wouldst, lyve where thou maye.
 Yes, yes, *Phallax* knoweth whether to go;
 Nowe God bwy ye all honest men of *Julio*:
 As the devilles lykes the company of friers,
 So flattrers loves as lyfe to joyne with lyers.



ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Andrugio, disguised in some longe blacke cloake.

Andrugio.

These two dayes I have bene in court disguis'd,
 Where I have learn'd the scorge that is devis'd

For

For *Promos* faulte ; he my syfter spowfed hath
 To falve her fame crackt by his breache of fayth :
 And shortlie he must lose his subtyll head,
 For murdring me, whome no man thinkes but dead :
 His wyll was good, and therefore, beshrewe mee
 If (mov'd with ruthe) I seeke to set him free.
 But softlie ; with some newes these fellowes come :
 I wyll stande close, and heare both all and some.

ACTUS V. SCENA II.

Enter Ulrico, Marshall.

Ulrico.

Marshall, heare your warrant is ; with speede
 The king commaunds that *Promos* you behead.

Marshall.

Sir, his highnesse wyll shal be forthwith done.

[*Exit* Marshall.

Ulrico.

The king welnye to pardon him was wonne,
 His heavy wyfe such stormes of teares did showre,
 As myght with rueth have moyst a stony hart ;
 But *Promos* guylt dyd soone this grace devoure.
 Our gracious king, before hir wretched smart,
 Prefer'd the helth of this our common weale.—
 But see, again to sue for him she comes ;
 Her ruthfull lookes, her greefe, doth force me feele.
 With hope, I must her sorrowes needes delay,
 Tyll *Promos* be dispatcht out of the way.

ACTUS V. SCENA III.

Cassandra.

Cassandra.

Syr *Ulrico*, if that my unknowne greefe
 May move good mindes to helpe mee to releefe,

Or bytter fyghes of comfort cleane dismayde,
 May move a man a shiftable dame to ayde,
 Rue of my teares from true intent which flowe;
 Unto the king with me yet once more goe.
 See if his grace my husband's lyfe wyll save,
 If not, with his death shall my corps ingrave.

Ulrico.

What shall I doe, her sorrowes to decreace?
 Feede her with hope:—fayre dame, this mone surcease;
 I see the king to grace is somewhat bent,
 We once agayne thy sorrowes wyll present:
 Come, we wyl wayght for tyme thy fute to show.

Cassandra.

Good knight, for time do not my fute foreflowe;
 Whylst grasse doth growe, ofte sterves the feely steede.

Ulrico.

Feare not; your lorde shal not dye with such speede.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Andrugio.

Andrugio.

Lord God, how am I tormented in thought!
 My sister's woe such rueth in me doth grave,
 As fayne I would (if ought save death I caught)
 Bewray my selfe, Lord *Promos* life to save.
 But lyfe is sweete, and naught but death I eye,
 If that I should my safety now disclose;
 So that I chuse, of both the evels, he dye:
 Time wyll appease, no dought, *Cassandra's* woes.
 And shall I thus acquite *Cassandra's* love?
 To worke her joy, and shall I feare to dye,
 Whylst that she lyve no comforte may remove
 Care from her harte, if that her husband dye?
 Then shall I stycke to hafard lym, nay lite,
 To salve hir greefe, since in my cure it rests?
 Nay first, I wil be spoyld with bloody knife
 Before I fayle her plunged in distres.
 Death is but death, and all in fyne shall dye:
 Thus (being dead) my fame shall live alway.

Well,

PROMOS AND CASSANDRA. 101

Well, to the king *Andrugio* now wyll hye,
Hap lyfe, hap death, his safety to bewray.

[*Exit.*

ACTUS V. SCENA IV.

The Marshall ; three or fowre with halbards, leading Promos to execution.

Bylman.

Roome, friends ; what meane you thus to gase on
us ?

A Bylman.

A comes behinde makes all the sport, I wus.

Promos.

Farewell, my friendes, take warning by my fall,
Disdaine my life but listen to my ende;
Fresh harmes, they say, the viewers so apall,
As oft they win the wicked to amend.
I neede not heare my faultes at large resyte,
Untimely death doth witnesse what I was,
A wicked man whiche made eache wrong seeme right;
Even as I would was wrested every case.
And thus, long tyme I lyv'd and rul'd by wyl;
Whereas I lov'd, their faultes I would not see:
Those I did hate, tenne tymes beyond there yll
I did persue, vyle wretch, with cruelty.
Yea dayly I from bad to worse did flyde,
The reason was, none durst controule my lyfe;
But see the fall of mischeeve in his pride:
My faultes were knowne, and loe, with bloody axe
The headseman strayght my wronges with death wyll quite;
The which in worth I take, acknowledging
The doome was geven on cause, and not on spyte;
Wishing my ende might serve for a warning
For such as rule and make their will a lawe:
If to such good my faynting tale might tend,
Wretched *Promos*, the same would longer draw;
But if that wordes prevayle, my wofull ende
From my huge faultes, then tenne tymes more wyll warne.

G 3

Forgevenesse

Forgevenesse now of all the world I crave;
 Therewith, that you, in zealous prayer, wyll
 Beseeche of God that I the grace may have
 At latter gaspe, the feare of death to kyll.

Marshall.

Forwards, my Lord; me thinkes you fayntly goe.

Promos.

O Syr, in my case your selfe would be as slowe.

Enter Cassandra, Polina, and one mayde.

Cassandra.

Aye me, alas! my hope is untimely.
 Whether goes my good Lord?

Promos.

Sweete wife, to dye.

Cassandra.

O wretched wench, where may I first complayne,
 When heaven and earth agrees upon my payne?

Promos.

This mone, good wife, for Christes sake, forsake;
 I, late resolv'd, through feare of death now quake;
 Not so much for my haynous sinnes forepast,
 As for the greefe that present thou dost tast.

Cassandra.

Nay, I vile wretch, should most agreeved be,
 Before thy time, thy death which hastened have:
 But (O sweete husband) my fault forgeve mee,
 And, for amends, Ile helpe to fyll thy grave.

Promos.

Forgeve thee, ah! nay, for my soule's releefe,
 Forget, sweete wyfe, this thy most guyltles greefe.

Marshall.

My Lord *Promos*, these playntes but move hir mone,
 And your more greefe: it is bett you ware gone.
 Good Maddame, way by lawe your Lord doth dye,
 Wherefore make vertue of necessity.

Delay but workes your sorrowes and our blames :
So that now, to the comfort of these dames,
And your wisdom, enforced we leave you.
My Lord *Promos*, byd your wife and friends adew.

Promos.

Farewell, farewell ; be of good cheare, deare wyfe,
With joy for woe, I shall exchange this life.—
Andrugio's death, *Polina* forgive mee.

Polina.

I doe, and pray the Lord to releeve yee.

Cassandra.

Yet ere we part, sweete husband, let us kis :—
O, at his lippes why fayleth not my breath ?

Promos.

Leave mone, swete wife ; I doe deserve this death.
Farewell, farewell.

They all depart, save Polina, Cassandra, and her woman.

Cassandra.

My loving Lorde, farewell.
I hope, ere long, my soule with thine shall dwell.

Polina.

Now, good Madame, leave of this bootelesse grieve.

Cassandra.

O *Polina*, sorrowe is my reliefe ;
Wherefore, sweete wenche, helpe me to rue my woe ;
With me, vyle wretche, thy bytter plaintes bestowe,
To hasten lyngring death who wanteth might
I see, alone to fley the wretched wight.

Polina.

Nay first powre foorth your playntes to the powers divine,
When hate doth clowde all worldly grace whose mercies styll
do shine.

Cassandra.

O, so or no, thy motion doeth well,
Swan lyke in song to towle my passing bell.

The Song of Cassandra.

Deare dames, divorce your minds from joy, helpe to bewayle
my wo ;

Condole with me whose heavy sighs the pangs of death do
shoe :

Rend heairs, shed teares, poore wench distressed, to hast the
means to dye,

Whose joye, annoy ; reliefe, whose griefe hath spoyl'd with
crueltie.

My brother slaine, my husband, ah ! at poynt to lose his
head—

Why lyve I then unhappy wench, my fuckers being dead ?

O time, O cryme, O cause, O lawes, that judgd them thus
to dye,

I blame you all, my shame my thrall, you hate that harme-
lesse trye.

This tragidy they have begun, conclude I wretched must ;

O welcome care, consume the thread thereto my life doth
trust :

Sound bell, my knell ; away delaie, and geve mee leave to
dye,

Lest hope have scope unto my hart, afresh for ayde to flye,

Enter Ganio sometime Andrugio's Boye.

Ganio.

O sweete newes for *Polina* and *Cassandra*.
Andrugio lyves.

Polina.

What doth poore *Ganio* saye ?

Ganio.

Andrugio lyves and *Promos* is repriv'd.

Cassandra.

Vaine is thy hope, I sawe *Andrugio* dead.

Ganio.

Well then, from death he is againe revyv'd,
Even now I sawe him in the market stead.

Polina.

Polina.

His wordes are straunge.

Cassandra.

Too sweete, God wot, for true.

Ganio.

I praye you, who are these here in your view ?

Cassandra.

The King.

Ganio.

Who more ?

Polina.

O, I see *Andrugio*.

Cassandra.

And I, my Lorde *Promos* ; adue sorrowe.

Enter the King, Andrugio, Promos, Ulrico, the Marshall.

Polina.

My good *Andrugio* !

Andrugio.

My sweete *Polina* !

Cassandra.

Lyves *Andrugio* ; welcome sweete brother.

Andrugio.

Cassandra !

Cassandra.

I.

Andrugio.

Howe fares my deare syster ?

King.

Andrugio, you shall have more leysure
To greete one another : it is our pleasure
That you forthwith, your fortunes here declare,
And by what meanes you thus preserved weare.

Andrugio.

My faulte through love, and judgment for my faulte,
Lorde *Promos* wronges unto my sifter done ;
My death supposde, dread King, were vaine to tell,
Cassandra heare those dealings all hath showne :

The

The rest are these.

When I should dye, the Gayler mov'd to ruth
 Declard to mee what *Promos* pleasure was;
 Amaz'd wherat, I tolde him all the trueth,
 What betwene *Cassandra* and him dyd passe.
 He much agriev'd Lorde *Promos* guylt to heare
 Was verie lothe, mee (wofull man) to harme:
 At length, just God, to set me (wretched) cleare,
 With this defence his wylling minde dyd arme.
 Two dayes afore, to death were divers done,
 For severall faultes by them committed;
 So that of them he tooke the head from one,
 And to *Cassandra* the same presented,
 Affirming it to be her brother's head.
 Which done, by night he sent me post away;
 None but supposed that I indeede was dead,
 When as in trueth in uncouth hautes I laye.
 In fine, a Clowne came, peaking through the wood
 Wherin I lyvd, your Graces being here,
 And *Promos* death by whom I understood:
 Glad of which newes, howe so I lyv'd in feare,
 I ventured to see his wretched fall.
 To free suspect, yet straunger lyke arayde,
 I hether came: but loe the inwarde thrall
 Of *Cassandra* the hate so fore dismayde,
 Which I conceyved agaynst my brother *Promos*,
 That loe I chews'd to yeeld myself to death
 To set him free; for otherwyle I knew
 His death ere long would sure have stopt her breath.
 Loe gracious King, in breefe I have here showne
 Such adventures as wretched I have past,
 Beseeching you with grace to thinke upon
 The wight that wayles his follyes at the last.

King.

A strange discourse as strangely come to light;
 God's pleasure is that thou shouldst pardon'd be:
 To salve the fault thou with *Polina* mad'st,
 But marry her, and heare I set thee free.

Andrugio.

Most gracious Prince, thereto I gladly gree.

Polina.

Polina.

Polina! the happyest newes of all for thee.

Cassandra.

Most gracious King, with these my joye to match,
Vouchsafe to geve my dampned husbände lyfe.

King.

If I doo so, let him thanke thee, his wife.

Cassandra, I have noted thy distresse,
Thy vertues eke, from first unto the last;
And glad I am, without offence it lyes
In me to ease thy grieve and heavines.
Andrugio fav'd the juel of thy joye,
And for thy sake I pardon *Promos* faulte:
Yea let them both thy vertues rare commende,
In that their woes with this delyght doth ende.

Company.

God preserve your Majestie.

Promos.

Cassandra, howe shall I discharge thy due?

Cassandra.

I dyd but what a wife should do for you.

King.

Well, since all partes are pleased as they woulde,
Before I parte, yet, *Promos*, this to thee:
Henceforth, forethinke of thy forepassed faultes,
And measure grace with Justice evermore.
Unto the poore have evermore an eye,
And let not might out countenaunce their right.
Thy officers trust not in every tale,
In cheise, when they are meanes in strifes and sutes:
Though thou be just, yet coyne maye them corrupt;
And if by them thou dost injustice showe,
Tys thou shalt beare the burden of their faultes.
Be loving to good *Cassandra* thy wife,
And friendlie to thy brother *Andrugio*,
Whom I commaund as faythfull for to be
To thee, as beleeemes the duery of a brother.
And now agayne thy government receyve;
Injoye it so as thou in justice joye.
If thou be wyse, thy fall maye make thee ryse:

The

The lost sheepe founde, for joye the feast was made.
Well; here an ende of my advise I make :
As I have sayde, be good unto the poore,
And justice joyne with mercie evermore.

Promos.

Most gracious King, I wyll not fayle my best,
In these preceptes to followe your behest.

G. WHETSTONE.

F I N I S,

Imprinted at London by *Richarde Ibones*, and are to be solde
over agaynst Saint Sepulchres Church, without Newgate.
August 20, 1578.

M E N Æ C M I.

A pleasant and fine conceited

C O M Œ D I E,

Taken out of the most excellent wittie

P O E T P L A U T U S.

*Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull,
and yet most delightfull.*

Written in ENGLISH, by W. W.

L O N D O N,

Printed by THO. CREEDE, and are to be sold by WILLIAM
BARLEY, at his shop in *Gratious-streete*.

1595.

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The PRINTER to the READERS.

THE writer hercof (loving Readers) having diverse of this Poettes Comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them: I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad, for a publike recreation and delight to all those, that affect the diverse sorts of bookes compiled in this kind, wherof (in my judgement) in harmlesse mirth and quicknesse of fine conceit, the most of them come far short of this. And although I found him very loath and unwilling to hazard this to the curious view of envious detraction, (being as he tels mee) neither so exactly written, as it may carry any name of a Translation, nor such libertie therein used, as that he would notoriously varie from the Poets owne order: yet sith it is onely a matter of meriment, and the litle alteration therof, can breede no detriment of importance, I have over-rulde him so farre, as to let this be offred to your curteous acceptance, and if you shall applaude his litle labour heerein, I doubt not but he will endeavour to gratifie you with some of the rest better laboured, and more curiously pollished.

Farewell.

* Where you finde this marke, the Poets conceit is somewhat altred, by occasion either of the time, the country, or the phrase.

THE

THE ARGUMENT.

* *TWO twinborne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
 Menecchmus one, and Soscicles the other:
 The first his father lost a litle iad,
 The Grandfire namde the latter like his brother.
 This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
 His Brother, and to Epidamnum came,
 Where th'other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
 That Citizens there take him for the same:
 Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
 Much pleasant error, ere they meete together.*

A pleasant



A pleasant and fine conceited

C O M Œ D I E,

C A L L E D

M E N E C H M U S,

Taken out of the most excellent

P O E T P L A U T U S.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Peniculus a Parasite.

PENICULUS was given mee for my name when I was yong, bicause like a broome I swept all cleane away, where so ere I become: Namely all the vittels which are set before mee. Now in my judgement, men that clap iron bolts on such captives as they would keepe safe, and tie those servants in chaines, who they thinke will run away, they commit an exceeding great folly: my reason is, these poore wretches enduring one miserie upon an other, never cease devising how by wrenching asunder their gives, or by some subtiltie or other they may escape such cursed bands. If then ye would keep a man without all suspition of running away from ye, the surest way is to tie him with meate, drinke and ease: Let him ever be idle, eate his belly full, and
carouse

carouse while his skin will hold, and he shall never, I warrant ye, stir a foote. These strings to tie one by the teeth, passe all the bands of iron, Steele, or what metall so ever, for the more slack and easie ye make them, the faster still they tie the partie which is in them. I speake this upon experience of my selfe, who am now going for *Menechmus*, there willingly to be tied to his good cheare: he is commonly so exceeding bountifull and liberall in his fare, as no marveyle though such guesstes as my selfe be drawne to his table, and tyed there in his dishes. Now because I have lately bene a straunger there, I meane to visite him at dinner: for my stomacke mee-thinkes even thrusts me into the fetters of his daintie fare. But yonder I see his doore open, and himselfe readie to come forth.

S C E N E II.

Enter Menechmus talking backe to his wife within.

If ye were not such a brabbling foole and mad-braine scold as yee are, yee would never thus crosse your husbände in all his actions. 'Tis no matter, let her serve me thus once more, Ile send her home to her dad with a vengeance. I can never go forth a doores, but shee asketh mee whither I go? what I do? what busines? what I fetch? what I carry? * As though she were a Constable or a Toll-gatherer. I have pamperd her too much: she hath servants about her, wooll, flax, and all things necessary to busie her withall, yet she watcheth and wondreth whither I go. Well sith it is so, she shall now have some cause, I mean to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine.

Peniculus.

Yea marry now comes hee to the point that prickes me: this last speech gaules mee as much as it would doo his wife; If he dine not at home, I am drest.

Menechmus.

We that have Loves abroad, and wives at home, are miserably hampred, yet would every man could tame his shrewe as well as I doo mine. I have now filcht away a fine
ryding

ryding cloake of my wives, which I meane to bestow upon one that I love better. Nay, if she be so warie and watchfull over me, I count it an almes deed to deceive her.

Peniculus.

Come, what share have I in that same?

Menechmus.

Out alas, I am taken.

Peniculus.

True, but by your friend.

Menechmus.

What, mine owne *Peniculus*?

Peniculus.

Yours (i'faith) bodie and goods if I had any.

Menechmus.

Why thou hast a bodie.

Peniculus.

Yea, but neither goods nor good bodie.

Menechmus.

Thou couldst never come fitter in all thy life.

Peniculus.

Tush, I ever do so to my friends, I know how to come alwaies in the nicke. Where dine ye to-day?

Menechmus.

Ile tell thee of a notable pranke.

Peniculus.

What did the Cooke marre your meate in the dressing? would I might see the reversion.

Menechmus.

Tell me didst thou see a picture, how *Jupiters* Eagle snatcht away *Ganimede*, or how *Venus* stole away *Adonis*?

Peniculus.

Often, but what care I for shadowes, I want substance.

Menechmus.

Looke thee here, looke not I like such a picture?

Peniculus.

O ho, what cloake have ye got here?

Menechmus.

Prethee say I am now a brave fellow.

Peniculus.

But hearke ye, where shall we dine?

H 2

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Tush, fay as I bid thee man.

Peniculus.

Out of doubt ye are a fine man.

Menechmus.

What? canst adde nothing of thine owne?

Peniculus.

Ye are a most pleasant gentleman.

Menechmus.

On yet.

Peniculus.

Nay not a word more, unlesse ye tell mee how you and your wife be fallen out.

Menechmus.

Nay I have a greater secret then that to impart to you.

Peniculus.

Say your minde.

Menechmus.

Come farther this way from my house.

Peniculus.

So, let me heare.

Menechmus.

Nay farther yet.

Peniculus.

I warrant ye man.

* *Menechmus.*

Nay yet farther.

Peniculus.

'Tis pittie ye were not made a water-man to row in a wherry.

Menechmus.

Why?

Peniculus.

Because ye go one way, and looke an other, stil least your wife should follow ye. But what's the matter, Ist not almost dinner time?

Menechmus.

Seest thou this cloake?

Peniculus.

Not yet. Well what of it?

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

This fame I meane to give to *Erotium*.

Peniculus.

That's well, but what of all this?

Menechmus.

There I meane to have a delicious dinner prepar'd for her and me.

Peniculus.

And me.

Menechmus.

And thee.

Peniculus.

O sweet word. What, shall I knock presently at her doore?

Menechmus.

I knocke. But staie too *Peniculus*, let's not be too rash. Oh see shee is in good time comming forth.

Peniculus.

Ah, he now lookes against the sun, how her beames dazell his eyes.

Enter Erotium.

Erotium.

What mine owne *Menechmus*, welcome swete heart.

Peniculus.

And what am I, welcome too?

Erotium.

You Sir? ye are out of the number of my welcome guests.

* *Peniculus.*

I am like a voluntary souldier, out of paie.

Menechmus.

Erotium, I have determined that here shal be pitcht a field this day; we meane to drinke for the heavens: And which of us performes the bravest service at his weopon the wine boll, yourselfe as captaine shall paie him his wages according to his deserts.

Erotium.

Agreed.

Peniculus.

I would we had the weapons, for my valour ricks me to the battaile.

H 3

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Shall I tell thee sweete mouse? I never looke upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife.

Erotium.

Yet yee cannot chuse, but yee must still weare something of hers: what's this same?

Menechmus.

This? such a spoyle (sweete heart) as I tooke from her to put on thee.

Erotium.

Mine owne *Menechmus*, well woorthie to be my deare, of all dearest.

Peniculus.

Now she shoves her selfe in her likenesse, when shee findes him in the giving vaine, she drawes close to him.

Menechmus.

I thinke *Hercules* got not the garter from *Hypolita* so hardly, as I got this from my wife. Take this, and with the same, take my heart.

Peniculus.

Thus they must do that are right lovers: especially if they mean to be beggers with any speed.

Menechmus.

I bought this same of late for my wife, it stood mee (I thinke) in some ten pound.

Peniculus.

There's tenne pounce bestowed verie thriftily.

Menechmus.

But knowe yee what I woulde have yee doo?

Erotium.

It shall bee done, your dinner shall be readie.

* *Menechmus.*

Let a good dinner be made for us three. Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and potato rootes, let our other dishes be as you please.

Erotium.

You shall Sir.

Menechmus.

I have a little businesse in this Cittie, by that time dinner will be prepared. Farewell till then, sweete *Erotium*: Come *Peniculus*.

Peniculus.

Peniculus.

Nay I meane to follow yee: I will sooner leese my life,
then fight of you till this dinner be done. [*Exeunt.*

Erotium.

Who's there? Call me *Cylindrus* the Cooke hither.

Enter Cylindrus.

Cylindrus, take this hand-basket, and heere, there's ten shillings, is there not?

Cylindrus.

Tis so mistresse.

Erotium.

Buy me of all the daintiest meates ye can get, ye know what I meane: so as three may dine passing well, and yet no more then inough.

Cylindrus.

What guests have ye to day mistresse?

Erotium.

Here will be *Menechmus* and his Parasite, and myselfe.

Cylindrus.

That's ten persons in all.

Erotium.

How many?

Cylindrus.

Ten, for I warrant you that Parasite may stand for eight at his vittels.

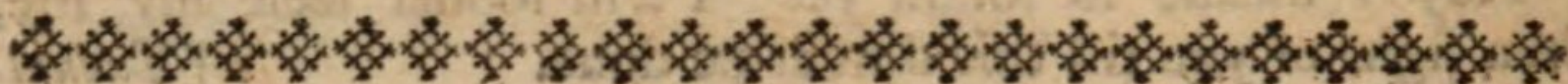
Erotium.

Go dispatch as I bid you, and looke ye returne with all speed.

Cylindrus.

I will have all readie with a trice.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Menechmus Soficles Messenio his servant, and some Saylers.

Menechmus.

SURELY *Messenio*, I thinke Sea-fairers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing as when they have been long tost and turmoyld in the wide seas, they hap at last to ken land.

Messenio.

Ile be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see a whole Country of mine owne, then I have bene at such a fight. But I pray, wherfore are we now come to *Epidamnum*? must we needs go to see everie Towne that we heare off?

Menechmus.

Till I finde my brother, all Townes are alike to me: I must trie in all places.

Messenio.

Why then let's even as long as wee live seeke your brother: six yeares now have we roamde about thus, *Istria*, *Hispania*, *Massylia*, *Ilyria*, all the upper sea, all high *Greece*, all Haven Towns in *Italy*. I think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must needs have found it, had it bene above ground. It cannot be that he is alive; and to seek a dead man thus among the living, what folly is it?

Menechmus.

Yea, could I but once find any man that could certainly enforme me of his death, I were satisfied; otherwise I can never desist seeking: Litle knowest thou *Messenio* how neare my heart it goes.

Messenio.

This is washing of a Blackamore. Faith let's goe home, unlesse ye meane we should write a storie of our travaile.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Sirra, no more of these sawcie speeches, I perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule me.

Messenio.

I, so, now it appeares what it is to be a servant. Wel I must speake my conscience. Do ye heare sir? Faith I must tell ye one thing, when I looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure your selfe, this Towne *Epidamnus*, is a place of outragious expences, exceeding in all ryot and lasciviousnesse: and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Parasites, Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold. Then for Curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world. Ye must not thinke here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The verie name shews the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*.

Menechmus.

Yee say very well indeed: give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*.

Messenio.

Why Sir?

Menechmus.

Because I feare you wil be busie among the Curtizans, and so be cozened of it: then should I take great paines in labouring your shoulders. So to avoid both these harms, Ile keep it my selfe.

Menechmus.

I pray do so Sir: all the better.

Enter Cylindrus.

* I have tickling geare here yfaith for their dinners: It grieves me to the heart to think how that cormorant knave *Peniculus* must have his share in these daintie morsels. But what? Is *Menechmus* come alreadie, before I could come from the market? *Menechmus*, how do ye Sir? how haps it ye come so soone?

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

God a mercy my good friend, doest thou know mee?

Cylindrus.

Know ye? no not I. Where's mouldichappes that must dine with ye? A murrin on his manners.

Menechmus.

Whom meanest thou, good fellow?

Cylindrus.

Why *Peniculus* worship, that whorson lick-trencher, your parasiticall attendant.

Menechmus.

What *Peniculus*? what attendant? my attendant? Surely this fellow is mad.

Messenio.

Did I not tell ye what cony-catching villaines you should finde here?

Cylindrus.

Menechmus, harke ye Sir, ye come too soone backe againe to dinner, I am but returned from the market.

Menechmus.

Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me, goe get the Priest to sacrifice for thee. I know thou art mad, els thou wouldst never use a stranger thus.

Cylindrus.

Alas sir, *Cylindrus* was wont to be no stranger to you. Know ye not *Cylindrus*?

Menechmus.

Cylindrus, or *Coliendrus*, or what the divell thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know.

Cylindrus.

I know you to be *Menechmus*.

Menechmus.

Thou shouldst be in thy wits, in that thou namest me so right; but tell me, where hast thou knowne me?

Cylindrus.

Where? even here, where ye first fell in love with my mistresse *Erotium*.

Menechmus.

I neither have lover, neither knowe I who thou art.

Cylindrus.

Cylindrus.

Know ye not who I am? who fills your cup and dresses your meat at our house?

Messenio.

What a slave is this? that I had somewhat to breake the Rascals pate withal.

Menechmus.

At your house, when as I never came in *Epidamnium* till this day.

Cylindrus.

Oh that's true. Do ye not dwell in yonder house?

Menechmus.

Foule shame light upon them that dwell there, for my part.

Cylindrus.

Questionlesse, he is mad indeede, to curse himselfe thus. Harke ye *Menechmus.*

Menechmus.

What saist thou?

Cylindrus.

If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money which ye offred me, upon a sacrifice for your selfe: for out of doubt you are mad that curse your selfe.

Messenio.

What a verlet art thou to trouble us thus?

Cylindrus.

Tush, he will many times jest with me thus. Yet when his wife is not by, 'tis a ridiculous jest.

Menechmus.

Whats that?

Cylindrus.

This I say. Thinke ye I have brought meate inough for three of you? If not, Ile fetch more for you and your wench, and snatchcrust your Parasite.

Menechmus.

What wenches? what Parasites?

Messenio.

Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meanest by all this talke?

Cylindrus.

Away Jack Napes, I say nothing to thee, for I know thee not, I speake to him that I know.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Out, drunken foole, without doubt thou art out of thy wits.

Cylindrus.

That you shall see by the dressing of your meat. Go, go, ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do there, whiles your dinner is making readie. Ile tell my mistresse ye be here.

Menechmus.

Is he gone? *Messenio* I thinke uppon thy words alreadie.

Messenio.

Tush marke I pray. Ile laie fortie pound here dwels some Curtizan to whom this fellow belongs.

Menechmus.

But I wonder how he knowes my name.

Messenio.

Oh Ile tell yee. These Courtizans assoone as anie straunge shippe arriveth at the Haven, they sende a boye or a wench to enquire what they be, what their names be, whence they come, wherefore they come, &c. If they can by any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to their houses, he is their owne. We are here in a tickle place maister: tis best to be circumspect.

Menechmus.

I mislike not thy counsaile *Messenio.*

Messenio.

I, but follow it then. Sort, here comes somebodie forth. Here firs, Marriners, keep this same amongst you.

Enter Erotium.

Let the doore stand so. Away, it shall not be shut. Make haste within there ho: Maydes looke that all things be readie. Cover the boord, put fire under the perfuming pannes: let all things be very handsome. Where is hee that *Cylindrus* sayd stood without here? Oh what meane you sweet heart, that ye come not in? I trust you thinke yourselfe more welcome to this house then to your owne, and great reason why you should do so. Your dinner and all things are readie as you willed. Will ye go sit downe?

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Whom doth this woman speake to?

Erotium.

Even to you Sir : to whom else should I speake ?

Menechmus.

Gentlewoman, ye are a straunger to me, and I marvell at your speeches.

Erotium.

Yea Sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge ye for my best and dearest friend, and well you have deserved it.

Menechmus.

Surely *Messenio*, this woman is also mad or drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to me uppon so finall acquaintance.

Messenio.

Tush, did not I tell ye right? these be but leaves that fall upon you now, in comparison of the trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly. I told ye, here were silver tong'de hacsters. But let me talke with her a litle. Gentlewoman, what acquaintance have you with this man? where have you seene him?

Erotium.

Where he sawe me, here in *Epidamnum*.

Messenio.

In *Epidamnum*? who never till this day set his foote within the towne?

Erotium.

Go, go, flowing Jack. *Menechmus* what need all this? I pray go in.

Menechmus.

She also calls me by my name.

Messenio.

She smells your purse.

Menechmus.

Messenio, come hither: here take my purse. Ile know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go.

Erotium.

Will ye go in to dinner, Sir?

Menechmus.

A good motion; yea, and thanks with all my heart.

Erotium.

Erotium.

Never thankc me for that which you commaunded to be provided for yourfelfe.

Menechmus.

That I commaunded?

Erotium.

Yea for you and your Parasite.

Menechmus.

My Parasite?

Erotium.

Peniculus, who came with you this morning, when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife.

Menechmus.

A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my wife?

Erotium.

Tush, what needeth all this jesting? Pray leave off.

Menechmus.

Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth. I never had wife, neither have I; nor never was in this place till this instant; for only thus farre am I come, since I brake my fast in the ship.

Erotium.

What ship do ye tell me off?

** Messenio.*

Marry Ile tell ye: an old rotten weather-beaten ship, that we have sailed up and downe in these fixe yeares. Ist not time to be going homewards thinke ye?

Erotium.

Come, come, *Menechmus*, I pray leave this sporting and go in.

Menechmus.

Well Gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my person; it is some other you looke for.

Erotium.

Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be *Menechmus*, the sonne of *Moschus*, and have heard ye say, ye were borne at *Siracusa* where *Agathocles* did raigne; then *Pythia*, then *Liparo*, and now *Hiero*.

Menechmus.

All this is true.

Messenio.

Messenio.

Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt there and knew ye there.

Menechmus.

Ile go in with her, *Messenio*, Ile see further of this matter.

Messenio.

Ye are cast away then.

Menechmus.

Why so? I warrant thee, I can lose nothing; something I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode here. Ile dissemble with her an other while. Nowe when you please let us go in. I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gave you.

Erotium.

Will ye staie any longer for your *Peniculus*, your Parasite?

Menechmus.

Not I, Ile neither staie for him, nor have him let come in, if he do come.

Erotium.

All the better. But Sir, will ye doo one thing for me?

Menechmus.

What is that?

Erotium.

To beare that cloake which you gave me to the Diars, to have it new trimd and altred.

Menechmus.

Yea that will be well, so my wife shall not know it. Let mee have it with mee after dinner. I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe, then Ile follow ye in. Ho, *Messenio*, come aside. Goe and provide for thyselfe and these ship boyes in some inne; then looke that after dinner you come hither for me.

Messenio.

Ah maister, will yee be conycatcht thus wilfully?

Menechmus.

Peace foolish knave, feest thou not what a sot she is; I shall coozen her I warrant thee.

Messenio.

Ay Maister.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Wilt thou be gone?

* *Messenio.*

See, see, she hath him safe inough now. Thus he hath escaped a hundreth Pyrates hands at sea; and now one land-rover hath boured him at first encounter. Come away fellowes.



A C T III.

Enter Peniculus.

TWENTIE yeares I thinke and more, have I plade the knave, yet never playd I the foolish knave as I have done this morning. I follow *Menechmus*, and he goes to the Hall where now the Sessions are holden; there thrusting our selves into the prease of people, when I was in midst of all the throng, he gave me the slip, that I could never more set eye on him, and I dare sweare, came directly to dinner. That I would he that first devised these Sessions were hang'd, and all that ever came of him, 'tis such a hinderance to men that have belly busineses in hand. If a man be not there at his call, they amearce him with a vengeance. Men that have nothing else to do, that do neither bid anie man, nor are themselves bidden to dinner, such should come to Sessions, not we that have these matters to looke too. If it were so, I had not thus lost my dinner this day; which I thinke in my conscience he did even purposely couzen me off. Yet I meant to go see. If I can but light upon the reversion, I may perhaps get my penny-worthes. But how now? Is this *Menechmus* comming away from thence? Dinner done, and all dispatch? What execrable luck have I?

Enter Menechmus the Travailer.

Tush, I warrant ye, it shall be done as ye would wish. Ile have it so altered and trimd anew, that it shall by no meanes be knowne againe.

Peniculus.

Peniculus.

He carries the cloake to the Dyars, dinner done, the wine drunke up, the Parasite shut out of doores. Well, let me live no longer, but Ile revenge this injurious mockerie. But first Ile harken awhile what he saith.

Menechmus.

Good goddes, who ever had such lucke as I? Such cheare, such a dinner, such kinde entertainment? And for a farewell, this cloake which I meane shall go with me.

Peniculus.

He speakes so softly, I cannot heare what he saith. I am sure he is now flowting at me for the losse of my dinner.

Menechmus.

She tels me how I gave it her, and stole it from my wife. When I perceived she was in an error, tho I knew not how, I began to soothe her, and to say every thing as she said. Meane while, I far'd well, and that at free cost.

Peniculus.

Well, I'll go talk with him.

Menechmus.

Who is this fame that comes to me?

Peniculus.

O, well met fickle-braine, false and treacherous dealer, craftie and unjust promise-breaker. How have I deserved, you should so give me the flip, come before, and dispatch the dinner, deale so badly with him that hath reverenst ye like a sonne?

Menechmus.

Good fellow what meanest thou by these speeches? Raile not on mee, unlesse thou intendst to receive a Railers hire.

Peniculus.

I have received the injury (sure I am) alreadye.

Menechmus.

Prethee tell me, what is thy name?

Peniculus.

Well, well mock on Sir, mock on; doo ye not know my name?

Menechmus.

In troth I never sawe thee in all my life, much lesse do I know thee.

I

Peniculus.

Peniculus.

Awake, *Menechmus*, awake; ye oversleepe your selfe.

Menechmus.

I am awake, I know what I say.

Peniculus.

Know you not *Peniculus*?

Menechmus.

Peniculus, or *Pediculus*, I know thee not.

Peniculus.

Did ye filch a cloake from your wife this morning, and bring it hither to *Erotium*?

Menechmus.

Neither have I wife, neither gave I my cloake to *Erotium*, neither filcht I any from any bodie.

Peniculus.

Will ye denie that which you did in my company?

Menechmus.

Wilt thou say I have done this in thy company?

Peniculus.

Will I say it? yea I will stand to it.

Menechmus.

Away filthie mad drivell away; I will talke no longer with thee.

Peniculus.

Not a world of men shall staie me, but Ile go tell his wife of all the whole matter, fith he is at this point with me. I will make this fame as unblest a dinner as ever he eate.

Menechmus.

It makes mee wonder, to see how every one that meetes me cavils thus with me. Wherefore comes foorth the mayd now?

Enter Ancilla, Erotium's mayd.

Menechmus, my mistresse commends her hartily to you, and seeing you goe that way to the Dyars, she also desireth you to take this chaine with you, and put it to mending at the Goldsmythes, she would have two or three ounces of gold more in it, and the fashion amended.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Either this or any thing else within my power, tell her, I am readie to accomplish.

Ancilla.

Do ye know this chaine, Sir?

Menechmus.

Yea I know it to be gold.

Ancilla.

This is the same you once tooke out of your wives casket,

Menechmus.

Who, did I?

Ancilla.

Have you forgotten?

Menechmus.

I never did it.

Ancilla.

Give it me againe then.

Menechmus.

Tarry: yes I remember it: 'tis it I gave your mistress.

Ancilla.

Oh, are you advifed?

Menechmus.

Where are the bracelets that I gave her likewise?

Ancilla.

I never knew of anie.

Menechmus.

Faith, when I gave this, I gave them too.

Ancilla.

Well Sir, Ile tell her this shall be done?

Menechmus.

I, I, tell her so, she shall have the cloake and this both together.

Ancilla.

I pray, *Menechmus* but a litle jewell for my eare to making for me: ye know I am alwaies readie to pleasure you.

Menechmus.

I will, give me the golde, Ile paie for the workmanship.

Ancilla.

Laie out for me; Ile paie it ye againe.

I 2

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Alas I have none now.

Ancilla.

When you have, will ye?

Menechmus.

I will. Goe bid your mistresse make no doubt of these. I warrant her, Ile make the best hand I can of them. Is she gone? Doo not all the Gods conspire to loade mee with good lucke? well I see tis high time to get mee out of these coasts, least all these matters should be lewd devises to draw me into some snare. There shall my garland lie, because if they seeke me, they may thinke I am gone that way. * I wil now goe see if I can finde my man *Messenio*, that I may tell him how I have sped.



A C T IV.

Enter Mulier, the Wife of Menechmus the Citizen, and Peniculus.

Mulier.

THINKES he I will be made such a sot, and to be still his drudge, while he prowles and purloynes all that I have, to give his Trulles?

Peniculus.

Nay hold your peace, wee'll catch him in the nicke. This way he came, in his garland forsooth, bearing the cloake to the Dyars. And see I pray, where the garland lyes; this way he is gone. See, see, where he comes againe without the cloake.

Mulier.

What shall I now do?

Peniculus.

What? that which ye ever do; bayt him for life.

Mulier.

Surely I think it best so.

Peniculus.

Peniculus.

Stay, wee will stand aside a little; ye shall catch him unawares.

Enter Menechmus the Citizen.

Menechmus.

It would make a man at his wittes end, to see how brabbling causes are handled yonder at the Court. If a poore man never so honest, have a matter come to be scan'd there is he outfaste, and overlaid with countenance; if a rich man never so vile a wretch, come to speake, there they are all readie to favour his cause. What with facing out bad causes for the oppressors, and patronizing some just actions for the wronged, the Lawyers they pocket up all the gaines. For mine owne part, I come not away emptie, though I have bene kept long against my will: for taking in hand to dispatch a matter this morning for one of my acquaintance, I was no sooner entered into it, but his adversaries laide so hard unto his charge, and brought such matter against him, that do what I could, I could not winde my selfe out til now. I am fore afrayd *Erotium* thinks much unkindnes in me that I staid so long; yet she will not be angry considering the gift I gave her to day.

Peniculus.

How thinke ye by that?

Mulier.

I thinke him a most vile wretch thus to abuse me.

Menechmus.

I will hie me thither.

Mulier.

Yea go pilferer, goe with shame inough; no bodie sees your lewd dealings and vile theevery.

Menechmus.

How now wife, what ail yee? what is the matter?

Mulier.

Aske yee mee whats the matter? Fye uppon thee.

Peniculus.

Are ye not in a fit of an ague, your pulses beate so sore? to him, I say.

Menechmus.

Pray wife why are ye so angry with me?

Mulier.

Oh, you know not?

Peniculus.

He knows, but he would dissemble it.

Menechmus.

What is it?

Mulier.

My cloake.

Menechmus.

Your cloake!

Mulier.

My cloake, man; why do ye blush?

Peniculus.

He cannot cloake his blushing. Nay I might not go to dinner with you, do you remember? To him, I say.

*Menechmus.*Hold thy peace, *Peniculus.**Peniculus.*

Ha, hold my peace; looke ye he beckons on mee to hold my peace.

Menechmus.

I neither becken nor winke on him.

Mulier.

Out, out, what a wretched life is this that I live.

Menechmus.

Why what aile ye, woman?

Mulier.

Are ye not ashamed to deny so confidently, that which is apparant?

Menechmus.

I protest unto before all the Goddes (is not this inough) that I becond not on him.

Peniculus.

Oh Sir, this is another matter: touch him in the former cause.

Menechmus.

What former cause?

Peniculus

Peniculus.

The cloake, man, the cloake: fetch the cloake againe from the Dyars.

Menechmus.

What cloake?

Mulier.

Nay Ile say no more, fith ye know nothing of your owne doings.

Menechmus.

Tell me wife, hath any of your servants abused you? Let me know.

Mulier.

Tush, tush.

Menechmus.

I would not have you to be thus disquietted.

Mulier.

Tush, tush.

Menechmus.

You are fallen out with some of your friends.

Mulier.

Tush, tush.

Menechmus.

Sure I am, I have not offended you.

Mulier.

No, you have dealt verie honestly.

Menechmus.

Indeed wife, I have deserved none of these words. Tell me, are ye not well?

Peniculus.

What, shall he flatter ye now?

Menechmus.

I speak not to thee, knave. Good wife, come hither.

Mulier.

Away, away; keep your hands off.

Peniculus.

So, bid me to dinner with you againe, then slip away from me; when you have done, come forth bravely in your garland, to flout me. Alas you knew not me even now.

Menechmus.

Why asse, I neither have yet dined, nor came I there, since we were there together.

Peniculus.

Who ever heard one so impudent? Did yee not meete me here even now, and would make me believe I was mad, and said ye were a straunger, and ye knew me not?

Menechmus.

Of a truth, since we went together to the Sessions Hall, I never returned till this very instant, as you two met me.

Peniculus.

Go too, go too, I know ye well inough. Did ye think I would not cry quittance with you: yes faith: I have told your wife all.

Menechmus.

What hast thou told her?

Peniculus.

I cannot tell: ask her?

Menechmus.

Tell me, wife, what hath he told ye of me? Tell me, I say; what was it?

Mulier.

As though you knew not my cloake is stolne from me?

Menechmus.

Is your cloake stolne from ye?

Mulier.

Do ye aske me?

Menechmus.

If I knew, I would not aske.

Peniculus.

O craftie companion! how he would shift the matter? Come, come, deny it not: I tell ye. I have bewrayd all.

Menechmus.

What hast thou bewrayd?

Mulier.

Seeing ye will yield to nothing, be it never so manifest, heare mee, and ye shall know in fewe words both the cause of my grieve, and what he hath told me. I say my cloake is stolne from me.

Menechmus.

My cloake is stolne from me?

Peniculus.

Looke how he cavils: she faith it is stolne from her.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

I have nothing to say to thee: I say wife tell me.

Mulier.

I tell ye, my cloake is stolne out of my house.

Menechmus.

Who stole it?

Mulier.

He knowes best that carried it away.

Menechmus.

Who was that?

Mulier.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

'Twas very ill done of him. What *Menechmus* was that?

Mulier.

You.

Menechmus.

I, who will say so?

Mulier.

I will.

Peniculus.

And I, that you gave it to *Erotium*.

Menechmus.

I gave it?

Mulier.

You.

Peniculus.

You, you, you: shall we fetch a kennel of beagles that may cry nothing but you, you, you. For we are wearie of it.

Menechmus.

Heare me one word, wife. I protest unto you by all the Gods, I gave it her not: indeed I lent it her to use a while.

Mulier.

Faith Sir, I never give nor lend your apparell out of doores. Methinkes ye might let mee dispose of mine owne garments as you do of yours. I pray then fetch it mee home againe.

Menechmus.

You shall have it againe without faile.

Mulier.

'Tis best for you that I have: otherwise thinke not to roost within these doores againe.

Peniculus.

Peniculus.

Harke ye, what say ye to me now, for bringing these matters to your knowledge?

Mulier.

I say, when thou hast anie thing stolne from thee, come to me, and I will helpe thee to seek it. And so farewell.

Peniculus.

God a mercy for nothing, that can never be, for I have nothing in the world worth the stealing. So now with husband wife and all, I am cleane out of favour. A mischief on ye all. [Exit.

Menechmus.

My wife thinks she is notably reveng'd on me, now she shuttes me out of doores, as though I had not a better place to be welcome too. If she shut me out, I know who wil shut me in. Now will I entreate *Erotium* to let me have the cloake againe to stop my wives mouth withal; and then will I provide a better for her. Ho, who is within there? Some bodie tell *Erotium* I must speake with her.

Enter Erotium.

Erotium.

Who calls?

Menechmus.

Your friend more then his owne.

Erotium.

O *Menechmus*, why stand ye here? pray come in.

Menechmus.

Tarry, I must speake with ye here.

Erotium.

Say your minde.

Menechmus.

Wot ye what? my wife knowes all the matter now, and my comming is, to request you that I may have againe the cloake which I brought you, that so I may appease her: and I promise you, Ile give ye an other worth two of it.

Erotium.

Why I gave it you to carry to your Dyars; and my chaine likewise, to have it altered.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Gave mee the cloake and your chaine? In truth I never sawe ye since I left it heere with you, and so went to the Sessions, from whence I am but now returned.

Erotium.

Ah then, Sir, I see you wrought a device to defraude mee of them both. Did I therefore put yee in trust? Well, well.

Menechmus.

To defraude ye? No: but I say, my wife hath intelligence of the matter.

Erotium.

Why, Sir, I asked them not; ye brought them of your owne free motion. Now ye require them againe, take them, make sops of them, you and your wife together. Thinke ye I esteeme them or you either? Goe; come to mee againe when I send for you.

Menechmus.

What so angry with mee, sweete *Erotium*? Staie, I pray staie.

** Erotium.*

Staie? Faith no Sir: thinke yee I will staie at your request?

Menechmus.

What gone in chafing, and clapt to the doores? now I am everie way shut out for a very benchwhiftler: neither shall I have entertainment heere nor at home. I were best go trie some other friends, and ask counsaile what to do.



A C T V.

Enter Menechmus the Traveller, Mulier.

Menechmus.

MOST foolishly was I overseene in giving my purse and money to *Messenio*, whom I can no where find. I feare he is fallen into some lewd companie.

Mulier.

140 A PLEASANT COMEDIE CALLED

Mulier.

I marvaile that my husband comes not yet; but see where he is now, and brings my cloake with him.

Menechmus.

I muse where the knave should be.

Mulier.

I will go ring a peale through both his eares for this dishonest behaviour. Oh Sir, ye are welcome home with your theevery on your shoulders. Are ye not ashamed to let all the world see and speake of your lewdnesse?

Menechmus.

How now? what lackes this woman?

Mulier.

Impudent beast, stand ye to question about it? For shame hold thy peace.

Menechmus.

What offence have I done, woman, that I should not speake to you?

Mulier.

Askest thou what offence? O shamelesse boldnesse!

Menechmus.

Good woman, did ye never heare why the Grecians termed *Hecuba* to be a bitch?

Mulier.

Never.

Menechmus.

Because she did as you do now; on whom foever she met withall, she railed, and therefore well deserved that dogged name.

Mulier.

These foule abuses and contumelies, I can never endure, nay rather will I live a widowes life to my dying day.

Menechmus.

What care I whether thou livest as a widow, or as a wife? This passeth, that I meet with none, but thus they vex me with straunge speeches.

Mulier.

What straunge speeches? I say I will surely live a widowes life, rather then suffer thy vile dealings.

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Prethee for my part, live a widow till the worldes end, if thou wilt.

Mulier.

Even now thou deniedst that thou stolest it from me, and now thou bringest it home openly in my sight. Art not ashamde?

Menechmus.

Woman, you are greatly to blame to charge me with stealing of this cloake, which this day an other gave me to carry to be trimde.

Mulier.

Well, I will first complaine to my father. Ho boy, who is within there? *Vecio* go runne quickly to my father; desire him of all love to come over quickly to my house. He tell him first of your pranks; I hope he will not see me thus handled.

Menechmus

What a Gods name meaneth this mad woman thus to vex me?

Mulier.

I am mad because I tell ye of your vile actions and lewde pilfring away my apparell and my jewels, to carry to your filthie drabbes.

Menechmus.

For whome this woman taketh mee I knowe not. I know her as much as I know *Hercules* wives father.

Mulier.

Do ye not know me? That's well. I hope ye know my father: here he comes. Looke do ye know him?

Menechmus.

As much as I knew *Calcas* of *Troy*. Even him and thee I know both alike.

Mulier.

Doeft know neither of us both, me nor my father?

Menechmus.

Faith, nor thy grandfather neither.

Mulier.

This is like the rest of your behaviour.

Enter

Enter Senex.

Senex.

* Though bearing so great a burthen as olde age, I can make no great haste, yet as I can, I will goe to my daughter, who I know hath some earnest businesse with me, that shee sends in such haste, not telling the cause why I should come. But I durst laie a wager, I can gesse neare the matter: I suppose it is some brabble between her husband and her. These yoong women that bring great dowries to their husbands, are so masterfull and obstinate, that they will have their owne wils in everie thing, and make men servants to their weake affections: and yoong men too, I must needs say, be naught now a dayes. Well Ile go see, but yonder mee thinks stands my daughter, and her husband too. Oh tis even as I gessed.

Mulier.

Father, ye are welcome.

Senex.

How now daughter? What? is all well; why is your husband so fad? have ye bin chiding? tell me, which of you is in fault?

Mulier.

First father know, that I have not any way misbehaved my selfe; but the truth is, that I can by no meanes endure this bad man to die for it; and therefore desire you to take me home to you againe.

Senex.

What is the matter?

Mulier.

He makes me a stale and a laughing stocke to all the world.

Senex.

Who doth?

Mulier.

This good husband here, to whom you married me.

Senex.

See, see; how oft have I warned you of falling out with your husband?

Mulier.

I cannot avoid it, if he doth so fowly abuse me.

Senex.

Senex.

I alwaies told ye, ye must beare with him, ye must let him alone; ye must not watch him, nor dog him, nor meddle with his courtes in any sort.

Mulier.

Hee hauntes naughtie harlottes under my nose.

Senex.

He is wiser, because hee cannot bee quiet at home.

Mulier.

There hee feastes and bancquets, and spendes and spoiles.

Senex.

Wold ye have your husband serue ye as your drudge? Ye will not let him make merry, nor entertaine his friendes at home.

Mulier.

Father will ye take his part in these abuses, and forsake me?

Senex.

Not so, daughter; but if I see cause, I wil as well tel him of his dutie.

Menechmus.

I would I were gone from this prating father and daughter.

Senex.

Hitherto I see not but hee keepes ye well, ye want nothing, apparell, mony, seruants, meate, drinke, all thinges necessarie. I feare there is fault in you.

Mulier.

But he filcheth away my apparrell and my jewels, to give to his trulles.

Senex.

If he doth so, tis verie ill done; if not, you doo ill to say so.

Mulier.

You may believe me father, for there you may see my cloake which now he hath fetcht home againe, and my chaine which he stole from me.

Senex.

Now will I goe talke with him to knowe the truth. Tel me *Menechmus*, how is it that I heare such disorder in your life? Why are ye so sad, man? wherein hath your wife offended you?

Menechmus.

Menechmus.

Old man (what to call ye I know not) by high *Jove*, and by all the Gods I sweare unto you, whatsoever this woman here accuseth mee to have stolne from her, it is utterly false and untrue; and if ever I set foote within her doores, I wishe the greatest miserie in the worlde to light uppon me.

Senex.

Why fond man, art thou mad, to deny that thou ever setst foote within thine owne house where thou dwellest?

Menechmus.

Do I dwell in that house?

Senex.

Doeest thou denie it?

Menechmus.

I do.

Senex.

Harke yee daughter; are ye remooved out of your house?

Mulier.

Father he useth you as he doth me: this life I have with him.

Senex.

Menechmus, I pray leave this fondnesse; ye jest too perverly with your friends.

Menechmus.

Good old father, what I pray have you to do with me? or why should this woman thus trouble me, with whom I have no dealings in the world?

Mulier.

Father, marke I pray how his eies sparkle: they rowle in his head; his colour goes and comes: he lookes wildly. See, see.

Menechmus.

What? they say now I am mad: the best way for me is to faine my selfe mad indeed, so shall I be rid of them.

Mulier.

Looke how he stares about! how he gapes.

Senex.

Come away daughter: come from him.

** Menechmus.*

Bachus, *Appollo*, *Pbaebus*, do yee call mee to come hunt in the woods with you? I see, I heare, I come, I flie; but I cannot

not get out of these fields. Here is an old mastiffe bitch stands barking at mee; and by her standes an old goate that beares false witnesse against many a poore man.

Senex.

Out upon him Bedlam foole.

Menechmus.

Harke, *Appollo* commaunds me that I shoulde rende out his eyes with a burning lampe.

Mulier.

O father, he threatens to pull out mine eyes.

Menechmus.

Good Gods, these folke say I am mad, and doubtlesse they are mad themselves.

Senex.

Daughter.

Mulier.

Here father: what shall we do?

Senex.

What if I fetch my folkes hither, and have him carried in before he do any harme.

Menechmus.

How now? they will carry me in if I looke not to my selfe: I were best to skare them better yet. Dost thou bid me, *Phæbus*, to teare this dog in peeces with my nayles? If I laie hold on him, I will do thy commandment.

Senex.

Get thee into thy house, daughter; away quickly.

Menechmus.

She is gone: yea *Appollo*, I will sacrifice this olde beast unto thee; and if thou commandest mee, I will cut his throate with that dagger that hangs at his girdle.

Senex.

Come not neare me, Sirra.

Menechmus.

Yea I will quarter him, and pull all the bones out of his flesh, and then will I barrell up his bowels.

Senex.

Sure I am fore afraid he will do some hurt.

Menechmus.

Many things thou commandest me, *Appollo*: wouldst thou have me harnessse up these wilde horses, and then clime up into

K

the

the chariot, and so over-ride this old stincking toothlesse Lyon. So now I am in the chariot, and I have hold on the raines: here is my whip; hait; come ye wilde jades make a hideous noyse with your stamping: hait, I say: will ye not go?

Senex.

What? doth he threaten me with his horses?

Menechmus.

Harke! now *Appollo* bids me ride over him that stands there, and kill him. How now? who pulles mee downe from my chariot by the haire of my head. O shall I not fulfill *Appolloes* commandment?

Senex.

See, see, what a sharpe disease this is, and how well he was even now. I will fetch a Physitian strait, before he grow too farre into this rage. *[Exit.]*

Menechmus.

Are they both gone now? Ile then hie me away to my ship: tis time to be gone from hence. *[Exit.]*

Enter Senex and Medicus.

Senex.

My loines ake with sitting, and mine eies with looking, while I staie for yonder laizie Phisitian: see now where the creeping drawlatch comes.

Medicus.

What disease hath hee, said you? Is it a letarge or a lunacie, or melancholie, or dropie?

Senex.

Wherefore I pray do I bring you, but that you shuld tell me what it is, and cure him of it?

Medicus.

Fie, make no question of that. Ile cure him, I warrant ye. Oh here he comes. Staie let us marke what he doth.

Enter Menechmus the Citizen.

Menechmus.

Never in my life had I more overthwart fortune in one day, and all by the villanie of this false knave the Parasite, my *Uliesses* that workes such mischiefs against mee his king. But let me live

live no longer but Ile be revengde uppon the life of him. His life? nay, tis my life, for hee lives by my meate and drinke. Ile utterly withdraw the slave's life from him. And *Erotium* sheweth plainly what she is; who because I require the cloake againe to carrie to my wife, saith I gave it her, and flatly falles out with me. How unfortunate am I?

Senex.

Do ye heare him?

Medicus.

He complaines of his fortune.

Senex.

Go to him.

Medicus.

Menechmus, how do ye, man? why keepe you not your cloake over your arme? It is verie hurtfull to your disease. Keepe ye warme, I pray.

Menechmus.

Why hang thyself, what carest thou?

Medicus.

Sir, can you smell anie thing?

Menechmus.

I smell a prating dolt of thee.

Medicus.

Oh, I will have your head througly purged. Pray tell me *Menechmus*, what use you to drinke? white wine, or claret?

Menechmus.

What the divell carest thou?

Senex.

Looke, his fit now begins.

Menechmus.

Why doest not as well aske mee whether I eate bread, or cheese, or beefe, or porredge, or birdes that beare feathers, or fishes that have finnes?

Senex.

See what idle talke he falleth into.

Medicus.

Tarry; I will aske him further. *Menechmus*, tell me, be not your eyes heavie and dull sometimes?

Menechmus.

What, doest thinke I am an Owle?

K 2

Medicus.

Medicus.

Doo not your guttes gripe ye, and croake in your belly?

Menechmus.

When I am hungrie they do, else not.

Medicus.

He speakes not like a madman in that. Sleepe ye foundly all night?

Menechmus.

When I have paid my debts I do. The mischief light on thee, with all thy frivolous questions.

Medicus.

Oh now he rageth upon those words: take heed.

Senex.

Oh this is nothing to the rage he was in even now. He called his wife bitch, and all to nought.

Menechmus.

Did I?

Senex.

Thou didst, mad fellow, and threatenedst to ryde over me here with a chariot and horses, and to kill mee, and teare me in peeces. This thou didst: I know what I say.

*Menechmus.*I say, thou stolest *Jupiters* crowne from his head, and thou wert whipt through the Towne for it, and that thou hast kild thy father, and beaten thy mother. Doo ye thinke that I am so mad that I cannot devise as notable lyes of you as you do of me?*Senex.*

Maister Doctor, pray heartily make speede to cure him. See you not how mad he waxeth?

Medicus.

Ile tell ye, hee shall be brought over to my house, and there I will cure him.

Senex.

Is that best?

Medicus.

What else? there I can order him as I list.

Senex.

Well, it shall be so.

Medicus.

Medicus.

Oh Sir, I will make you take needling powder this twentie dayes.

Menechmus.

Ile beate yee first with a bastanado this thirtie dayes.

Medicus.

Fetch men to carry him to my house.

Senex.

How many will serve the turne?

Medicus.

Being no madder than he is now, foure will serve.

Senex.

Ile fetch them. Staie you with him, Maister Doctor.

Medicus.

No by my faith: Ile goe home to make readie all things needfull. Let your men bring him hither.

Senex.

I go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Menechmus.

Are they both gone? Good Gods what meaneth this? These men say I am mad, who without doubt are mad themselves. I stirre not, I fight not, I am not sicke. I speake to them, I know them. Well, what were I now best to do? I would goe home, but my wife shutes me foorth a doores. *Erotium* is farre out with me too. Even here I will rest me till the evening: I hope by that time, they will take pittie on me.

Enter Messenio the Travellers servant.

Messenio.

* The prooffe of a good servant, is to regard his maisters businesse as well in his absence as in his presence; and I thinke him a verie foole that is not carefull as well for his ribbes and shoulders, as for his belly and throate. When I think upon the rewards of a fluggard, I am ever pricked with a careful regard of my backe and shoulders; for in truth I have no fancie to these blowes, as many a one hath. Methinks it is no pleasure to a man to be basted with a ropes end two or three houres together. I have provided yonder in the Towne, for all our marriners, and safely bestowed all my
 K 3 masters

masters Trunkes and fardels ; and am now comming to see if he be yet got forth of this daungerous gulfe, where I feare me he is overplunged. Pray God he be not overwhelmed and past helpe ere I come.

Enter Senex, with foure Lorarii, Porters.

Senex.

Before Gods and men, I charge and commaund you Sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you : if yee love the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me up my sonne in lawe, laie all hands upon him : why stand ye stil ? what do ye doubt ? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words. Take him up, and bring him to the Physitians house : I will go thither before. [*Exit.*

Menechmus.

What newes ? how now masters ? what will ye do with me ? why do ye thus beset me ? whither carrie ye me ? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, citizens !

Messenio.

O *Jupiter*, what do I see ? my maister abused by a companie of varlets.

Menechmus.

Is there no good man will helpe me ?

Messenio.

Helpe ye maister ? yes the villaines shall have my life before they shall thus wrong ye. Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled. Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the necke there. Ile clout these peafants ; out ye rogue, let go ye varlet.

Menechmus.

I have hold of this villaines eie.

Messenio.

Pull it out, and let the place appear in his head. Away ye cutthroat theeves, ye murderers.

Lo. Omnes.

O, O, ay ; crie pittifullie.

Messenio.

Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs. Will ye be gone ? Thou raskal behind there, Ile give thee somewhat more,

more, take that. It was time to come maister; you had bene in good case, if I had not bene heere now. I tolde you what would come of it.

Menechmus.

Now as the Gods love me, my good friend I thank thee: thou hast done that for me which I shall never be able to requite.

Messenio,

I'll tell ye how Sir; give me my freedome.

Menechmus.

Should I give it thee?

Messenio.

Seeing you cannot requite my good turne.

Menechmus.

Thou art deceived, man.

Messenio.

Wherein?

Menechmus.

On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister; I had never yet anie servant would do so much for me.

Messenio.

Why then bid me be free: will you?

Menechmus.

Yea surelie: be free, for my part.

Messenio.

O sweetly spoken; thanks my good maister.

Servus alius.

Messenio, we are all glad of your good fortune.

Messenio.

O maister, Ile call you maister still. I praie use me in anie service as ye did before. Ile dwell with you still; and when ye go home, Ile wait upon you.

Menechmus.

Nay, nay, it shall not need.

Messenio.

Ile go strait to the Inne, and deliver up my accounts, and all your stufte. Your purse is lockt up safely sealed in the casket, as you gave it mee. I will goe fetch it to you.

Menechmus.

Do, fetch it.

K 4

Messenio.

Messenio.

I will.

Menechmus.

I was never thus perplext. Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores. This fellow faith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome: he will fetch my purse and monie. Well, if he bring it, I will receive it, and set him free. I would he would so go his way. My old father in lawe and the Doctor, saie I am mad: who ever sawe such strange demeanors. Well though *Erotium* be never so angrie, yet once againe Ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife, [Exit.

*Enter Menechmus the Traveller, and Messenio.**Menechmus.*

Impudent knave, wilt thou say that I ever saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

Messenio.

Ye make me starke mad: I tooke ye away, and reskued ye from foure great bigboand villaines, that were carrying ye away even heere in this place. Heere they had ye up; you cried Helpe, helpe. I came running to you: you and I together beate them away by maine force. Then for my good turne and faithfull service, ye gave me my freedome: I tolde ye I would go fetch your casket: now in the meane time you ranne some other way to get before me, and so you denie it all againe.

Menechmus.

I gave thee thy freedome?

Messenio.

You did.

Menechmus.

When I give thee thy freedome, Ile be a bondman my selfe; go thy wayes.

Messenio.

Whewe, marry I thanke for nothing.

Enter

Enter Menechmus the Citizen.

Menechmus.

Forsworne Queanes, sweare till your hearts ake, and your eyes fall out, ye shall never make me beleieve that I carried hence either cloake or chaine.

Messenio.

O heavens, maister, what do I see?

Menechmus Tra.

What?

Messenio.

Your ghoast.

Menechmus Tra.

What ghoast?

Messenio.

Your image, as like you as can be possible.

Menechmus Tra.

Surely not much unlike me, as I thinke.

Menechmus Cit.

O my good friend and helper, well met: thanks for thy late good helpe.

Messenio.

Sir, may I crave to know your name?

Menechmus Cit.

I were too blame if I should not tell thee anie thing; my name is *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Tra.

Nay my friend, that is my name.

Menechmus Cit.

I am of *Syracufis* in *Sicilia*.

Menechmus Tra.

So am I.

Messenio.

Are you a *Syracusan*?

Menechmus Cit.

I am.

Messenio.

Oho, I know ye: this is my maister: I thought hee there had bene my maister, and was proffering my service to him. Pray pardon me Sir, if I said any thing I should not.

Menechmus

Menechmus Tra.

Why doating patch, didst thou not come with me this morning from the ship?

Messenio.

My faith he saies true. This is my maister, you may go looke ye a man. God save ye maister: you Sir, farewell. This is *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Cit,

I say, that I am *Menechmus*.

Messenio.

What a jest is this? Are you *Menechmus*?

Menechmus Cit.

Even *Menechmus*, the sonne of *Moschus*.

Menechmus Tra.

My father's sonne?

Menechmus Cit.

Friend, I go about neither to take your father nor your country from you.

Messenio.

O immortal Gods, let it fall out as I hope; and for my life these two are the two Twinnes, all things agree so jump together. I will speake to my maister. *Menechmus*.

Both.

What wilt thou?

Messenio.

I call you not both: but which of you came with me from the ship?

Menechmus Cit.

Not I.

Menechmus Tra.

I did.

Messenio.

Then I call you. Come hither.

Menechmus Tra.

What's the matter?

Messenio.

This fame is either some notable coufening jugler, or else it is your brother whom we seeke. I never sawe one man so like an other: water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker than he is to you.

Menechmus

Menechmus Tra.

Indeed I thinke thou faiest true. Finde it that he is my brother, and I here promise thee thy freedom.

Messenio.

Well, let me about it. Heare ye Sir; you say your name is *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Cit.

I do.

Messenio.

So is this man's. You are of *Syracufis*?

Menechmus Cit.

True.

Messenio.

So is he. *Mofcus* was your father?

Menechmus Cit.

He was.

Messenio.

So was he his. What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins?

Menechmus Cit.

I would thinke it happie newes.

Messenio.

Nay staie maisters both: I meane to have the honor of this exploit. Answer me: your name is *Menechmus*?

Menechmus Cit.

Yea.

Messenio.

And yours?

Menechmus Tra.

And mine.

Messenio.

You are of *Syracufis*?

Menechmus Cit.

I am.

Menechmus Tra.

And I.

Messenio.

Well, this goeth right thus farre. What is the farthest thing that you remember there?

I

Menechmus

Menechmus Cit.

How I went with my father to *Tarentum*, to a great mart,
and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

*Menechmus Tra.**O Jupiter!**Messenio.*

Peace, what exclaiming is this? How old were ye then?

Menechmus Cit.

About seven yeare old: for even then I shedde teeth, and
since that time I never heard of anie of my kindred.

Messenio.

Had ye never a brother?

Menechmus Cit.

Yes, as I remember, I heard them say, we were two Twinnes.

*Menechmus Tra.**O Fortune!**Messenio.*

Tush, can ye not be quiet? Were ye both of one name?

Menechmus Cit.

Nay, (as I think) they called my brother, *Soficles*.

Menechmus Tra.

It is he, what need further prooffe? O brother, brother, let
me embrace thee!

Menechmus Cit.

Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad: but how is it
that ye are called *Menechmus*?

Menechmus Tra.

When it was tolde us that you and our father were both
dead, our Graundfire (in memorie of my father's name)
chaungde mine to *Menechmus*.

Menechmus Cit.

'Tis verie like he would do so indeed. But let me aske ye
one question more: what was our mother's name?

*Menechmus Tra.**Theusimarche.**Menechmus Cit.*

Brother, the most welcome man to mee, that the world
holdeth.

Menechmus Tra.

I joy, and ten thousand joyes the more, having taken so long
travaile and huge paines to seeke you.

Messenio.

Messenio.

See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was that the gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he.

Menechmus Cit.

True it is I willed a dinner to be provided for me heere this morning; and I also brought hither closely, a cloake of my wives, and gave it to this woman.

Menechmus Tra.

Is not this the same, brother?

Menechmus Cit.

How came you by this?

Menechmus Tra.

This woman met me; had me in to dinner; entertained me most kindly; and gave me this cloake, and this chaine.

Menechmus Cit.

Indeed she tooke ye for mee: and I believe I have bene as straungely handled by occasion of your comming.

Messenio.

You shall have time inough to laugh at all these matters hereafter. Do ye remember maister, what ye promised me?

Menechmus Cit.

Brother, I will intreate you to performe your promise to *Messenio*: he is worthie of it.

Menechmus Tra.

I am content.

Messenio.

Io Tryumphe.

Menechmus Tra.

Brother, will ye now go with me to *Syracufis*?

Menechmus Cit.

So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in *Epidamnum*, I will go with you.

Menechmus Tra.

Thanks, my good brother.

Menechmus Cit.

Messenio, plaie thou the Crier for me, and make a proclamation.

Messenio.

A fit office. Come on. O yes.
What day shall your sale be?

Menechmus

Menechmus Cit.

This day fennight.

Messenio.

All men, women and children in *Epidamnus*, or elsewhere, that will repaire to *Menechmus* house this day fennight, shall there finde all maner of things to sell; servaunts, household stufte, house, ground and all; so they bring readie money. Will ye sell your wife too Sir?

Menechmus Cit.

Yea, but I think no bodie will bid money for her.

Messenio.

Thus, Gentlemen, we take our leaves, and if we have pleasde, we require a *Plaudite*.

F I N I S.



A
PLEASAUNT CONCEITED
H I S T O R I E,
CALLED

The Taming of a Shrew.

As it hath beene fundry Times acted by the
right Honourable the Earle of PEMBROOKE
his Servants.

Printed at London by V. S. for *Nicholas Ling*, and are to
be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-yard
in Fleetstreet. 1607.



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

HISTORICAL

RECORDS

The Journal of a Slave

As it is held in the hands of the
right of the people of the United States

It is a record of the life of a slave
and is a record of the life of a slave

Leapes from th' antarticke world unto the skie,
 And dims the welkin with her pitchie breath,
 And darke some night oreshades the cristall heavens,
 Heere breake we off our hunting for to night.
 Couple uppe the hounds and let us hie us home,
 And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
 For they have all deserv'd it well to daie.
 But soft, what sleepeie fellow is this lies heere?
 Or is he dead, see one what dooeth lacke?

Servvingman.

My Lord, 'tis nothing but a drunken sleepe
 His head is too heavie for his bodie,
 And he hath drunke so much that he can go no further.

Lord.

Fie, how the slavish villaine stinkes of drinke.
 Ho, firha arise. What so found asleepe?
 Goe take him up, and beare him to my house,
 And beare him easly for feare he wake,
 And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
 And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
 And put my richest garments on his backe,
 Then set him at the Table in a chaire:
 When that is done, against he shall awake,
 Let heavenly musicke play about him still,
 Go two of you away, and beare him hence,
 And then Ile tell you what I have devisde,
 But see in any case you wake him not. [*Exeunt two with Slie.*]
 Now take my cloke, and give me one of yours,
 All fellowes now, and see you take me so:
 For we will waite upon this drunken man,
 To see his countenance when he doth awake,
 And find himselfe clothed in such attire,
 With heavenly musicke founding in his eares,
 And such a banquet set before his eyes,
 The fellow sure will thinke he is in heaven,
 But we will about him when he wakes,
 And see you call him Lord at every word,
 And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
 And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
 And I will aske what futes he meanes to weare,

And

THE TAMING OF A SHREW. 163

And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
But still persuade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Messenger.

And it please your honour your plaiers be come,
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord.

The fittest time they could have chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the Plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.

Now firs, what store of plaies have you?

Sander.

Mary my lord you may have a Tragicall,
Or a commoditie, or what you will.

The other.

A Comedie thou shouldst say, founs thou'lt shame us all.

Lord.

And whats the name of your Comedie?

Sander.

Marrie my lord tis calde The Taming of a Shrew.
Tis a good lesson for us my L. for us that are married men.

Lord.

The taming of a Shrew, thats excellent sure,
Go see that you make you readie straight,
For you must plaie before a lord to night,
Say you are his men and I your fellow,
Hee's something foolish, but what so ere he saies,
See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
And sirha, go you make you readie straight,
And dresse your selfe like to some lovelie ladie,
And when I cal, see that you come to me,
For I will say to him thou art his wife,
Dally with him and hug him in thine armes,
And if he desire to goe to bed with thee

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Then

164 THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

Then faine some fcuse, and say thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.

Boy.

Feare not my Lord, Ile handle him well enough
And make him thinke I love him mightilie.

[*Ex. Boy.*

Lord.

Now firs, go you and make you ready too,
For you must play assoone as he doth wake.

Sander.

O brave, firha Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come lets go make us ready.
Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
And Ile speake for the properties: My Lord, we must
Have a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
And a little vinegre to make our Divell rore.

Lord.

Very well firha, see that they want nothing.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other, with
Slie, asleepe in a chaire, richlie appavelled and the musick plaieng.*

One.

So firha, now go call my Lord,
And tell him that all things are ready as he willd it.

Another.

Set thou some wine upon the boord,
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presently.

[*Exit.*

Enter the Lord, and his men.

Lord,

How now, what is all things readie?

One.

Yea my Lord.

Lord.

Then found the musicke and Ile wake him strait,
And see you doe as earst I gave in charge.
My Lord, my Lord, he sleepes soundly, my Lord.

Slie.

Slie.

Tapster, gives a little smal ale: Heigh ho.

Lord.

Heere's wine, my Lord, the purest of the grape.

Slie.

For which Lord?

Lord.

For your honor, my Lord.

Slie.

Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus! what fine apparell have I got?

Lord.

More richer far your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil.

And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch your lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie over *Persian* plaines.

Tom.

And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stand readie cuppled at the doore,
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Slie.

By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?

Lord.

Simon and if it please your honour.

Slie.

Sim, that as much to say *Simion* or *Simon*,
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, *Sim*; am I a lord indeed?

Lord.

I my gracious Lord, and your lovely ladie
Long time hath mourned for your abience heere.
And now with joy behold where she dooth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie.

Sim, is this she?

L 3

Lord.

Lord.

I my Lord.

Slie.

Masle tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

Boy.

Oh that my lovelie Lord would once vouchsafe
 To looke on me and leave these frantike fits,
 Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
 To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,
 I know your honour then would pittie me.

Slie.

Harke you mistresse, will you eate a peece of bread?
 Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
 For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord.

May it please you, your honors plaiers be come
 To offer your honour a plaie.

*Slie.*A plaie *Sim*, O brave, be they my plaiers?*Lord.*

I my Lord.

Slie.

Is there not a foole in the plaie?

Lord.

Yes my Lord.

*Slie.*When will they plaie *Sim*?*Lord.*

Even when it please your honor, they be readie,

Boy.

My Lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie.

Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy.

I warrant you my Lord, I will not leave you thus.

[Exit Boy]

Slie.

Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by me,
 And weele flowt the plaiers out of their coates.

Lord.

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Lord.

Ile cal them my lord. Ho where are you there?

[*Sound Trumpets.*]

Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man, and a boy.

Polidor.

Welcome to *Athens* my beloved friend,
To *Platoes* schoole and *Aristotles* walks,
Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the love
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,
For whome the *Helespont* weepes brinish teares,
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
Give entertainment to my deereft friend.

Aurelius.

Thankes noble *Polidor* my second selfe,
The faithful love which I have found in thee
Hath made me leave my fathers princelie court,
The *Duke* of *Cestus* thrise renowned seate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out.
Which, since I have so happily attained,
My fortune now I do account as great
As earst did *Cæsar* when he conquered most.
But tel me noble friend, where shal we lodge,
For I am unacquainted in this place.

Polidor.

My Lord, if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
My house, my selfe, and al is yours to use,
You and your men shall staie and lodge with me,

Aurelius.

With all my heart, I wil requite thy love,

Enter Simon, Alphonfus, and his three daughters,

But staie, what dames are these so bright of hew
Whose eies are brighter than the lampes of heaven?
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
More lovely far then is the morning funne,
When first she opes hir oriental gates.

L 4

Alfonfus,

Alfonfus.

Daughters, be gone, and hie you to the church,
 And I will hie me downe unto the key
 To see what marchandise is come ashore.

[*Ex. Omnes*]*Polidor.*

Why how now my Lord, what, in a dumpe,
 To see these damfels passe away so soone?

Aurelius.

Trust me my friend I must confesse to thee,
 I tooke so much delight in these faire dames
 As I do wish they had not gone so soone:
 But if thou canst, resolve me what they be,
 And what old man it was that went with them,
 For I do long to see them once againe.

Polidor.

I cannot blame your honor, good my Lorde,
 For they are both lovely, wise, faire, and yong,
 And one of them, the yongest of the three
 I long have lov'd (sweet friend) and she lov'd me,
 But never yet we could not find a meanes
 How we might compasse our desired joyes.

Aurelius.

Why, is not her father willing to the match?

Polidor.

Yes trust me, but he hath solemnly sworne,
 His eldest daughter first shall be espowse,
 Before he grants his yongest leave to love:
 And therefore he that meanes to get their loves,
 Must first provide for her, if he wil speed,
 And he that hath her shall be fretted so,
 As good be wedded to the divell himselve,
 For such a skould as she did never live,
 And til that she be sped, none else can speede:
 Which makes me thinke, that all my labors lost,
 And who so ere can get hir firme good will,
 A large dowrie he shall be sure to have,
 For hir father is a man of mightie wealth,
 And an antient Citizen of the towne,
 And that was he that went along with them.

Aurelius.

Aurelius.

But he shall keepe hir stil by my advise,
And yet I needes must love his second daughter
The image of honor and nobility,
In whose sweet person is compride the summe
Of Natures skill and heavenly majesty.

Polidor.

I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine,
Then if you like to follow on your love,
We must devise a meanes to find some one
That will attempt to wed this devilish skould,
And I do know the man. Come hither boy,
Go your waies firha to *Ferandoes* house,
Desire him to take the paines to come to me,
For I must speake to him immediately.

Boy.

I will fir, and fetch him presently.

Polidor.

A man I thinke will fit hir humour right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharpe in tongue,
And he I thinke will match hir every way,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,
And for his person worth as good as she:
And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
Then may we freely visit both our loves.

Aurelius.

O might I see the censer of my soule
Whose sacred beauty hath enchanted me,
More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
For whose sweet sake so many princes dide;
That came with thousand ships to *Tenedos*.
But when we come unto hir fathers house,
Tel him I am a Merchants sonne of *Cestus*,
That comes for trafficke unto *Athens* here,
And here firha, I wil change with you for once,
And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,
Revel and spend as if thou wert myselfe,
For I will court thy love in this disguise.

Valeria.

My Lord, how if the Duke your father should
By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see

How

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How you do profit in these publike schooles,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then thinke you my Lord?

Aurelius.

Tush feare not *Valeria*, let me alone,
But stay, here comes some other company.

Enter Ferando and his man Sander with a blew coate,

Polidor.

Here comes the man that I did tel you of,

Ferando.

Good morrow gentleman to al at once.
How now *Polidor*, what man still in love?
Ever wooing and canst thou never speed?
God send me better lucke when I shal woo,

Sander.

I warrant you master and you take my counsel,

Ferando.

Why firha, are you so cunning?

Sander.

Who I, twere better for you by five marke
And you could tel how to do it as wel os I.

Polidor.

I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woo a wench.

Ferando.

Faith I am even now a going.

Sander.

I faith fir, my master's going to this geare now,

Polidor.

Whither in faith *Ferando*? tel me true,

Ferando.

To bonie *Kate*, the patientst wench alive,
The Diuel himselfe dares scarce venture to woo her,
Seignior *Alfonfus* eldest daughter,
And he hath promise me fix thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding fure,
And I will hold her too't til she be wearie,
Or else ile make her yeeld to grant me love,

Polidor.

How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew
Our minds before we sent to him,
But tell me, when do ye meane to speake with hir?

Ferando.

Faith presently, do you but stand aside,
And I will make hir father bring hir hither;
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone,

Polidor.

With all my heart, come *Aurelius*,
Let us be gone and leave him here alone.

Ferando.

Ho Seignior *Alfonso*, who's within there?

Alfonso.

Seignior *Ferando* y'are welcome hartily,
You are a stranger fir unto my house.
Harke you fir, looke what I did promise you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters love.

Ferando.

Then when I have talkt a word or two with hir,
Do you step in and give her hand to me,
And tell hir when the mariage day shall be,
For I do know she would be married faine,
And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
Let me alone to tame hir well inough,
Now call her forth that I may speake with hir.

Enter Kate.

Alfonso.

Ha *Kate*, come hither wench and list to me,
Use this gentleman friendly as thou canst.

Ferando.

Twenty good morrows to my lovely *Kate*.

Kate.

You jeast I am sure, is she yours already?

Ferando.

I tel thee *Kate* I know thou lov'st me wel.

Kate.

The Divil you do, who told you so?

Ferando.

Ferando.

My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.

Kate.

Was ever seene so grosse an asse as this?

Ferando.

I, to stand so long and never get a kisse,

Kate.

Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I will set my ten commandements in your face.

Ferando.

I prithy do *Kate*, they say thou art a shrew.
And I like thee the better, for I would have thee so.

Kate.

Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare,

Ferando.

No *Kate*, this hand is mine, and I thy love.

Kate.

Yfaith fir no, the woodcoke wants his taile,

Ferando.

But yet his bil will serve, if the other faile.

Alfonso.

How now *Ferando*, what, my daughter?

Ferando.

Shee's willing fir, and loves me as hir life.

Kate.

'Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife,

Alfonso.

Come hither *Kate*, and let me give thy hand
To him that I have chosen for thy love,
And thou to morrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate.

Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
To give me thus unto this brainficke man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?

[*She turnes aside and speaks.*

And yet I will consent and marry him,
(For I me thinkes have liv'de too long a maide,)
And match him too, or else his manhood's good,

Alfonso.

Alfonso.

Give me thy hand, *Ferando* loves thee well,
And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state.
Here *Ferando*, take her for thy wife.
And Sunday next shall be our wedding day.

Ferando.

Why so, did I not tel thee I should be the man?
Father, I leave my lovely *Kate* with you,
Provide yourselves against our marriage day,
For I must hie me to my country house
In haste, to see provision may be made,
To entertaine my *Kate* when she doth come.

Alfonso.

Do so, come *Kate*, why dost thou looke
So sad? be mery wench, thy wedding daie's at hand,
Sonne, fare you wel, and see you keepe your promise.

[*Exit Alfonso and Kate.*]

Ferando.

So, al thus far goes well. Ho *Sander*.

Enter Sander laughing.

Sander.

Sander, I faith you are a beast, I crie God hartilie mercy;
my harts ready to run out of my belly with laughing, I stood
behinde the doore al this while, and heard what you said
to hir.

Ferando.

Why, doost thou thinke that I did not speake wel to hir?

Sander.

You spoke like an asse to hir, ile tell you what,
And I had been there to have woo'd hir, and had this
Clope that you have, chud have had hir before she
Had gone a foot further, and you talke of Woodcoks
With hir, and I cannot tell you what.

Ferando.

Well firha, and yet thou seeest I have got hir for al this.

Sander.

I mary, twas more by hap then any good cunning.
I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the parish
shortly.

Ferando.

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Ferando.

Wel firha, leave your jeasting and go to *Polidors* house,
The yong gentleman that was here with me,
And tel him the circumstance of al thou knowst,
Tel him on funday next we must be married,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tel him into the countrey to my house,
And upon Sunday ile be here againe. [*Exit Ferando*]

Sander.

I warrant you my master, feare not me
For doing of my businesse.
Now hang him that has not a livery cote
To flash it out and swash it out amongst the prowdest
On them. Why looke you now, ile scarce put up
Plaine *Sander* now at any of their hands, for and any
Body have any thing to do with my master, straight
They come crouching upon me, I beseech you good M.
Sander speake a good word for me, and then I am so
Stowt and take it upon me, and stand upon my pantofles
To them out of all crie, why I have a life like a giant
Now, but that my master hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now of late, and I have a prety wench
To my sifter, and I had thought to have preferred my
Master to hir, and that would have bin a good
Deale in my way, but that hees sped already.

Enter Polidors boy.

Boy.

Friend, well met.

Sander.

Souns friend, well met. I hold my life he sees not my
masters livery coate,
Plaine friend hop of my thum, know you who we are?

Boy.

Trust me fir it is the use where I was borne,
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angry with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorry for it, hoping the stile
Of a Foole wil make you amends for all.

Sander.

Sander.

The slave is forie for his fault, now we cannot be angry,
Well whats the matter that you would do with us?

Boy.

Marry fir, I heare you pertaine to seignior *Ferando*.

Sander.

I and thou beest not blind thou maist see,
Ecce signum, here.

Boy.

Shall I intreat you to do me a message to your Master?

Sander.

I, it may be, and tell you us from whence you come.

Boy.

Marrie fir I serve yong *Polidor* your maisters friend.

Sander.

Do you serve him, and whats your name?

Boy.

My name firha? I tel the firha is cald *Catapie*.

Sander.

Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a peece of thee.

Boy.

Why slave, wouldst thou eate me?

Sander.

Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?

Boy.

Why villaine my name is *Catapie*,
But wilt thou tel me where thy maister is.

Sander.

Nay thou must first tel me where thy maister is,
For I have good newes for him, I can tel thee.

Boy.

Why see where he comes.

Enter Polidor, Aurelius, and Valeria.

Polidor.

Come sweet *Aurelius* my faithfull friend,
Now wil we go to see those lovely dames,
Richer in beauty then the orient pearle,
Whiter than is the Alpine Christall mould,

And

And far more lovely than the terrene plant,
That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone:
What *Sander*, what newes with you?

Sander.

Marry fir my maister sends you word
That you must come to his wedding to morrow.

Polidor.

What, shal he be married then?

Sander.

Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as you do:

Polidor.

Whither is thy maister gone now?

Sander.

Marry hee's gone to our house in the Countrey
To make al things in a readinesse against my new
Mistrisse comes thither, but heele come againe to morrow.

Polidor.

This is suddainly dispacht belike:
Wel, firha boy, take *Sander* in with you,
And have him to the buttery presentlie.

Boy.

I will fir: come *Saunders*. [Exit *Sander* and the *Boy*.]

Aurelius.

Valeria, as erst wee did devise,
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso's* house,
And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

Polidor.

I *Valeria*, for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know wilt fitte his turne so well,
As thou shalt get great favour at his hands,
Be gone *Valeria*, and say I sent thee to him.

Valeria.

I will Sir, and stay your comming at *Alfonso's* house.

[Exit *Valeria*.]

Polidor.

Now sweet *Aurelius*, by this devise
Shal we have leifure for to court our loves,

For whilst that she is learning on the lute
 Hir sisters may take time to steale abroad,
 For otherwise sheele keepe them both within,
 And make them worke whilst she herselfe doth play.
 But come, lets go unto *Alfonso's* house,
 And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agrees
 I doubt his musicke scarce will please his skoller,
 But stay, heere comes *Alfonso*.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfonso.

What M. *Polidor*! you are wel met,
 I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
 A good Musition I thinke he is;
 I have set my daughter and him together,
 But is this gentleman a friend of yours?

Polidor.

He is, I pray you fir bid him welcome,
 He's a wealthy Marchants son of *Cestus*.

Alfonso.

Y'are welcome fir, and if my house afforde
 You any thing that may content your mind,
 I pray you fir make bold with me.

Aurelius.

I thanke you fir, and if what I have got
 By marchandise or travel on the seas,
 Sattins, or lawnes, or azure coloured filke,
 Or pretious fiery pointed stones of Indy
 You shall command both them, myselfe, and all.

Alfonso.

Thanks gentle fir, *Polidor* take him in,
 And bid him welcome unto my house,
 For thou I thinke must be my second sonne;
Ferando, *Polidor* doost thou not know
 Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.

Polidor.

Such newes I heard, and I came now to know.

Alfonso.

Polidor tis true, go let me alone,
 For I must see against the bridegroome come,

M

That

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That al things be according to his mind,
And so ile leave you for an houre or two. *[Exit.]*

Polidor.

Come then *Aurelius*, come in with me,
And weele go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the aire. *[Exit.]*

Then Slie speaks.

Slie.

Sim, when will the foole come againe?

Lord.

Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie.

Gis some more drinke here, founs where's
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

Lord.

So I do my Lord.

Slie.

Heere *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

Lord.

My Lord heere comes the Plaiers againe.

Slie.

O brave, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter Valeria with a Lute, and Kate with him.

Valeria.

The fencelesse trees by musick have bin mov'd,
And at the found of plesant tuned strings,
Have savage beasts hung downe their listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a traunce.
Then it may be, that she to whome naught can please,
With Musickes found, in time may be surprisde.
Come lovely Mistris, will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?

Kate.

It is no matter whether I doe, or no,
For trust me, I take no great delight in it.

Valeria.

I would, sweete Mistris, that it lay in me,
To helpe you to that thing that's your delight.

Kate.

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Kate.

In you with a pestilence, are you so kind?
Then make a night-cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide your filthy face.

Valeria.

It that (sweet Mistris) were your harts content,
You should commaund a greater thing than that;
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

Kate.

Y'are so kind t'were pittie you should be hang'd,
And yet me thinkes the foole doth looke asquint.

Valeria.

Why Mistris, doe you mocke me?

Kate.

No, but I meane to moove thee.

Valeria.

Well, will you play a little?

Kate.

Yea, give me the Lute.

[*Shee playes.*]

Valeria.

That stop was false, play it againe.

Kate.

Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.

Valeria.

What, doe you bid me kisse your arse?

Kate.

How now jacke sawce? y'are a jolly mate,
Y'are best be still left I crosse your pate,
And make your musicke flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your coxcombe meet.

[*She offers to strike him with the Lute.*]

Valeria.

Hold Mistris, fowns will you breake my Lute?

Kate.

Yea on thy head and if thou speake to me.
There, take it up, and fiddle somewhere else,

[*She throwes it downe.*]

And see you come no more into this place,
Lest that I clap your fiddle on your face.

[*Exit Kate.*]

M 2

Valeria.

Valeria.

Sowns, teach her to play on the Lute?
The divell shall teach her first, I am glad shee's gone
For I was ne're so fraid in all my life,
But that my Lute should flie about mine eares:
My maister shall teach her himselfe for me,
For Ile keepe me farre enough without her reach,
For he and *Polidor* sent me before,
To be with her, and teach her on the Lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,
And heere me thinkes they come together.

Enter Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia, and Philena.

Polidor.

How now *Valeria*, where's your Mistris?

Valeria.

At the vengeance, I thinke, and no where else.

Aurelius.

Why *Valeria*, will she not learne apace?

Valeria.

Yes berladie, she haz learn'd too much alreadie,
And that I had felt, had I not spoke her faire,
But she shall ne're be learnt for me againe.

Aurelius.

Well *Valeria* go to my chamber,
And beare him companie that came to daie
From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwelles. [Exit *Valeria*.

Polidor.

Come faire *Emelia*, my lovely love,
Brighter than the burnisht pallace of the Sunne,
The eie-sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire
Wilie *Prometheus* flily stole from *Jove*,
Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To everie object stricken by thine eies,
O faire *Emelia*, I pine for thee,
And, either must enjoy thy love, or die.

Emelia.

Fie man, I know you will not die for love,
Ah *Polidor*, thou need'st not to complaine,

Eternall

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Eternall heaven sooner be dissolv'd,
And all that pierceth *Phæbus* silver eie,
Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

Polidor.

Thankes faire *Emelia* for these sweet words :
But what faith *Philena* to her friend ?

Philena.

Why I am buying marchandise of him.

Aurelius.

Mistress, you shall not neede to buy of me :
For when I cross'd the bubbling *Canibey*,
And sailde along the cristall *Hellisfont*,
I fill'd my coffers of the wealthy mines,
Where I did cause millions of labouring *Moore*s
To undermine the caverns of the earth,
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
And dive into the sea to gather pearle,
As faire as *Juno* offred *Priams* sonne,
And you shall take your liberall choice of all.

Philena.

I thanke you sir, and would *Philena* might
In any curtesie requite you so
As she with willing heart could well bestow,

Enter Alfonso.

Alfonso.

How now daughters, is *Ferando* come ?

Emelia.

Not yet father, I wonder he staies so long,

Alfonso.

And where's your sister that she is not here ?

Philena.

She is making of her ready, father,
To goe to church, and if that he were come.

Polidor.

I warrant you hee'l not be long away.

Alfonso.

Go daughters, get you in, and bid your sister
Provide herselfe against that we do come,

M 3

And

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And see you go to church along with us.

[*Exeunt Philena and Emelia.*]

I marvel that *Ferando* comes not away.

Polidor.

His Tailor, it may be, hath bin too slacke
In his apparell which he meanes to weare:
For no question but some fantastike futes
He is determined to weare to day,
And richly powdered with pretious stones,
Spotted with liquide golde, thicke set with pearle,
And such he meanes shall be his wedding futes.

Alfonso.

I car'd not I, what cost he did bestow,
In golde, or silke, so he himselfe were here,
For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
Than that he should deceive us heere to day:
But soft, I thinke I see him come.

Enter Ferando basely attired, and a red Cap on his head.

Ferando.

Good morrow father: *Polidor* well met,
You wonder, I know, that I have staide so long.

Alfonso.

Yea mary sonne, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarce have had our Bridegroom heere:
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Ferando.

Thus richly father you should have saide,
For when my wife and I are married once,
Shee's such a shrew, if we should once fall out,
Sheele pull my costly futes over mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attir'd a while:
For many things I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof, but *Kate* and I;
For we shall live like Lambes and Lions sure,
Nor Lambs to Lions never were so tame,
If once they be within the Lions pawes,
As *Kate* to me, if we were married once,
And therefore, come, lets to church presently.

Polidor.

Polidor.

Fie *Ferando*, not thus attired for shame,
Come to my Chamber, and there sute thy selfe
Of twenty sutes that I did never weare.

Ferando.

Tush *Polidor*, I have as many sutes
Fantastike made to fit my humor so,
As any in *Athens*, and as richly wrought
As was the Maffie Robe that late adorn'd
The stately legat of the Persian King,
And this from them have I made choise to weare.

Alfonso.

I prethee *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou go'st unto the church with us,
To put some other sute upon thy backe.

Ferando.

Not for the world, if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus, or not at al.

Enter Kate.

But soft, see where my *Kate* doth come,
I must salute hir: how fares my lovely *Kate*,
What, art thou ready? shal we go to church?

Kate.

Not I with one so mad, so basely tir'd,
To marry such a filthy slavish groome,
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus have come to us.

Ferando.

Tush *Kate* these words adde greater love in me,
And makes me thinke thee fairer then before:
Sweet *Kate*, thou lovelier then *Dianas* purple robe,
Whiter than are the snowie *Apenis*,
Or icie haire that growes on *Boreas* chin.
Father, I sweare by *Ibis* golden beake,
More faire and radiant is my bony *Kate*,
Then silver *Xanthus* when he doth imbrace
The ruddie *Simies* at *Idas* feete,
And care not thou, sweet *Kate*, how I be clad,
Thou shalt have garments wrought of Median filke,

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Enchac'd with pretious jewels fetcht from far,
By Italian marchants that with Russian stemes,
Plowes up huge furrowes in the *Terrene Maine*,
And better far my lovely *Kate* shal weare:
Then come sweet love, and let us to the church,
For this I sweare shal be my wedding sute.

[*Exit.*

Alfonso.

Come gentlemen go along with us,
For thus, do what we can, he will be wed.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Polidors Boy and Sander.

Boy.

Come hither firha, boy.

Sander.

Boy, oh disgrace to my person! founes, boy
Of your face, you have many boyes with such
Pickadenaunts I am sure, founs would you
Not have a bloody nose for this?

Boy.

Come, come, I did but jest, where is that
Same peece of pie that I gave thee to keepe?

Sander.

The pie? I, you have more mind of your belly
Then to go see what your maister dooes.

Boy.

Tush, tis no matter man, I prethee give it me,
I am very hungry I promise thee.

Sander.

Why you may take it, and the divel burst
You with it, one cannot save a bit after supper,
But you are alwaies ready to munch it up.

Boy.

Why come man, we shall have good cheere
Anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to
Church to be married already, and theres
Such cheere as passeth.

Sander.

O brave, I would I had eate no meate this weeke,
For I have never a corner left in my belly

To

To put a venison pastie in, I thinke I shall burst my selfe
With eating, for ile so cram me down the tarts
And the marchpanes out of all crie.

Boy.

I, but how wilt thou do now thy maisters
Maried, thy mistres is such a divel, as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, shee'le beate thee so.

Sander.

Let my master alone with her for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warrant thee,
For he's such a churle waxen now of late, that and he be
Never so little angry he thums me out of all cry,
But in my mind firha, the yongest is a very
Prety wench, and if I thought thy master would
Not have hir, Ide have a fling at hir
My selfe, ile see soone whether twill be a match
Or no: and it will not, ile set the matter
Hard for my selfe I warrant thee.

Boy.

Souns you slave, wil you be a Rivall with
My master in his love? Speake but such
Another word and ile cut off one of thy legs.

Sander.

Oh cruel judgment, nay then firha,
My tongue shal talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shal tell the trusty message of his maister
Even on the very forehead of thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thy selfe.

Boy.

Come hither thou imperfectious slave, in
Regard of thy beggery, hold thee, theres
Two shillings for thee, to pay thee for the
Healing of thy left leg which I meane
Furiouly to invade, or to maim at the least.

Sander.

O supernodical foole! wel, ile take your
Two shillings, but ile bar striking at legs.

Boy.

Not I, for ile strike any where.

Sander.

Sander. Here take your two shillings againe,
 Ile see thee hang'd ere ile fight with thee,
 I gat a broken shin the other day,
 Tis not whole yet, and therefore ile not fight.
 Come, come, why should we fal out?

Boy.
 Wel sirha, your faire words have something
 Alaied my choler: I am content for this once
 To put it up, and be friends with thee,
 But soft, see where they are come al from church,
 Belike they be married already.

*Enter Ferando and Kate, and Alfonso and Polidor and Emelia,
 and Aurelius, and Phylena.*

Ferando.
 Father farewell, my *Kate* and I must home.
 Sirha, go make ready my horse presently.

Alfonso.
 Your horse! what son, I hope you do but jest,
 I am sure you wil not go so suddainely.

Kate.
 Let him go or tarry, I am resolv'd to stay,
 And not to travel on my wedding day.

Ferando.
 Tut *Kate* I tel thee we must needes go home,
 Vilaine, hast thou sadled my horse?

Sander.
 Which horse, your curtall?

Ferando.
 Souns you slave, stand you prating here?
 Saddle the bay gelding for your mistress.

Kate.
 Not for me, for I wil not go.

Sander.
 The Ostler wil not let me have him, you owe ten pence
 For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my mistress saddle.

Ferando.
 Here villaine, goe pay him strait,

Sander.

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Sander.

Shal I give them another pecke of lavender?

Ferando.

Out slave, and bring them presently to the dore.

Alfonso.

Why son, I hope at least youle dine with us.

Sander.

I pray you master lets stay til dinner be done.

Ferando.

Souns vilaine, art thou here yet?

[*Exit Sander.*]

Come *Kate*, our dinner is provided at home.

Kate.

But not for me, for here I mean to dine:
Ile have my wil in this as wel as you,
Though you in madding mood would leave your frinds,
Despite of you ile tarry with them still.

Ferando.

I *Kate* so thou shalt, but at some other time,
Whenas thy sisters here shall be espoused,
Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding day,
In better fort then now we can provide.
For heere I promise thee before them all
We will ere long returne to them againe:
Come *Kate*, stand not on termes, we will away,
This is my day, to morrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doe whatever thou commandes.
Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaves,
It will be late before that we come home.

[*Exeunt Ferando and Kate.*]

Polidor.

Farewell *Ferando*, since you will be gone.

Alfonso.

So mad a couple did I never see.

Emelia.

Thei're even as wel matcht as I would wish.

Philena.

And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her:
For when he haz done, she will do what she list.

Aurelius.

Her manhoode then is good I do beleeve.

Polidor.

Polidor.

Aurelius, or else I misse my marke:
Her tongue will walke, if she doe holde her hands.
I am in doubt ere halfe a month be past,
Hee'l curse the Priest that married him so soone,
And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is very patient growne of late.

Alfonso.

God hold it, that it may continue still,
I would be loath that they should disagree,
But he (I hope) will hold her in a while.

Polidor.

Within these two daies I will ride to him,
And see how lovingly they do agree.

Alfonso.

Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?
What, have you sent to *Cestus* as you said?
To certifie your father of your love,
For I would gladly he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tell to me,
I ghesse he is a Merchant of great wealth:
And I have seene him oft at *Athens* here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Polidor.

And so to me whilst *Polidor* doth live.

Aurelius.

I find it so, right worthy gentlemen,
And of that woorth your friendship I esteeme,
I leave censure of your severall thoughts,
But for requitall of your favours past
Rests yet behinde, which when occasion serves,
I vow shal be remembered to the full.
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alfonso.

Enough *Aurelius*: but we forget
Our marriage dinner now the Bride is gone,
Come, let us see what there they left behind. [Exeunt omnes.

Enter

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Enter Sander with two or three Serving men.

Sander.

Come firs, provide all things as fast as you can,
For my maister's hard at hand, and my new mistris
And all, and he sent me before to see all things ready.

Tom.

Welcome home *Sander*: firrha how lookes our new mistris? They say shee's a plaguy shrew.

Sander.

Yea and that thou shalt find, I can tell thee and if thou dost not please her wel: why my master haz such ado with, as it passeth, and hee's even like a madman.

Wil.

Why *Sander*, what doth he say?

Sander.

Why Ile tell you what: when they should Goe to church to be married, he puts on an olde Jerkin and a paire of canvasse breeches downe to the Small of his leg, and a red cap on his head, and he Lookes as thou wouldst burst thy selfe with laughing When thou seest him: hee's ee'n as good as a Foole for me: and then when they should goe to dinner, He made me saddle the horse, and away he came, And ne'er tarried for dinner, and therefore you had best Get supper ready against they come, for They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.

Tom.

Sowns, see where they be already.

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Ferando.

Now welcome *Kate*. Where's these villaines Heere? what, not supper yet upon the boord? Nor table spread, nor nothing done at all, Where's that villaine that I sent before?

Sander.

Now, *adsum*, fir.

Ferando.

Ferando.

Come hither you villaine, Ile cut your nose,
You rogue, help me off with my bootes: wilt please
You to lay the cloth? Sowns the villaine
Hurts my foote: pull easily I say, yet againe?

[He beates them all.]

[They cover the boord, and fetch in the meate.]

Sowns, burnt and scorch't, who drest this meate?

Wil.

Forsooth *John Cooke.*

[He throwes downe the table and meate, and all, and beates them all.]

Ferando.

Goe you villaines, bring me such meate?
Out of my sight I say, and beare it hence:
Come *Kate*, wee'll have other meate provided,
Is there a fire in my chamber fir?

Sander.

I forsooth.

[Exeunt Ferando and Kate:]

[Manent Serving men, and eate up all the meate.]

Tom.

Sownes, I thinke of my conscience my maister's madde
since he was married.

Wil.

I laft what a boxe he gave *Sander*
For pulling off his bootes.

Enter Ferando againe.

Sander.

I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

Ferando.

Did you so, you damned villaine?

[He beates them all out againe.]

This humour must I holde me to a while,
To bridle and holde backe my head-strong wife,
With curbes of hunger, ease, and want of sleepe:
Nor sleepe, nor meate shall she enjoy to night,
Ile mew her up as men doe mew their Hawkes,

And

And make her gently come unto the Lewre,
Were she as stubborne, or as full of strength,
As was the Thracian Horfe *Alcides* tamde,
That king *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe, and make her come,
As hungry Hawkes doe flie unto their Lewre. [Exit.

Enter Aurelius and Valeria.

Aurelius.

Valeria attend, I have a lovely love,
As bright as is the heaven cristalline,
As faire as is the milke white way of *Jove*,
As chaste as *Phæbe*, in her summer sports,
As soft and tender as the azure dowlne,
That circles *Citherea's* silver Doves.
Her doe I meane to make my lovely Bride,
And in her bed to breathe the sweete content,
That I, thou know'st, long time have aimed at.
Now *Valeria* it rests in thee to helpe
To compasse this, that I might gaine my love,
Which easily thou maist performe at will,
If that the merchant which thou told'st me of,
Will, (as he saide) goe to *Alfonsoes* house,
And say he is my father, and there withall
Passe over certaine deedes of land to me,
That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
And he is promised reward of me.

Valeria.

Feare not my Lord, Ile fetch him strait to you,
For hee'l doe any thing that you commaund,
But tell me, my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

Aurelius.

He is, and *Polidor* shortly shal be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife ere long.

Valeria.

Hee saies so.

Aurelius.

Faith he's gon unto the taming schoole.

Valeria.

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Valeria.

The taming schoole why is there such a place?

Aurelius.

I: and *Ferando* is the maister of the schoole.

Valeria.

That's rare: but what *decorum* doth he use?

Aurelius.

Faith I know not: but by some odde devise
Or other, but come *Valeria* I long to see the man,
By whom we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tel him what we have to do.

Valeria.

Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him straight.

Aurelius.

Agreede then, lets go.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sander and his mistress.

Sander.

Come mistress.

Kate.

Sander I prethee helpe me to some meat,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

Sander.

I marry mistress, but you know my maister
Has given me a charge that you must eat nothing,
But that which he himselfe giveth you.

Kate.

Why man, thy master needs never know it.

Sander.

You say true indeed. Why looke you mistress,
What say you to a pece of bieffe and mustard now?

Kate.

Why I say tis excellent meat, canst thou help me to some?

Sander.

I, I could help you to some, but that
I doubt the mustard is too chollerick for you.
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlicke?

Kate.

Why any thing, I care not what it be.

Sander.

I but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath
Stinke, and then my master wil course me for letting
You eate it. But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate.

That's meat for a king, sweete *Sander* help me to some
of it.

Sander.

Nay berlady then tis too deere for us, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate.

Out villaine, dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawfinesse. *[She beates him.]*

Sander.

Sounes are you so light fingred with a murrin,
Ile keepe you fasting for it these two daies.

Kate.

I tel thee villaine, ile teare the flesh off
Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.

Sander.

Here comes my master now, heele course you.

*Enter Ferando with a peece of meate upon his dagger point and
Polidor with him.*

Ferando.

See heere *Kate*, I have provided meat for thee,
Here take it: what, ist not worthy thanks?
Go firha, take it away againe, you shall be
Thankful for the next you have.

Kate.

Why I thanke you for it.

Ferando.

Nay now tis not worth a pin, go firha and take it hence
I say.

Sander.

Yes fir ile carrie it hence: Master let hir
Have none, for she can fight as hungry as she is.

Polidor.

I pray you fir let it stand, for ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

N

Ferando.

Ferando.

Wel firha, fet it downe againe.

Kate.

Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diet, for ile none,
He ne're be beholding to you for your meat,
I tel thee flatly here unto thy teeth,
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou list,
For I will home againe unto my fathers house.

Ferando.

I, when y'are meeke and gentle, but not
Before, I know your stomacke is not yet come downe.
Therefore no marvel thou canst not eat,
And I will go unto your Fathers house,
Come *Polidor* let us go in againe,
And *Kate* come in with us, I know ere long,
That thou and I shall lovingly agree. [Exeunt omnes.

Enter Aurelius, Valeria and Phylotus the Marchant.

Aurelius.

Now Seignior *Phylotus*, we wil go
Unto *Alfonso's* house, and be sure you say
As I did tel you, concerning the man
That dwels at *Cestus*, whose son I said I was,
For you do very much resemble him,
And feare not: you may be bold to speake your mind.

Phylotus.

I warrant you fir, take you no care,
He use my selfe so cunning in the cause,
As you shall soone enjoy your harts delight.

Aurelius.

Thanks sweet *Phylotus*, then stay you here,
And I will go and fetch him hither strait.
Ho, Seignior *Alfonso*: a word with you.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfonso.

Who's there? what *Aurelius*, what's the matter
That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?

Aurelius.

Aurelius.

My father fir is newly come to towne,
And I have brought him here to speake with you,
Concerning these matters that I told you of,
And he can certifie you of the truth.

Alfonso.

Is this your father? you are welcome fir.

Phylotus.

'Thanks *Alfonso*, for thats your name I gesse,
I understand my son hath set his mind
And bent his liking to your daughters love,
And for because he is my only son,
And I would gladly that he should do well,
I tel you fir, I not mislike his choise,
If you agree to give him your consent,
He shall have living to maintaine his state,
Three hundred pounds a yeare, I will assure
To him and to his heyres, and if they do joyne
And knit themselves in holy wedlocke band,
A thousand massie ingots of pure gold
And twise as many bars of silver plate;
I freely give him, and in writing straight
I wil confirme what I have said in words.

Alfonso.

Trust me, I must commend your liberal mind,
And loving care you beare unto your son,
And here I give him freely my consent.
As for my daughter, I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I will enlarge her dowry for your sake,
And solemnise with joy your nuptial rites.
But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too?

Aurelius.

He is the *Duke of Cestus* thrise renowned son,
Who for the love his honor beares to me,
Hath thus accompanied mee to this place.

Alfonso.

You were too blame you tolde me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honor had bin here in place with me,
I would have don my duty to your honor.

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Valeria.

Valeria.

Thanks good *Alfonso*, but I did come to see
 When these marriage rites should be performed.
 And if in these nuptials you vouchsafe,
 To honor thus the prince of *Cestus* friend,
 In celebration of his spousal rites,
 He shal remaine a lasting friend to you,
 What saies *Aurelius* father?

Phylotus.

I humbly thanke your honor, good my Lord,
 And ere we part, before your honor here,
 Shal artieles of such content be drawne,
 As twixt our houses and posterities,
 Eternally this league of peace shal last
 Inviolat and pure on either part.

Alfonso.

With al my heart, and if your honor please
 To walke along with us unto my house,
 We wil confirme these leagues of lasting love.

Valeria.

Come then *Aurelius* I wil go with you. [Ex. omnes,

Enter Ferando and Kate, and Sander.

Sander.

Master, the Haberdasher has brought my
 Mistris home hir cap here.

Ferando.

Come hither firha: what have you there?

Haberdasher.

A velvet cap fir, and it please you.

Ferando.

Who spoke for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate.

What if I did? come hither firha give me
 The cap, ile see if it wil fit me. [She sets it on her head.

Ferando.

O monstrous: why it becomes thee not,
 Let me see it *Kate*: here firha take it hence,
 This cap is out of fashion quite.

Kate.

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Kate.

The fashion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.

Ferando.

Why true, he meanes to make a foole of thee,
To have thee put on such a curtald cap:
Sirha be gone with it.

Enter the Taylor with a gowne.

Sander.

Here is the *Taylor* too with my mistris gowne.

Ferando.

Let me see it *Taylor*: what, with cuts and jags?
Sounes thou vilaine, thou hast spoil'd the gowne.

Taylor.

Why fir, I made it as your man gave me direction,
You may read the note here.

Ferando.

Come hither firha: *Taylor* read the note.

Taylor.

Item a faire round compassd cape.

Sander.

I thats true.

Taylor.

And a large truncke sleeve.

Sander.

Thats a lie master, I said two truncke sleeves.

Ferando.

Wel fir, go forward.

Taylor.

Item a loose bodied gowne.

Sander.

Maister if ever I said loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame, and beat me to death
With a bottome of browne thred.

Taylor.

I made it as the note bade me.

Sander.

I say the note lies in his throate and thou too,
And thou saist it.

Tailor.

Nay, nay, ne'r be so hot firha, for I feare you not.

Sander.

Dooft thou heare *Tailor*, thou hast braved
Many men: brave not me.
Th'ast fac'd many men.

Tailor.

Wel fir.

Sander.

Face not me, ile neither be fac'd nor braved
At thy hands I can tell thee.

Kate.

Come, come, I like the fashion of it wel inough,
Heere's more adoe than needes, I'le have it, I,
And if you doe not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall have nothing by your will.

Ferando.

Go I say, and take it up for your maisters use.

Sander.

Sounes villaine, not for thy life, touch it not;
Souns, take up my mistris gowne to his
Maisters use!

Ferando.

Well fir, what's your conceit of it?

Sander.

I have a deeper conceit of it than you
Thinke for, take up my mistris gowne
To his maisters use.

Ferando.

Tailer, come hither, for this time make it;
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Tailer.

I thanke you fir.

[*Exit Tailer.*]*Ferando.*

Come *Kate*, wee now will goe see thy fathers house
Even in these honest meane abiliments.
Our purses shal be rich, our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more
Thy sisters *Kate*, to morrow must be wed,

[*And*]

And I have promised them thou should'st be there,
The morning is well up, lets haste away,
It wil be nine aclocke ere we come there.

Kate.

Nine aclocke, why tis already past two
In the afternoone by al the clockes in the towne.

Ferando.

I say tis but nine aclocke in the morning.

Kate.

I say tis two aclocke in the afternoone.

Ferando.

It shal be nine then ere you go to your fathers:
Come backe againe, we will not goe to day:
Nothing but crossing me stil?
Ile have you say as I doe ere I goe.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius, and Philema.

Polidor.

Faire *Emelia*, summers bright sun Queene,
Brighter of hew than is burning clime,
Where *Phæbus* in his bright æquator sits,
Creating golde and pretious mineralls,
What would *Emelia* doe if I were forc'd
To leave faire Athens, and to range the world?

Emelia.

Should thou assay to scale the seate of Jove,
Mounting the futtle airy regions,
Or be snatcht up as erst was *Ganimede*,
Love should give wings unto my swift desires,
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.

Aurelius.

Sweetly resolved, faire *Emelia*,
But would *Philema* says as much to me,
If I should aske a question now of thee?
What if the Duke of *Cestus* onely sonne,
Which came with me unto your fathers house,
Should seeke to get *Philemas* love from me,
And make thee Dutchesse of that stately towne,
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his love?

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Philema.

Philema.

Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Jove* himselfe,
Will *Philema* leave *Aurelius* love,
Could he enstall me Empresse of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidresse of the heaven,
Yet would I not exchange my love for his,
Thy company is poore *Phylemaes* heaven,
And without thee, heaven were hell to me.

Emelia.

And should my love, as earst did *Hercules*,
Attempt the burning vaults of hell,
I would with piteous lookes, and pleasing words,
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
And ravishing sound of his mellodious Harpe,
Intreate grimme *Pluto*, and of him obtaine
That thou might'st goe, and safe returne againe.

Philema.

And should my love as erst *Leander* did,
Attempt to swimme the boyling *Hellispont*
For *Heros* love: no Towers of brasse should hold,
But I would follow thee through those raging fouds,
With lockes dis-shevered, and my breast all bare,
With bended knees upon *Abidaes* shore,
I would with smokie sighs and brinish teares,
Importune *Neptune* and the watry gods,
To send a guard of silver-scaled Dolphins,
With founding *Tritons* to be our convoy,
And to transport us safe unto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy lovely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse upon thy cheekes,
And with our pastime still the swelling waves.

Emelia.

Should *Polidor* as *Achilles* did,
Onely imploy himselfe to follow armes,
Like to the warlike Amazonian Queene,
Penthesilea, *Hectors* paramour,
Who foil'd the bloody *Pirrhys* murd'rous Greeke,
Ile thrust my selfe amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my utmost force assist my love.

Phylema.

Phylema.

Let *Eole* storme: be mild and quiet thou,
Let *Neptune* swel, be *Aurelius* calme and pleased,
I care not, I, betide what may betide,
Let fates and fortune do the worst they can,
I recke them not: they not discord with me,
Whilest that my love and I do well agree.

Aurelius

Sweet *Phylema* bewties minerall,
From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
And clad the heaven in thy reflected raies,
And now my liefest love, the time drawes nie,
That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,
Must with his torches waite upon thy traine,
As *Hellens* brothers on the horned moone.
Now *Juno* to thy number shal I adde,
The fairest bride that ever marchant had.

Polidor.

Come faire *Emelia*, the priest is gon,
And at the church your father and the rest
Do stay to see our marriage rites perform'd,
And knit in sight of heaven this *Gordian* knot,
That teeth of fretting Time may ne'r untwist,
Then come faire love and gratulate with me
This daies content and sweet solemnity.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Slie.

Sim, must they be married now?

Lord.

I my Lord.

Enter Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Slie.

Looke *Sim*, the foole is come againe now.

Ferando.

Sirha, go fetch our horses forth, and bring
Them to the backe gate presently.

Sander.

I will sir I warrant you.

[*Exit Sander.*

Ferando.

Ferando.

Come *Kate*, the moone shines cleere to night me thinkes.

Kate.

The moone? why husband you are deceiv'd,
It is the sun.

Ferando.

Yet againe, come backe againe, it shal be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate.

Why ile say as you say, it is the moone.

Ferando.

Jesus, save the glorious moone.

Kate.

Jesus, save the glorious moone.

Ferando.

I am glad *Kate* your stomacke is come downe,
I know it well thou knowst it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast done before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not namde the moone,
We had gone backe again as sure as death.
But soft, who's this thats comming here?

Enter the Duke of Cestus alone.

Duke.

Thus al alone from *Cestus* am I come,
And left my princely court and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes.
But stay, heres some it may be travels thither,
Good sir can you direct me the way to *Athens*.

[*Ferando speaks to the old man.*

Faire lovely maide, yong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasinth*,
More amiable far then is the plain,
Where glistering *Cepherus* in silver boures,
Gafeth upon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweet *Kate* entertaine this lovely woman.

Duke.

I thinke the man is mad, he cals me a woman.

Kate.

Faire lovely lady, bright and Christaline,
Bewteous and stately as the eie-train'd bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepest upon thy cheekes,
Wrapt up thy radiations in some cloud,
Lest that thy bewty make this stately towne
Inhabitable like the burning Zone,
With sweet reflections of thy lovely face.

Duke.

What, is she mad too? or is my shape transformd
That both of them persuade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore ile be gone,
And leave their companies for feare of harme,
And unto *Athens* haste to seek my son.

[*Exit Duke.*

Ferando.

Why so, *Kate*, this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too: why thus must we two live,
One minde, one heart, and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad is he I am sure, that he is gone,
But come swcet *Kate*, for we will after him,
And now persuade him to his shape againe.

[*Ex. omnes.*

*Enter Alfonso and Phylotus and Valeria, Polidor, Emelia,
Aurelius, and Phylema.*

Alfonso.

Come lovely sonnes, your marriage rites performed,
Lets hie us home to see what cheere we have,
I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
Come not to see this great solemnity.

Polidor.

No marvel if *Ferando* be away,
His wife I thinke hath troubled so his wits,
That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,

For

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For forward wedlocke as the proverbe sayes,
Hath brought him to his nightcap long ago.

Phylotus,

But *Polidor*, let my son and you take heed,
That *Ferando* say not ere long as much of you.
And now *Alfonso*, more to shew my love,
If unto *Cestus* you do send your ships,
Myselfe wil fraught them with *Arabian* filkes,
Rich *Affricke* spices, Arras counter-pointes,
Muske, Cassia, sweet smelling Ambergreece,
Pearle, curtol, Christal, jet, and ivory,
To gratulate the favors of my son,
And friendly love that you have shewne to him.

Valerea.

And for to honor him and his faire bride,

Enter the Duke of Cestus.

Ile yeerely send you from your fathers court,
Chests of refine sugar severally,
Ten tun of *Tunis* wine, sucket, sweet drugs,
To celebrate and solemnize this day,
And custom-free, your marchants shal commerce
And interchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for brasse, silver for lead,
Casses of filke for packes of wol and cloth,
To bind this friendship and confirme this league.

Duke.

I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
Are you become the *Duke* of *Cestus* son,
And revels with my treasure in the towne,
Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.

Valeria.

Sounes it is the *Duke*, what shall I do?
Dishonor thee? why knowst thou what thou saist?

Duke.

Her's no villaine: he will not know me now,
But what say you? have you forgot me too?

Phylotus.

Why sir, are you acquainted with my son?

Duke.

Duke.

With thy son? no trust me, if he be thine,
I pray you sir, who am I?

Aurelius.

Pardon me father, humbly on my knees
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

Duke.

Peace villaine, lay hands on them,
And send them to prison straight.

[*Phylotus and Valeria runne away.*]

Then Slie speakes.

Slie.

I say wee le have no sending to prison.

Lord.

My Lord this is but the play, they're but in jest.

Slie.

I tel thee *Sim* wee le have no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim*, am I not *Don Christo Vari*?
Therefore I say, they shal not goe to prison.

Lord.

No more they shal not my Lord,
They be runne away.

Slie.

Are they run away *Sim*? thats wel.
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord.

Here my Lord.

[*Slie drinkes and then fals asleepe.*]

Duke.

Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leave,
I sweare by faire *Cintheas* burning raies
By *Merops* head, and by seven-mouthed *Nile*,
Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy brest the worlds immortal foule,
This angry sworde should rip thy hateful chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* fandes,
Turne hence thy face, oh cruel impious boy.
I did not thinke you would presume, *Alfonso*,
To match your daughter with my princely house,

And

And ne'r make mee acquainted with the cause.

Alfonso.

My Lord, by heavens I sweare unto your grace
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
Had bin the *Duke* of *Cestus* noble son,
Nor did my daughter, I dare sweare for her.

Duke.

That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whom I did send for guide unto my son,
Oh that my furious force could cleave the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish feends,
To racke his heart and teare his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestial orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in flitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.

Aurelius.

Then let my death sweet father end your grieve,
For I it is that thus have wrought your woes,
Then be reveng'd on me, for here I sweare
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut off *Hydraes* head,
To make the topleesse *Alpes* a champaine field,
To kil untamed monsters with my sword,
To travel daily in the hottest sun,
And watch in winter when the nights be cold.
I would with gladnes undertake them all,
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my return,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.

Phylema.

Let me intreat your grace upon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heavy wrath your grace hath vow'd against him.

Polidor.

And good my Lord, let us intreat your grace
To purge your stomacke of this Melancoly,
Taint not your princely mind with grieve my Lord,
But pardon and forgive these lovers faults,
That kneeling crave your gracious favor here.

Emelea.

Emelea.

Great prince of *Cestus*, let a womans words
Intreat a pardon in your Lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and us my Lord.

Duke.

Aurelius stand up, I pardon thee,
I see that vertue wil have enemies.
And fortune wil be thwarting honor stil.
And you faire virgin too, I am content
To accept you for my daughter since tis don,
And see you princely usde in *Cestus* court.

Phylema.

Thanks good my Lord, and I no longer live,
Then I obey and honor you in al.

Alfonso.

Let me give thanks unto your royall grace,
For this great honor done to mee and mine,
And if your grace wil walke into my house,
I wil in humblest maner I can, shew
The eternall service I do owe your grace.

Duke.

Thankes good *Alfonso*: but I came alone,
And not as did beseeme the *Cestian* Duke,
Nor would I have it knowne within the towne,
That I was here, and thus, without my traine:
But as I came alone, so wil I go,
And leave my son to solemnise his feast,
And ere't be long Ile come againe to you,
And do him honor as beseemes the son
Of mighty *Jerobel* the *Cestian* Duke,
Til when ile leave you, farewell *Aurelius*.

Aurelius.

Not yet my Lord, ile bring you to your ship.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Slie sleepes.

Lord.

Who's within there? come hither firs, my Lords
Asleepe againe, go take him easily up,
And put him in his own apparel againe,

And

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And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Just underneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy.

It shal be done my Lord, come help to beare him hence.

*Enter Ferando, Aurelius, and Polidor and his boy, and Valeria
and Sander.*

Ferando.

Come Gentlemen, nowe that supper's done,
How shall we spend the time til we go to bed?

Aurelius.

Faith if you wil, in trial of our wives
Who wil come soonest at their husbands cal.

Polidor.

Then then *Ferando* he must needes sit out,
For he may cal I thinke til he be weary,
Before his wife wil come before she list.

Ferando.

Tis wel for you that have such gentle wives,
Yet in this trial wil I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* wil come as soone as I do fend.

Aurelius.

My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Polidor.

I take it. Ile lay as much to yours,
That my wife comes as soone as I do fend.

Aurelius.

How now *Ferando*, you dare not lay belike.

Ferando.

Why true, I dare not lay indeede:
But how, so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound: why I have laid as much
Upon my Dog, in running at a Deere,
She shal not come so far for such a trifle,
But wil you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth cal,
And shewes herselfe most loving unto him,

THE TAMING OF A SHREW. 209

Let him enjoy the wager I have laid,
Now what say you? dare you adventure thus?

Polidor.

I, were it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wives love: and I wil lay with thee.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfonso.

How now sons, what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know where about?

Aurelius.

Faith father, a waughty cause about our wives,
Five hundred markes already we have laid,
And he whose wife doth shew most love to him,
He must enjoy the wager to himselfe.

Alfonso.

Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose it,
I promise thee son, thy wife wil hardly come,
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Ferando.

Tush father, were it ten times more
I durst adventure on my lovely *Kate*,
But if I lose ile pay, and so shal you.

Aurelius.

Upon mine honor, if I lose Ile pay.

Polidor.

And so wil I upon my faith I vow.

Ferando.

Then sit we downe and let us send for them.

Alfonso.

I promise thee *Ferando*, I am afraid thou wilt lose.

Aurelius.

Ile send for my wife first; *Valeria*,
Go bid your mistris come to me.

Valeria.

I will my lord.

[*Exit Valeria.*

Aurelius.

Now for my hundred pound,
Would any lay ten hundred more with me
I know I should obtaine it by her love.

O

Ferando.

Ferando.

I pray God you have not laid too much already.

Aurelius.

Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you have,
For you I dare presume have lost it all.

Enter Valeria againe.

Now sirha, what saies your mistress?

Valeria.

She is something busie but sheele come anone.

Ferando.

Why so, did I not tel you this before,
She was busie and cannot come.

Aurelius.

I pray God your wife send you so good an answere,
She may be busie, yet she saies sheele come.

Ferando.

Wel, wel; *Polidor*, send you for your wife.

Polidor.

Agreed. Boy desire your mistress to come hither.

Boy.

I wil sir.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Ferando.

I so, so, he desires her to come.

Alfonso.

Polidor, I dare presume for thee.

I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come,

And I do marvel much *Aurelius*,

That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the Boy againe.

Polidor.

Now, wher's your mistress?

Boy.

She bade me tell you, that shee will not come,
And you have any businesse, you must come to hir.

Ferando.

O monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse than a blasing star, or snow at Midsummer.

Earthquakes,

THE TAMING OF A SHREW. 212

Earthquakes, or any thing unseasonable,
She will not come, but he must come to hir.

Polidor.

Wel fir, I pray you lets heare what
Answere your wife will make.

Ferando.

Sirha command your mistris to come
To me presently.

[*Exit Sander.*

Aurelius.

I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Wil prove more kind, for now I have no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife, she will not come.

Ferando.

The more's the pittie, then I must lose.

Enter Kate and Sander.

But I have won, for see where *Kate* doth come.

Kate.

Sweete husband did you send for me.

Ferando.

I did my love, I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, what's that upon thy head?

Kate.

Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

Ferando.

Pul it off and tread it under thy feet,
Tis foolish, I wil not have thee weare it.

[*She takes off her cap and treads on it.*

Polidor.

Oh wonderful metamorphosis.

Aurelius.

This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Ferando.

This is a token of her true love to me,
And yet Ile try her further you shall see;
Come hither *Kate*, where are thy sisters?

Kate.

They be sitting in the bridal chamber.

Ferando.

Fetch them hither, and if they wil not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

Kate.

I will.

Alfonso.

I promise thee *Ferando*, I would have sworne,
Thy wife would ne'r have done so much for thee.

Ferando.

But you shal see she wil do more then this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

*Enter Kate thrusting Phylema and Emelia before her, and makes
them come unto their husbands cal.*

Kate.

See husband, I have brought them both.

Ferando.

Tis wel done *Kate*.

Emelia.

I sure, and like a loving peece, your worthy
To have great praise for this attempt.

Phylema.

I for making a foole of her selfe and us.

Aurelius.

Beshrew thee *Phylema* thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first have come.

Polidor.

But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

Emelia.

You might have kept it better then,
Who bade you lay?

Ferando.

Now lovely *Kate*, before their husbands here,
I prethee tel unto these head-strong women,
What dewty wives do owe unto their Husbands.

Kate.

Then you that live thus by your pampered wils,
Now list to me, and marke what I shal say,

Th'

Th' eternal power that with his only breath,
 Shall cause this end, and this beginning frame,
 Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd,
 For al the course of yeares, of ages, months,
 Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
 Are tun'd and stopt by measure of his hand,
 The first world was, a forme without a forme,
 A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,
 A gulf of gulfes, a body bodiless,
 Where all the elements were orderlesse,
 Before the great Commander of the world,
 The King of kings, the glorious God of heaven,
 Who in fix daies did frame his heavenly worke,
 And made al things to stand in perfect course,
 Then to his image he did make a man
 Olde *Adam*, and from his side asleepe
 A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make
 The woe of man so term'd by *Adam* then,
 Woman, for that by her came sinne to us,
 And for her sinne was *Adam* doomd to die.
 As *Sara* to her husband so should we,
 Obey them, love them, keepe and nourish them,
 If they by any meanes do want our helpes,
 Laying our hands under their feet to tread,
 If that by that we might procure their ease,
 And for a president Ile first begin,
 And lay my hand under my husband's feet.

[*She laies her hand under her husband's feet.*]

Ferando.

Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
 And they I am sure cannot deny the same.

Alfonso.

I *Ferando*, the wager thou hast won,
 And for to shew thee how I am pleas'd in this,
 A hundred pounds I freely give thee more.
 Another dowry for another daughter,
 For she is not the same she was before.

Ferando.

Thanks sweet father, gentlemen, good night,
 For *Kate* and I will leave you for to night,

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Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped:
And so farewell, for we will to our beds.

[*Exeunt Ferando, Kate, and Sander, Alfonso.*]

Now *Aurelius*, what say you to this?

Aurelius.

Beleeve me father, I rejoyce to see
Ferando and his wife so lovingly agree.

[*Exeunt Aurelius, and Philema, and Alfonso, and Valeria.*]

Emelia.

How now *Polidor*? in a dumpe? what saist thou man?

Polidor.

I say thou arte a shrew.

Emelia.

That's better than a sheepe.

Polidor.

Well, since tis done, come, lets goe.

[*Exeunt Polidor and Emelia.*]

[*Then enter two bearing of Slie in his owne apparrell againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the Tapster.*]

Tapster.

Now that the darkefome night is overpast,
And dawning day appeares in cristall skie,
Now must I haste abroad: but soft, who's this?
What *Slie*, o wondrous! hath he laine heere all night?
He wake him, I thinke hee's starved by this,
But that his belly was so stufte with ale:
What now *Slie*, awake for shame.

Slie.

Sim, gives some more wine, what all the Players gone? am
not I a Lord?

Tapster.

A Lord with a murrin: come art thou drunken still?

Slie.

Who's this? *Tapster*, O Lord firha, I have had the bravest
dreame to night, that ever thou heardst in all thy life.

Tapster.

Yea mary, but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming heere to night.

Slie.

Wil she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt upon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That ever I had in my life: but Ile to my wife presently,
And tame her too if she anger me.

Tapster.

Nay tarry *Slie*, for Ile goe home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

John King of England.

WITH THE

Discoverie of King RICHARD

F I N I S.

Cardinal's last scene.

(Vulgarly called, the Cardinal's last scene.)

AND

The Death of King John at Beaulieu Abbey.

As they were (quoddy scene) lately acted by one Quoddy

Maister of the

Whitby of W. St.

Printed at London by Andrew Bynne, for John Hall,

and are to be sold at the shop in St. Dunstons

Church-yard in the year 1616.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW

Will she? I know how to tame a shrew.
I thought upon it all this night.
And now half waken me out of the bottom
That ever I had in my life: but he to my wife's
And none but too is the night too.

My lady, for I have heard with thee
And thou the night and day to night
[Exeunt]

THE END OF THE FIRST ACT

THE SECOND ACT

THE THIRD ACT

THE FOURTH ACT

THE FIFTH ACT

THE SIXTH ACT

THE SEVENTH ACT

THE EIGHTH ACT

THE NINTH ACT

THE TENTH ACT

THE ELEVENTH ACT

THE TWELFTH ACT

The First and Second P A R T
O F T H E
Troublesome R A I G N E of
John King of England.

W I T H T H E
Discoverie of King *RICHARD*

Cordelions base Sonne

(Vulgarly named, the Bastard *Fawconbridge* :)

A L S O

The Death of King JOHN at *Swinstead Abbey*.

As they were (fundry times) lately acted by the Queenes
MAJESTIES Players.

Written by *W. Sh.*

Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes*, for *John Helme*,
and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint *Dunstons*
Church-yard in *Fleetestreet*. 1611.

Printed by J. G. & Co. at the University Press, Cambridge.

The First and Second PART
OF THE
Troublesome RAIGNE of
John King of England.

WITH THE
Discoverie of King RICHARD

Corbett's late Sonne
(Vulgarly named, the Bastard Paraclype:)
ALSO
The Death of King John at Westminster Abbey.
As they were (many times) lately acted by the Queenes
Majesties Playes.

Written by W. S.

Printed at London by Iohn Iohnson, for John Iohnson,
and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstons
Church-yard in Fleetstreet 1611.

Printed by J. G. & Co. at the University Press, Cambridge.



THE
Troublesome R A I G N E of
K I N G J O H N.

*Enter K. John, Queene Elinor his Mother, William Marshall,
Earle of Pembroke, the Earles of Essex and of Salisbury.*

Queen Elianor.

B. ARONS of *England*, and my noble lords;
Though God and fortune have bereft from us
Victorious *Richard* scourge of infidells,
And clad this land in stole of dismall hew:
Yet give me leave to joy, and joy you all,
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,
A king that may in rule and vertue both
Succede his brother in his emperie.

K. John.

My gracious mother queene, and barons all;
Though farre unworthy of so high a place,
As is the throne of mighty *Englands* king:
Yet *John* your lord, contented discontent,
Will (as he may) sustaine the heavy yoke
Of pressing cares, that hang upon a crowne.
My lord of *Pembroke* and lord *Salisbury*,
Admit the lord *Chattilion* to our presence;
That we may know what *Philip* king of *Fraunce*
(By his ambassadors) requires of us.

Q. Elinor.

2. *Elinor.*

Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can gesse
Whereto this weighty embassage doth tend:
If of my nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then say, my sonne, I have not misse my aime.

Enter Chattilion and the two Earles.

2. *John.*

My lord *Chattilion*, welcome into *England*:
How fares our brother *Philip* king of *Fraunce*?

Chattilion.

His highnesse at my comming was in health,
And will'd me to salute your majestie,
And say the message he hath given in charge.

John.

And spare not man, wee are preparte to heare,

Chattilion.

Philip, by the grace of God most christian king of *France*,
having taken into his gardain and protection *Arthur* D. of
Brittaine sonne and heire to *Jeffrey* thine elder brother, re-
quireth in the behalfe of the saide *Arthur*, the kingdome of
England, with the lordship of *Ireland*, *Poitiers*, *Anjou*, *Toraine*,
Maine: and I attend thine answer.

John.

A small request: belike hee makes account,
That *England*, *Ireland*, *Poitiers*, *Anjou*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Are nothing for a king to give at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leave for me.
Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his lords at home,
With greater honour than to send them thus
On embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

Chattilion.

Is this thine answer?

John.

It is, and too good an answer for so proud a message.

Chattilion.

Then king of *England*, in my masters name,
And in prince *Arthur* duke of *Brittaines* name,

I doe

I doe defie thee as an enemye,
And wish thee to prepare for bloody warres.

2. Elinor.

My lord (that stands upon defiance thus)
Commend me to my nephew, tell the boy,
That I queene *Elienor* (his grandmother)
Upon my blessing charge him leave his armes
Whereto his head-strong mother prickes him so:
Her pride we know, and know her for a dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his end,
So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme.
Next, wish him to forsake the king of *Fraunce*,
And come to me and to his uncle here,
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

Chattilion.

This shall I do, and thus I take my leave.

John.

Pembroke, convey him safely to the sea,
But not in haste: for as we are advise,
We meane to be in *France* as soone as he,
To fortifie such townes as we possesse
In *Anjou*, *Toraine*, and in *Normandie*.

[*Exit Chatt.*

Enter the Shrive and whispers the Earle of Salisbury in the eare.

Salisbury.

Please it your majesty, here is the shrive of *Northamptonshire*, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and have appeald to your majestie, beseeching your highnesse for speciall cause to heare them.

John.

Will them come neere, and while wee heare the cause,
Goe *Salisbury* and make provision,
We meane with speed to passe the sea to *France*. [*Exit Salf.*
Say shrive, what are these men, what have they done?
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

Shrive.

Please it your majesty, these two brethren unnaturally falling
at odds about their fathers living, have broken your highnesse
peace,

peace, in seeking to right their owne wrongs without course of lawe, or order of justice, and unlawfully assembled themselves in mutinous maner, having committed a riot, appealing from triall in their country to your highness: and here I *Thomas Nidigate* shrieve of *Northamptonshire* do deliver them over to their triall.

John.

My lord of *Essex*, wil thoffenders to stand forth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.

Essex.

Gentlemen, it is the kings pleasure that you discover your griefs, and doubt not but you shal have justice.

Philip.

Please it your M. the wrong is mine: yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth t'unrip the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonor of my self, and the bad dealing of my brother in this princely assemblie.

Robert.

Then, by my prince his leave, shall *Robert* speake,
And tell your majestie what right I have
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.
My father (not unknowne unto your grace)
Receiv'd his spurres of knighthood in the field,
At kingly *Richards* hands in *Palestine*,
When as the walls of *Acon* gave him way:
His name sir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Mountbery*.
What by succession from his ancestors,
And warlike service uuder *Englands* armes,
His living did amount to at his death
Two thousand markes renew every yeare:
And this (my lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Philip,

If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auntient lawe,
How should my selfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.

John.

Fond youth, to trouble these our princely cares,
Or make a question in so plaine a case:
Speake, is this man thine elder brother borne?

Robert.

Robert.

Please it your grace with patience for to heare,
I not deny but he mine elder is,
Mine elder brother too: yet in such sort,
As he can make no title to the land.

John.

A doubtfull tale as ever I did heare,
Thy brother, and thine elder, and no heire;
Explaine this darke *Ænigma*.

Robert.

I grant (my lord) he is my mothers sonne,
Base borne, and base begot, no *Fauconbridge*.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My father in his life did count him so,
And here my mother stands to proove him so:
But I (my lord) can proove, and doe averre
Both to my mothers shame, and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gracious lord) let *Fauconbridge* enjoy
The living that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.
And let not him possesse anothers right.

John.

Proove this, the land is thine by *Englands* lawe.

Q. Elinor.

Ungracious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,
All honest eares abhorre thy wickednesse,
But gold I see doth beate downe natures law.

Mother.

My gracious lord, and you thrice reverend dame,
That see the teares distilling from mine eies,
And scalding fighes blowne from a rented heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me intreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not these eares heere receive the hissing sound
Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
Doth masserate the bowells of my soule.

John.

Lady, stand up, be patient for a while:
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother?

Philip.

Philip.

Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now ;
 But for the honour of so brave a man,
 Whom hee accuseth with adulterie :
 Heere I beseech your grace upon my knees,
 To count him mad, and so dismisse us hence.

Robert.

Nor mad, nor mazde, but well advised, I
 Charge thee before this royall presence here
 To be a bastard to king *Richards* selfe,
 Sonne to your grace, and brother to your majestie.
 Thus bluntly, and

Elianor.

Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed of thy kin,
 Nor of thy fire. But forward with thy prooffe.

Robert.

The prooffe so plaine, the argument so strong,
 As that your highnesse and these noble lords,
 And all (save those that have no eyes to see)
 Shall sweare him to be bastard to the king.
 First, when my father was embassadour
 In *Germanie* unto the Emperour,
 The king lay often at my fathers house ;
 And all the realme suspected what befell :
 And at my fathers backe returne agen
 My mother was delivered, as tis sed,
 Sixe weeks before the account my father made.
 But more than this : looke but on *Philips* face,
 His features, actions, and his lineaments,
 And all this princely presence shall confesse,
 He is no other but king *Richards* sonne.
 Then gracious lord, rest he king *Richards* sonne,
 And let me rest safe in my fathers right,
 That am his rightfull sonne and only heire.

John.

Is this thy prooffe, and all thou hast to say ?

Robert.

I have no more, nor neede I greater prooffe.

John.

First, where thou saidst in absence of thy fire
 My brother often lodged in his house :

And what of that? base groome to flaunder him,
That honoured his embassador so much,
In absence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceed unto the next.

2. *Elinor.*

Thou saist she teemde fixe weekes before her time,
Why good fir squire, are you so cunning growen,
To make account of womens reckonings?
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes:
Many mischances happen in such affaires,
To make a woman come before her time.

John.

And where thou saist, he looketh like the king,
In action, feature and proportion:
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life
I never saw so lively counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.

Robert.

Then good my lord, be you indifferent judge,
And let me have my living and my right.

2. *Elinor.*

Nay, heare you fir, you runne away too fast:
Know you not, *omne simile non est idem*?
Or have read in. Harke yee good fir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise.
Shee lay with fir *Robert* your father, and thought upon king
Richard my sonne, and so your brother was formed in this
fashion.

Robert.

Madame, you wrong me thus to jest it out,
I crave my right: king *John*, as thou art king,
So be thou just, and let me have my right.

John.

Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are frivolous,
Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime:
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
Irrevocable, as I am king of *England*.
For thou know'st not, weele aske of them that know,

His mother and himselfe shall end this strife :
And as they say, so shall thy living passe.

Robert.

My lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,
To give away my right, and put the doome
Unto themselves. Can there be likelihood
That shee will loose ?
Or he will give the living from himselfe ?
It may not be my lord. Why should it be ?

John.

Lords, keep him back, and let him heare the doom.
Essex, first aske the mother thrice who was his fire ?

Essex.

Lady *Margaret*, widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was father to thy sonne *Philip* ?

Mother.

Please it your majesty, sir *Rob. Fauconbridge*.

Robert.

This is right, aske my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

John.

Aske *Philip* whose sonne he is.

Essex.

Philip, who was thy father ?

Philip.

Mas my lord, and that's a question : and you had not taken
some paines with her before, I should have desired you to aske
my mother.

John.

Say, who was thy father ?

Philip.

Faith (my lord) to answere you, sure hee is my father that
was neereſt my mother when I was begotten, and him I thinke
to be fir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

John.

Essex, for fashions fake demand agen,
And so an end to this contention.

Robert.

Was ever man thus wrongd as *Robert* is ?

Essex.

Philip speake I say, who was thy father ?

John.

John.

Young man how now, what art thou in a trance?

Eliano.

Philip awake, the man is in a dreame.

Philip.

Philippus atavis ædite Regibus.

What faist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient kings?

Quo me rapit tempestas?

What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?

Or whence proceede these fumes of majestie?

Me thinkes I heare a hollow eccho found,

That *Philip* is the sonne unto a king:

The whistling leaves upon the trembling trees,

Whistle in consort I am *Richards* sonne:

The bubling murmur of the waters fall,

Records *Philippus Regius filius*:

Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,

Filling the aire with glorie of my birth:

Birds, bubbles, leaves, and mountaines, eccho, all

Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* sonne.

Fond man! ah whither art thou carried?

How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honors heaven?

Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.

Thy fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,

These thoughts are farre unfitting *Fauconbridge*:

And well they may; for why this mounting minde

Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge*.

Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?

And knowest thou who expects thine answer here?

Wilt thou upon a franticke madding vaine

Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?

No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy fire,

What ere thou thinkst, say thou art *Fauconbridge*.

John.

Speake man, be sodaine, who thy father was.

Philip.

Please it your majestie, fir *Robert*,

Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaves to thy jawes:

It will not out, I cannot for my life

Say I am sonne unto a *Fauconbridge*.

Let land and living goe, tis honors fire
 That makes me sweare king *Richard* was my fire.
 Base to a king addes title of more state,
 Than knights begotten, though legitimate.
 Please it your grace, I am king *Richards* sonne.

Robert.

Robert revive thy heart, let sorrow die,
 His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

Mother.

What head-strong furie doth enchant my sonne?

Philip.

Philip cannot repent, for he hath done.

John.

Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
 By wilfulnesse, thy living and thy land.

Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
 God give thee joy, greater than thy desert.

Q. Elinor.

Why how now *Philip*, give away thine owne?

Philip.

Madame, I am bold to make my self your nephew,
 The poorest kinsman that your highnesse hath:
 And with this proverb gin the world anew,
 Help hands, I have no lands, honor is my desire;
 Let *Philip* live to shew himselfe worthy so great a fire.

Elinor.

Philip, I think thou knewst thy grandams minde:
 But cheere thee boy, I will not see thee want
 As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land;
 Hencforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
 And waite on me and on thine uncle heere,
 Who shall give honour to thy noble mind.

John.

Philip kneele downe, that thou maist throughly know
 How much thy resolution pleaseth us,
 Rite up fir *Richard Plantaginet* king *Richards* sonne.

Philip.

Grant heavens that *Philip* once may shew himselfe
 Worthy the honour of *Plantaginet*,
 Or basest glorie of a bastards name.

John

John.

Now gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:
Essex, thou shalt be ruler of my realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,
Ile ceaze the lasie abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The pope and popelings shall not grease themselves
With gold and groates, that are the souldiers due.
Thus forward lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forward mightily to *France*. [Exeunt.

[Manet Philip and his Mother.

Philip.

Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much leasure as the
hearing of a matter I long to impart to you.

Mother.

What's the matter *Philip*? I thinke your suit in secret, tends
to some money matter, which you suppose burnes in the bot-
tome of my chest.

Philip.

No madam, it is no such suit as to beg or borrow,
But such a suit, as might some other grant,
I would not now have troubled you withall.

Mother.

A gods name let us heare it.

Philip.

Then madam thus, your ladiship fees well,
How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord up and downe,
I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge*.
This grosse attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge mine eate,
That field and towne, and company alone,
What so I doe, or wherefoere I am,
I cannot chafe the flaunder from my thoughts.
If it be true, resolve me of my fire,
For pardon madam, if I thinke amisse.
Be *Philip Philip*, and no *Fauconbridge*,
His father doubtlesse was as brave a man.
To you on knees, as sometime *Phaeton*,

P 3

Mistrusting

230 THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

Mistrusting fielly *Merop* for his fire,
Straining a little bashfull modestie,
I beg some instance whence I am extraught,

Mother.

Yet more adoe to haste me to my grave,
And wilt thou too become a mothers crosse?
Must I accuse my selfe to close with you?
Slaunder my selfe, to quiet your affects?
Thou moov'st me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

Philip.

Nay lady mother, heare me further yet,
For strong conceit drives dutie hence awhile:
Your husband *Fauconbridge* was father to that sonne,
That carries markes of nature like the fire,
The sonne that blotteth you with wedlockes breach,
And holds my right, as lineall in descent
From him whose forme was figured in his face.
Can nature so dissemble in her frame,
To make the one so like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To challenge any marke of true descent?
My brothers mind is base, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you viewe,
(Though I report it) counterpoise not mine:
His constitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chaire, and mine the seat of Steele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will scarcely judge us both one countrey borne.
This madam, this, hath drove me from my selfe:
And here by heavens eternall lampes I sweare,
As cursed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you resolve me not.

Mother.

Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And urge no further what thou doest require.

Philip.

Let sonnes intreatie sway the mother now,
Or else shee dies: Ile not infringe my vow.

Mother.

Mother.

Unhappy taske: must I recount my shame,
 Blab my misdeeds, or by concealing die?
 Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,
 Or take from him a while his hearings use.
 Why wish I so, unhappy as I am?
 The fault is mine, and he the faultie fruit,
 I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

Philip.

Mother be briefe, I long to know my name.

Mother.

And longing die, to shroud thy mothers shame.

Philip.

Come madame come, you need not be so loath,
 The shame is shared equall twixt us both.
 Ist not a slackenesse in me, worthy blame,
 To be so old, and cannot write my name.
 Good mother resolve me.

Mother.

Then *Philip* heare thy fortune, and my grieve,
 My honours losse by purchasse of thy selfe,
 My shame, thy name, and husbands secreet wrong,
 All maimed and staine'd by youths unruly sway.
 And when thou know'st from whence thou art extraught,
 Or if thou knew'st what suites, what threats, what feares,
 To moove by love, or massacre by death,
 To yeeld with love, or end by loves contempt.
 The mightinesse of him that courted me,
 Who tempered terror with his wanton talke,
 That something may extenuate the guilt.
 But let it not advantage me so much:
 Upbraid me rather with the *Romane* dame,
 That shed her blood to wash away her shame.
 Why stand I to expostulate the crime
 With *pro & contra*, now the deed is done?
 When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
 That *Philips* father was a princes sonne,
 Rich *Englands* rule, worlds onely terror he,
 For honours losse left me with child of thee:

Whose sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For faire king *Richard* was thy noble father.

Philip.

Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wish thee joy,
My sire a king, and I a landlesse boy.
Gods lady mother, the world is in my debt,
There's something owing to *Plantaginet*.
I marry sir, let me alone for game,
Ile act some wonders now I know my name.
By blessed *Mary* Ile not sell that pride
For *Englands* wealth, and all the world beside.
Sit fast the proudest of my fathers foes,
Away good mother, there the comfort goes.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Philip the French king, and Lewis, Limoges, Constance
and her sonne Arthur.*

King.

Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,
Young *Arthur* in the *Albion* territories,
Skaring proud *Angiers* with a puissant siege:
Brave *Austria*, cause of *Cordelions* death,
Is also come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our forces joyne for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for causes of great consequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice should not *Titan* hide him in the west;
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an unresisted shocke
Controld the mannage of prowde *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forfet of my fame to chaunce.

Constance.

May be that *John* in conscience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will send such calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If so, forbearance is a deed well done.

Arthur.

Ah mother, possession of a crowne is much,
And *John* as I have heard reported of,

For

For present vantage would adventure farre.
The world can witnesse, in his brothers time,
He tooke upon him rule, and almost raigne:
Then must it follow as a doubtfull point,
That hee'l resigne the rule unto his nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares, as threats of no esteeme,
And sooner would he scorne *Europa's* power,
Than loose the smallest title he enjoyes;
For questionlesse he is an *Englishman*.

Lewis.

Why are the *English* peerelesse in compare?
Brave cavaliers as ere that island bred,
Have liv'd and di'd, and dar'd, and done enough,
Yet never grac'd their countrey for the cause:
England is *England*, yeelding good and bad,
And *John* of *England* is as other *Johns*.
Trust me yong *Arthur*, if thou like my reed,
Praise thou the *French* that helpe thee in this need.

Lymoges.

The *Englishman* hath little cause I trowe,
To spend good speeches on so proud a foe.
Why *Arthur* here's his spoyle that now is gone,
Who when he liv'd outrov'd his brother *John*:
But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their over-match.
But newes come now, here's the embassadour.

Enter Chattilion.

K. Philip.

And in good time, welcome my lord *Chattilion*:
What newes? will *John* accord to our command?

Chattilion.

Be I not brieft to tell your highnesse all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale:
For one selfe bottome brought us both to *France*.
He on his part will trie the chance of warre,
And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,

Ere

Ere yeeld unto the least of your demands.
 The mother queene shee taketh on amaine
 Gainst lady *Constance*, counting her the cause
 That doth effect this claime to *Albion*,
 Conjuring *Arthur* with a grandames care,
 To leave his mother; willing him submit
 His state to *John*, and her protection,
 Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good.
 More circumstance the season intercepts:
 This is the summe, which briefly I have showne.

K. Philip.

This bitter winde must nip some-bodies spring:
 Sodaine and briefe, who so, 'tis harvest whether.
 But say *Chattilion*, what persons of account are with him?

Chattilion.

Of *England*, Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salisburie*,
 The onely noted men of any name.
 Next them, a bastard of the kings deceast,
 A hardie wild-head, tough and venturous,
 With many other men of high resolve.
 Then is there with them *Elinor* mother queene,
 And *Blanch* her neece, daughter to the king of *Spaine*:
 These are the prime birds of this hot adventure.

Enter John and his followers, Queene, Bastard, Earles, &c.

K. Philip.

Me seemeth *John*, an over-daring spirit
 Effects some frensie in thy rash approach,
 Treading my confines with thy armed troupes.
 I rather lookt for some submisse reply
 Touching the claime thy nephew *Arthur* makes
 To that which thou unjustly dost usurpe.

K. John.

For that *Chattilion* can discharge you all,
 I list not pleade my title with my tongue.
 Nor came I hither with intent of wrong
 To *France* or thee, or any right of thine;
 But in defence and purchase of my right,
 The towne of *Angiers*: which thou dost begirt

In

In the behalfe of lady *Constance* sonne,
Whereto nor he nor she can lay just claime.

Constance.

Yes (false intruder) if that just be just,
And head-strong usurpation put apart,
Arthur my sonne, heire to thy elder brother,
Without ambiguous shadow of discent,
Is soveraigne to the substance thou withholdst.

2. *Elinor.*

Misgoverned gossip, staine to this resort,
Occasion of these undecided jarres,
I say (that know) to checke thy vaine suppose,
Thy sonne hath naught to do with that he claimes.
For prooffe whereof, I can inferre a will,
That barres the way he urgeth by discent,

Constance.

A will indeed, a crabbed womans will,
Wherein the divell is an overseer,
And proud dame *Elinor* sole executresse;
More wills than so, on perill of my soule,
Were never made to hinder *Arthurs* right.

Arthur.

But say there was, as sure there can be none,
The law intends such testaments as void,
Where right discent can no way be impeacht.

2. *Elinor.*

Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee wings
To soare with perill after *Icarus*,
And trust me yongling for the fathers sake,
I pity much the hazard of thy youth.

Constance.

Beshrew you else how pitifull you are,
Ready to weepe to heare him aske his owne;
Sorrow betide such grandames and such grieve,
That minister a poyson for pure love.
But who so blind, as cannot see this beame,
That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,
For feare his mother should be us'd too well?
I there's the grieve, confusion catch the braine,
That hammers shiftes to stop a princes raigne.

2. *Elinor.*

Q. Elianor.

Impatient, franticke, common flaunderer,
Immodest dame, unnurtur'd quarreller,
I tell thee I, not envie to thy sonne,
But justice makes me speake as I have done.

K. Philip.

But here's no prooffe that shews your sonne a king.

K. John.

What wants, my sword shal more at large set down.

Lewis.

But that may breake before the truth be known.

Bastard.

Then this may hold till all his right be showne.

Lymoges.

Good words for sauce, your betters are in place.

Bastard.

Not you for doughtie, with your lyons case,

Blanch.

Ah joy betide his soule, to whom that spoyle belong'd :
Ah *Richard*, how thy glory here is wrong'd.

Lymoges.

Me thinks that *Richards* pride and *Richards* fall,
Should be a president t'affright you all.

Bastard.

What words are these? how do my sinews shake?
My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,
A thousand furies kindle with revenge,
This heart that choller keepes a consistorie,
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate :
How doth *Alecto* whisper in mine eares?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,
Disrobe him of the matchlesse monument
Thy fathers triumph ore the savages,
Base heardgroom, coward, peasant, worse than a threshing slave,
What mak'st thou with the trophie of a king?
Sham'lt thou not coyftrell, loathsome dunghill swad,
To grace thy carkasse with an ornament
Too pretious for a monarkes coverture?
Scarce can I temper due obedience
Unto the presence of my soveraigne,

From

From acting outrage on this trunke of hate :
 But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,
 For by his soule I sweare, my fathers soule,
 Twise will I not review the mornings rise,
 Till I have torne that trophie from thy backe,
 And split thy heart for wearing it so long.
Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,
 Let not the world repute me *Richards* sonne.

Lymoges.

Nay soft fir bastard, hearts are not split so soone,
 Let them rejoyce that at the end doe win :
 And take this lesson at thy foe-mans hand,
 Pawne not thy life to get thy fathers skin.

Blanch.

Wel may the world speake of his knightly valor,
 That wins this hide to weare a ladies favour.

Bastard.

Ill may I thrive, and nothing brooke with me,
 If shortly I present it not to thee.

K. Philip.

Lordings forbear, for time is comming fast,
 That deeds may trie what words can not determine,
 And to the purpose for the cause you come.
 Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,
 Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,
 But so and so, because it shall be so.
 So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength :
 A tyrants practise to invest himselfe,
 Where weake resistance giveth wrong the way.
 To checke the which, in holy lawfull armes,
 I, in the right of *Arthur*, *Geffreys* sonne,
 Am come before this city of *Angiers*,
 To barre all other false supposed claime,
 From whence, or howsoere the error springs.
 And in his quarrell on my princely word,
 Ile fight it out unto the latelt man.

John.

Know king of *France*, I will not be commanded
 By any power or prince in *Christendome*,
 To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,

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More than to answere, that mine owne is mine,
But wilt thou see me parley with the towne,
And heare them offer me allegiance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

K. Philip.

Summon them, I will not beleeeve it till I see it,
And when I see it, Ile soone change it.

[They summon the towne, the citizens appeare upon the walls.]

K. John.

You men of *Angiors*, and as I take it my loiall subjects, I have summoned you to the walls: to dispute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perswaded you are not. In few words, our brothers sonne, backt with the king of *France*, have beleagred your towne upon a false pretended title to the same: in defence wherof I your liege lord have brought our power to fence you from the usurper, to free your intended servitude, and utterly to supplant the foemen, to my right and your rest. Say then, who keepe you the towne for?

Citizen.

For our lawfull king.

John.

I was no lesse perswaded: then in gods name open your gates, and let me enter.

Citizen.

And it please your highnes we comptroll not your title, neither will wee rashly admit your entrance: if you be lawfull king, with all obedience we keep it to your use, if not king, our rashnes to be impeached for yeelding, without more considerate triall: wee answere not as men lawlesse, but to the behoofe of him that prooves lawfull.

John.

I shall not come in then?

Citizen.

No my lord, till we know more.

K. Philip.

Then heare me speak in the behalfe of *Arthur* son of *Geffrey*, elder brother to *John*, his title manifest, with out contradiction, to the crowne and kingdom of *England*, with *Angiers*, and divers townes on this side the sea: wil you acknowledge

knowledge him your liege lord, who speaketh in my word, to entertaine you with all favors, as beseemeth a king to his subjects, or a friend to his welwillers: or stand to the peril of your contempt, when his title is proved by the sword.

Citizen.

We answer as before, til you have proved one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our soveraigne, to him wil we remaine firme subjects, and for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loth to subscribe before we know: more than this we cannot say, and more than this we dare not do.

K. Philip.

Then *John* I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet*, thy king and coufin, whose right and patrimony thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day end, in a set battel make thee confesse; whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee.

K. John.

I accept thy challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throat.

Excursions. *The bastard chaseth Lymoges the Austrich duke, and maketh him leave the Lyons skin.*

Bastard.

And art thou gone! misfortune haunt thy steps,
And chill cold feare assaile thy times of rest.
Morpheus leave here thy silent eban cave,
Besiege his thoughts with dismall fantasies,
And ghastly objects of pale threatening mors.
Affright him every minute with stearne looks,
Let shadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madnesse let him feare pursuit,
And so in frensie let the peasant die.
Here is the ransome that allaies his rage,
The first freehold that *Richard* left his sonne:
With which I shall surprize his living foes,
As *Hectors* statue did the fainting *Greekes*.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Kings Heraulds with trumpets to the wals of Angiers:
they summon the towne.

Eng. Heraulds.

John by the grace of God king of *England*, lord of *Ireland*, *Anjou*, *Toraine*, &c. demandeth once again of you his subjects of *Angiers*, if you wil quietly furrender up the towne into his hands?

Fr. Herold.

Philip by the grace of God king of *France*, demaundeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* duke of *Brittaine*, if you will furrender up the towne into his hands, to the use of the said *Arthur*.

Citizens.

Herrolds go tell the two victorious princes, that we the poore inhabitants of *Angiers*, require a parley of their majesties.

Herolds.

We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene Elianor, Blanch, Bastard, Lymoges, Lewis, Castilean, Pembroke, Salisbury, Constance, and Arthur Duke of Brittaine.

John.

Herold, what answer doe the townsmen send?

Philip.

Will *Angiers* yeeld to *Philip* king of *France*?

Eng. Heraulds.

The townsmen on the wals accept your grace.

Fr. Herolds.

And crave a parley of your majesty.

John.

You cittizens of *Angiers*, have your eyes
 Beheld the slaughter that our *English* bowes
 Have made upon the coward fraudfull *French*?
 And have you wisely pondred therewithall
 Your gaine in yeelding to the *English* king?

Philip.

Their losse in yeelding to the *English* king.
 But *John*, they saw from out their highest towers

The

The chevaliers of *France* and crosse-bow-shot
Make lanes of slaughterd bodies through thine hoast,
And are resolv'd to yeeld to *Arthurs* right.

John.

Why *Philip*, though thou bravst it fore the wals,
Thy conscience knowes that *John* hath wonne the field.

Philip.

What ere my conscience knowes, thy army feeles
That *Philip* had the better of the day.

Bastard.

Philip indeed hath got the lions case,
Which here he holds to *Lymoges* disgrace.
Base duke to flie and leave such spoiles behind :
But this thou knewst of force to make me stay.
It farde with thee as with the mariner,
Spying the hugie whale, whose monstrous bulke
Doth beare the waves like mountaines fore the wind,
That throwes out emptie vessels, so to stay
His fury, while the ship doth sayle away.

Philip 'tis thine : and fore this princely presence,
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the first adventure I atchiev'd,
And first exploite your grace did me enjoyne :
Yet many more I long to be enjoyn'd.

Blanch.

Philip I take it, and I thee command
To weare the same as earst thy father did :
Therewith receive this favour at my hands,
T'incourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.

Arthur.

Ye cittizens of *Angiers* are ye mute ?
Arthur or *John*, say which shall be your king ?

Cittizen.

We care not which, if once we knew the right ;
But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.

Bastard.

Might *Philip* counsell two so mightie kings,
As are the kings of *England* and of *France*,
He would advise your graces to unite
And knit your forces gainst these cittizens,

Q

Pulling

Pulling their battred wals about their eares.
The towne once wonne, then strive about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.

Cittizen.

Kings, princes, lords, and knights assembled here,
The cittizens of *Angiers* all by me
Entreate your majestie to heare them speake:
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their advice.

John. Phil.

Speake on, we give thee leave.

Cittizen.

Then thus: whereas the young and lusty knight
Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths:
The motion cannot chuse but please the good,
And such as love the quiet of the state.
But how my lords, how shold your strengths be knit?
Not to oppresse your subjects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
But unto peace your forces should be knit
To live in princely league and amitie:
Doe this, the gates of *Angiers* shall give way,
And stand wide open to your hearts content.
To make this peace a lasting bond of love,
Remaines one onely honourable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display.
Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of *France*,
A man of noted valour through the world,
Is yet unmarried: let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the king of *Spaine*,
Neece to K. *John*, the lovely lady *Blanch*,
Begotten on his sister *Eliaenor*.
With her in marriage will her unkle give
Castles and towers, as fitteth such a match.
The kings thus joynd in league of perfect love,
They may so deale with *Arthur* duke of *Britaine*,
Who is but young, and yet unmeet to raigne,
As he shall stand contented every way.
Thus have I boldly (for the common good)
Delivered what the citie gave in charge.

And as upon conditions you agree,
So shall we stand content to yeeld the towne.

Arthur.

A proper peace, if such a motion hold ;
These kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

Q. Elianor.

Sonne *John*, follow this motion, as thou lovest thy mother.
Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing :
Lewis shall have my neece, and then be sure
Arthur shall have small succour out of *France*.

John.

Brother of *France*, you heare the citizens :
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.

Constance.

Why *John*, what canst thou give unto thy neece,
Thou hast no foote of land but *Arthurs* right ?

Lewis.

Bir lady citizens, I like your choyce,
A lovely damsel is the lady *Blanch*,
Worthy the heire of *Europe* for her pheere.

Constance.

What kings, why stand you gazing in a trance ?
Why how now lords ? accursed citizens
To fill and tickle their ambitious eares,
With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
Some dismall planet at thy birth-day raign'd,
For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

K. Philip.

Ladie, and duke of *Brittaine*, know you both,
The king of *France* respects his honor more,
Than to betray his friends and favourers.
Princesse of *Spaine*, could you affect my sonne,
If we upon conditions could agree ?

Bastard.

Swounds madam, take an *English* gentleman ;
Slave as I was, I thought to have moov'd the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That lady *Blanch* should bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of store of *English* land.

Q. 2

Q. Elianor.

Q. Elianor.

Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with policie compound this strife.

Bastard.

If *Lewis* get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolicke *Frenchman* take no scorne,
If *Philip* front him with an *English* horne.

John.

Ladie, what answer make you to the K. of *France*?
Can you affect the *Dolphin* for your lord?

Blanch.

I thanke the king that likes of me so well,
To make me bride unto so great a prince:
But give me leave my lord to pause on this,
Least beeing too too forward in the cause,
It may be blemish to my modestie.

Q. Elinor.

Sonne *John*, and worthy *Philip* K. of *France*,
Do you confer a while about the dower,
And I will schoole my modest neece so well,
That she shall yeeld as soone as you have done.

Constance.

I, theres the wretch that brocheth all this il,
Why flie I not upon the bedlams face,
And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes.

Arthur.

Sweet mother cease these hastie madding fits:
For my sake, let my grandam have her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could affoord it to appease these broyles.
But (mother) let us wisely winke at all,
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech.

Philip.

Brother of *England*, what dowrie wilt thou give
Unto my sonne in marriage with thy neece?

John.

First *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of *Spaine*,
To be so great as may content a king:
But more to mend and amplifie the same,
I give in money thirtie thousand markes.
For land I leave it to thine owne demand.

Philip.

Philip.

Then I demand *Volquesson, Torain, Main,*
Poitiers and *Anjou*, these five provinces,
Which thou as king of *England* holdst in *France*:
Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.

Bastard.

No lesse then five such provinces at once?

John.

Mother what shal I do? my brother got these lands
With much effusion of our *English* blood:
And shall I give it all away at once?

Q. Elinor.

John give it him, so shalt thou live in peace,
And keepe the residue sans jeopardie.

John.

Philip, bring foorth thy sonne, here is my neece,
And here in marriage I do give with her
From me and my successors *English* kings,
Volquesson, Poitiers, Anjou, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.
Now cittizens, how like you of this match?

Citizens.

We joy to see so sweete a peace begun.

Lewis.

Lewis with *Blanch* shall ever live content.
But now king *John*, what say you to the duke?
Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.

Philip.

K. *John*, be good unto thy nephew here,
And give him somewhat that shall please you best.

John.

Arthur, although thou troublest *Englands* peace
Yet here I give thee *Brittaine* for thine owne,
Together with the earledome of *Richmont*,
And this rich citie of *Angiers* withall.

Q. Elinor.

And if thou seeke to please thine uncle *John*,
Shalt see my sonne how I will make of thee.

John.

Now every thing is sorted to this end,
Lets in, and there prepare the marriage rites,

Q 3

Which

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Which in *S. Maries* chappell presently
Shall be performed ere this presence part.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Manent* Constance and Arthur.

Arthur.

Madam good cheere, these drouping languishments
Adde no redresse to salve our awkward haps,
If heavens have concluded these events,
To small availe is bitter pensivenesse:
Seasons will change, and so our present greefe
May change with them, and all to our releefe.

Constance.

Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of these cares.
But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe
3 Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
2 Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount.
3 What joy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
2 With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?

Arthur.

Yet ladies teares, and cares, and solemn shewes,
Rather then helpes, heape up more worke for woes.

Constance.

If any power will heare a widowes plaint,
That from a wounded soule implores revenge:
Send fell contagion to infect this clime,
This cursed countrey, where the traitors breath,
Whose perjurie (as proud *Briareus*,)
Beleaguers all the skie with mis-beleefe.
He promist *Arthur*, and he sware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy fo-mans pride:
But now black-spotted perjure as he is,
He takes a truce with *Elnors* damned brat,
And marries *Lewis* to her lovely neece,
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift
Betweene these lovers: ill betide the match.
And as they shoulder thee from out thine owne,
And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares:
So heav'ns crosse them with a thriftlesse course,
Is all the blood yspilt on either part,
Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,

Growne

Growne to a love-game and a bridall feast?
 And must thy birth-right bid the wedding banes?
 Poore helpelesse boy, hopelesse and helpelesse too,
 To whom misfortune seemes no yoake at all.
 Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
 Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
 Why lookst thou pale? the colour flies thy face:
 I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
 And make it muddie with my doles discourse,
 Goe in with me, reply not lovely boy,
 We must obscure this mone with melodie,
 Least worser wrack ensue our male-content. [Exeunt.

*Enter the King of England, the King of France, Arthur,
 Bastard, Lewis, Lymoges, Constance, Blanch, Châtillon,
 Pembroke, Salisbury, and Elianor.*

John.

This is the day, the long-desired day,
 Wherein the realmes of *England* and of *France*
 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.
 Thrice happie is the bridegroome and the bride,
 From whose sweet bridall such a concord springs,
 To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

Constance.

Ungodly peace made by anothers warre.

Philip.

Unhappie peace, that tyes thee from revenge,
 Rouze thee *Plantaginet*, live not to see
 The butcher of the great *Plantaginet*.
 Kings, princes, and ye peeres of either realmes,
 Pardon my rashnes, and forgive the zeale
 That carries me in furie to a deede
 Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.
 A boone (O kings) a boone doth *Philip* begge
 Prostrate upon his knee: which knee shall cleave
 Unto the superficies of the earth,
 Till *France* and *England* grant this glorious boone.

John.

Speake *Philip*, *England* grants thee thy request.

Q 4

Philip.

Philip.

And *France* confirmes what ere is in his power.

Bastard.

Then duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,
Too base a rancome for my fathers life.
Princes, I crave the combate with the duke
That braves it in dishonour of my fire.
Your words are past, nor can you now reverse
The princely promise that revives my soule,
Whereat me thinkes I see his finewes shake :
This is the boone (dread lords) which granted once
Or life or death are pleasant to my soule ;
Since I shall live and die in *Richards* right.

Lymoges.

Base bastard, misbegotten of a king,
To interrupt these holy nuptiall rites
With brawles and tumults to a dukes disgrace ;
Let it suffice, I sorne to joyne in fight,
With one so farre unequall to my selfe.

Bastard.

A fine excuse, kings if you will be kings,
Then keepe your words, and let us combate it.

John.

Philip, we cannot force the duke to fight,
Beeing a subject unto neither realme :
But tell me *Austria*, if an *English* duke
Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challenge ?

Lymoges.

Else let the world account the *Austrich* duke
The greatest coward living on the earth.

John.

Then cheere thee *Philip*, *John* wil keep his word,
Kneele down, in sight of *Philip* king of *France*,
And all these princely lords assembled here,
I gird thee with the sword of *Normandie*,
And of that land I do invest thee duke ;
So shalt thou be in living and in land
Nothing inferiour unto *Austria*.

Lymoges.

K. *John*, I tell thee flatly to thy face,
Thou wrong'st mine honour : and that thou mai'st see

How

How much I scorne thy new made duke and thee,
 I flatly say, I will not be compel'd :
 And so farewell fir duke of lowe degree,
 Ile finde a time to match you for this geare.

[Exit.

John.

Stay *Philip*, let him goe, the honours thine.

Bastard.

I cannot live unlesse his life be mine.

Q. Elianor.

Thy forwardnes this day hath joy'd my soule,
 And made me thinke my *Richard* lives in thee.

K. Philip.

Lordings let's in, and spend the wedding day
 In maskes and triumphs, letting quarrels cease.

Enter a Cardinall from Rome.

Cardinall.

Stay king of *France*, I charge thee joyn not hands
 With him that stands accurst of God and men.

Know *John*, that I *Pandulph* cardinall of *Millaine*, and legate from the sea of *Rome*, demand of thee in the name of our holy father the *Pope Innocent*, why thou do'st (contrary to the lawes of our holy mother the church, and our holy father the *Pope*) disturb the quiet of the church, and disanull the election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his holinesse hath elected archbishop of *Canterburie*: this in his holinesse name I demaund of thee?

John.

And what hast thou or the *Pope* thy master to do to demand of me, how I imploy mine own? know fir priest, as I honor the church and holy church-men, so I scorne to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me, and say, *John* of *England* said it, that never an *Italian* priest of them all, shal either have tythe, tole, or polling peny out of *England*; but as I am king, so will I raigne next under God, supreame head both over spiritual and temporall: and he that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hop headlesse.

K. Philip.

K. Philip.

What *K. John*, know you what you say, thus to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope?

John.

Philip, though thou and all the princes of *Christendome* suffer themselves to be abus'd by a prelates slavery, my mind is not of such base temper. If the Pope will bee king of *England*, let him win it with the sword, I know no other title he can alleadge to mine inheritance.

Cardinall.

John, this is thine answer?

John.

What then?

Cardinall.

Then I *Pandulph* of *Padua*, legate from the apostolike sea, doe in the name of Saint *Peter* and his successor our holy father Pope *Inuocent*, pronounce thee accursed, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they doe owe to thee, and pardon and forgivenesse of sinne to those or them whatsoever, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

John.

So fir, the more the foxe is curs'd the better a fares: if God bleffe me and my land, let the pope and his shavelings curse and spare not.

Cardinall.

Furthermore, I charge thee *Philip K.* of *Fraunce*, and all the kings and princes of *Christendome*, to make warre upon this milcreant: and whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doe in the name of our foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as unlawfull, beeing made with an hereticke; howe sai'st thou *Philip*, do'st thou obey?

John.

Brother of *France*, what say you to the cardinall?

Philip.

I say, I am fory for your majestie, requesting you to submit your selfe to the church of *Rome*.

John.

John.

And what say you to our league, if I do not submit?

Philip.

What should I say? I must obey the pope.

John.

Obey the pope, and breake your oath to God?

Philip.

The legate hath absolved me of mine oath:
Then yeeld to *Rome*, or I defie thee here.

John.

Why *Philip*, I defie the pope and thee,
False as thou art, and perjur'd king of *France*,
Unworthy man to be accounted king.

Giv'st thou thy sword into a prelates hands?

Pandulph, where I of abbots, monkes, and friers

Have taken somewhat to maintaine my wars,

Now will I take no more but all they have.

Ile rouze the lazie lubbers from their cels,

And in despite Ile send them to the pope.

Mother come you with me, and for the rest

That will not follow *John* in this attempt,

Confusion light upon their damned soules.

Come lords, fight for your K. that fighteth for your good. *(Exeunt)*

Philip.

And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy selfe shalt see

How *France* will fight for *Rome* and *Romish* rites.

Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas,

Let's take him captive, and in triumph lead

The K. of *England* to the gates of *Rome*.

Arthur bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see

What *Philip* K. of *France* will doe for thee.

Blanch.

And will your grace upon your wedding day

Forfake your bride, and follow dreadfull drums?

Nay, good my lord, stay you at home with me.

Lewis.

Sweet heart content thee, and wee shall agree.

Philip.

Follow my lords, lord Cardinall lead the way,

Drums shall be musicke to this wedding day.

[*Exeunt.**Excursions.*

Excursions. The Bastard pursues Austria, and kils him.

Bastard.

Thus hath K. Richards son performd his vowes.
And offred *Austria's* blood for his sacrifice
Unto his fathers everliving soule.
Brave *Cordclion*, now my heart doth say,
I have deserved, though not to be thine heire,
Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
A name as pleasing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the duke of *Normandie*.
Lie there a prey to every rav'ning fowle:
And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,
And trode thine ensignes underneath his feet,
So doe I tread upon thy cursed selfe,
And leave thy body to the fowles for food. [Exit.

*Excursions. Arthur, Constance, Lewis, having taken 2.
Eliador prisoner.*

Constance.

Thus hath the god of kings with conquering arme
Dispearst the foes to true succession,
Proud, and disturber of thy countries peace,
Constance doth live to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now avenged be
For all the mischiefs hatched in thy braine.

2 *Elinor.*

Contemptuous dame, unreverent dutches thou,
To brave so great a queene as *Eliador*,
Base scold, hast thou forgot, that I was wife
And mother to three mightie *English* kings?
I charge thee then, and you forsooth fir boy,
To set your grandmother at libertie,
And yeeld to *John* your uncle and your king.

Constance.

'Tis not thy words proud queene shall carry it.

Elinor.

Nor yet thy threatens proud dame shal daunt my mind.

Arthur.

Sweete grandam, and good mother, leave these braules.

Elienor.

Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.

Constance.

My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.

Arthur.

Good mother, weigh it is queene *Elinor*.
Though she be captive, use her like her selfe.
Sweet grandame, beare with what my mother says,
Your highnesse shall be used honourably.

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

Lewis my lord, duke *Arthur*, and the rest,
To armes in hast, K. *John* relies his men,
And ginnes the fight afresh: and sweares withall
To loose his life, or set his mother free.

Lewis.

Arthur away, 'tis time to looke about.

Elinor.

Why how now dame, what is your courage coold?

Constance.

No *Elinor* my courage gathers strength,
And hopes to leade both *John* and thee as slaves:
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. [*Exeunt.*

[*Excursions.* *Elienor* is rescued by *John*, and *Arthur*
is taken prisoner. *Exeunt.* Sound Victory.

Enter John, Elienor, and Arthur prisoner, Bastard, Pembroke,
Salisbury, and Hubert de Burgh.

John.

Thus right triumphs, and *John* triumphs in right:
Arthur thou seest, *Fraunce* cannot bolster thee;
Thy mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at last nephew thou yeeld thy selfe
Into the gardance of thine uncle *John*,
Thou shalt be used as becomes a prince.

Arthur.

Arthur.

Uncle, my grandame taught her nephew this,
To beare captivitie with patience.
Might hath prevaild, not right, for I am king
Of *England*, though thou weare the diademe.

2. Elinor.

Sonne *John*, soone shall wee teach him to forget
These prowd presumptions, and to know himselfe.

John.

Mother, he never will forget his claime,
I would he livde not to remember it.

But leaving this, we will to *England* now,
And take some order with our popelings there,
That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.

Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ransacke the abbeis, cloysters, priories,
Convert their coine unto my souldiers use:

And whatsoere he be within my land,
That goes to *Rome* for justice and for law,
While he may have his right within the realme,
Let him be judgde a traitor to the state,
And suffer as an enemy to *England*.

Mother, wee leave you here beyond the seas,

As regent of our provinces in *France*,
While we to *England* take a speedie course,
And thanke our God that gave us victorie.

Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,
Be he thy prisoner: *Hubert* keepe him safe,
For on his life doth hang thy soveraignes crowne.

But in his death consists thy soveraignes blisse:
Then *Hubert*, as thou shortly hearst from me,
So use the prisoner I have given in charge.

Hubert.

Frolicke yong prince, thogh I your keeper be,
Yet shall your keeper live at your command.

Arthur.

As please my God, so shall become of me.

2. Elianor.

My sonne, to *England*, I will see thee shipt,
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore.

Bastard.

Bastard.

'Now warres are done, I long to be at home,
To dive into the monks and abbots bagges,
To make some sport among the smooth skind nunnes,
And keepe some revell with the fanzen friers.

John.

To *England* lords, each looke unto your charge,
And arme your selves against the *Roman* pride. [Exeunt.

*Enter the King of France, Lewes his sonne, Cardinall Pandolph
Legate, and Constance.*

Philip.

What, every man attacht with this mishap?
Why frowne you so, why droope ye lords of *France*?
Me thinkes it differs from a warrelike minde,
To lowre it for a checke or two of chaunce.
Had *Lymoges* escapt the bastards spight,
A little sorrow might have servde our losse.
Brave *Austria*, heaven joyes to have thee there.

Cardinall.

His soule is safe and free from purgatorie,
Our holy father hath dispenst his finnes,
The blessed saints have heard our orisons,
And all are mediators for his soule,
And in the right of these most holy warres,
His holinesse free pardon doth pronounce
To all that follow you gainst *English* heretikes,
Who stand accursed in our mother church.

Enter Constance alone.

Philip.

To aggravate the measure of our greefe,
All male-content comes *Constance* for her sonne.
Be breefe good madame, for your face imports
A tragicke tale behind thats yet untold.
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,
Deepe sorrow throbbeeth mis-befalne events,
Out with it ladie, that our act may end
A full catastrophe of sad laments.

Constance.

Constance.

My tongue is tun'd to storie forth mishap:
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale?
Must *Constance* speake? let teares prevent her talke:
Must I discourse? let *Dido* sigh and say,
She weepes againe to heare the wracke of *Troy*:
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done:
Elnors proud brat hath rob'd me of my sonne.

Lewis.

Have patience madame, this is chance of warre:
He may be ransom'd, we revenge his wrong.

Constance.

Be it ne'r so soone, I shall not live so long.

Philip.

Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, go with me,
These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe. [Exeunt.

Cardinall.

Now *Lewis*, thy fortune buds with happy spring,
Our holy fathers prayers effecteth this.

Arthur is safe, let *John* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairest to *Englands* crowne:
Now stirre thy father to begin with *John*,
The Pope says I, and so is *Albion* thine.

Lewis.

Thanks my lord legat for your good conceit,
'Tis best we follow now the game is faire,
My father wants to worke him your good words.

Cardinall.

A few will serue to forward him in this,
Those shall not want: but let's about it then. [Exeunt.

*Enter Philip leading a friar, charging him shew where the Abbots
gold lay.*

Philip.

Come on you fat *Franciscan*, dallie no longer, but shew me
where the abbots treasure lies, or die.

Frier.

Benedicamus Domini, was ever such an injurie?
Sweet S. *Withold* of thy lenitie, defend us from extremitie,

And

And heare us for S. *Charitie*, oppressed with austeritie.
In nomine domini, make I my homily,
 Gentle gentilitie grieve not the cleargie.

Philip.

Gray-gown'd good face, conjure ye,
 Nere trust me for a groat
 If this wast girdle hang thee not
 That girdeth in thy coat.
 Now bald and barefoot *Bungie* birds,
 When up the gallowes climing,
 Say *Philip* he had words enough,
 To put you downe with riming.

Frier.

O pardon, O *parce*, S. *Francis* for mercie,
 Shall shield thee from night-spels, and dreaming of divels,
 If thou wilt forgive me, and never more grieve me,
 With fasting and praying, and Haile *Marie* saying,
 From blacke purgatorie, a penance right sory:
Frier Thomas will warme you,
 It shall never harme you.

Philip.

Come leave off your rabble,
 Sir, hang up this lozell.

2 *Frier.*

For charitie I beg his life,
 Saint *Francis* chitest frier,
 The best in all our coventi.,
 To keepe a vintners fire.
 O strangle not the good old man,
 My hostesse oldest guest,
 And I will bring you by and by
 Unto the priors chest.

Philip.

I, saist thou so, and if thou wilt the frier is at liberty,
 If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for company.

Frier.

Come hither, this is the chest, thogh simple to behold,
 That wanteth not a thousand pound in silver and in gold.
 My self wil warrant ful so much, I know the abbots itore,
 Ile pawn my life there is no lesse, to have what ere is more.

R

Philip.

Philip.

I take thy word, the overplus unto thy share shal come,
But if there want of full so much, thy necke shall pay the
summe.

Breake up the coffer, frier.

Frier.

Oh I am undone, faire *Alice* the nunne
Hath tooke up her rest in the abbots chest.
Sancte benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.
Fie *Alice*, confession will not salve this transgression.

Philip.

What have we here, a holy nunne? so keepe me God in
health,
A smooth facde nunne (for aught I know) is al the abbots
wealth.

Is this the nunries chastitie?

Beshrew me but I thinke

They go as oft to venery as niggards to their drinke.

Why paltry frier and pandar too, yee shamelesse shaven crowne,

Is this the chest that held a hoord,

at least a thousand pound?

And is the hoord a holy whore?

well, be the hangman nimble,

Hee'l take the paine to pay you home,

and teach you to dissemble.

Nunne.

O spare the frier *Anthony*,

a better never was

To sing a dirige solemnely,

or reade a morning masse.

If money be the meanes of this,

I know an ancient nunne,

That hath a hoord these seven yeeres,

did never see the sunne;

And that is yours, and what is ours,

so favour now be showne,

You shall commaund as commonly,

as if it were your owne.

Frier.

Your honour excepted.

Nunne.

Nunne.

I *Thomas*, I meane so.

Philip.

From all save from friers.

Nunne.

Good fir, doe not thinke so.

Philip.

I thinke and see so :
Why how camst thou here ?

Frier.

To hide her from lay men.

Nunne.

'Tis true fir, for feare.

Philip.

For feare of the laitie : a pitiful dreed
When a nunne flies for succour to a fat friers bed.
But now for your ransome my cloyster-bred conney,
To the chest that you spoke of where lies so much mony.

Nunne.

Faire fir, within this presse, of plate and mony is
The vawew of a thousand marks, and other thing by gis.
Let us alone, and take it all, tis yours fir, now you know it.

Philip.

Come on fir frier, picke the locke, this gere doth cotton
hanfome,
That covetousnesse so cunningly must pay the lechers ransome.
What is in the hoord ?

Frier.

Frier *Laurence* my lord, now holy water helpe us,
Some witch or some divell is sent to delude us :
Haud credo Laurentius, that thou shouldst be pend thus
In the presse of a nunne we are all undone,
And brought to discredence if thou be frier *Laurence*.

Frier.

Amor vincit omnia, so *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a frier whose fancie soon burneth,
Because he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he should.

R 2

Philip.

Philip.

How goes this geere? the friers chest filld with a faulsen
nunne.

The nunne again lockes frier up,
to keepe him from the sunne.

Belike the presse is purgatorie,
or penance passing grievous:

The friers chest a hell for nunnes!
how doe these dolts deceive us?

Is this the labour of their lives, to feede and live at ease?

To revell so lasciviously as often as they please?

Ile mend the fault or fault my aime,
if I doe misse amending,

Tis better burne the cloysters downe,
than leave them for offending.

But holy you, to you I speake,
to you religious divell,

Is this the presse that holds the summe,
to quit you for your evill?

Nunne.

I crie *peccavi*, *parce me*,
good sir I was beguil'd.

Frier.

Absolve sir for charitie,
shee would bee reconcil'd.

Philip.

And so I shall, firs bind them fast,
This is their absolution,

goe hang them up for hurting them,
Haste them to execution.

Fr. Laurence.

O tempus edax rerum,
Give children bookes they teare them.

O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *ætatis*.

At threelcore wel neere, to goe to this geere,

To my conscience a clog, to die like a dog.

Exaudi me domine, si vis me parce

Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.

To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,

A hundred pound sterling, for my lives sparing.

Enter

Enter Peter a prophet, with people.

Peter.

Hoe, who is here? *S. Francis* be your speed,
Come in my flocke, and follow me,
your fortunes I will reed.
Come hither boy, goe get thee home,
and clime not over hie,
For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt die.

Boy.

God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our house a Sunday.

Peter.

My boy shew me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,
For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to dwel,
But thou shalt scape them all, and doe full well.

Boy.

I thanke you *Peter*, theres a cheese for your labor: my sister prayes yee to come home, and tell her how many husbands she shall have, and shee'l give you a rib of bacon.

Peter.

My masters, stay at the townes end for me. Ile come to you all anone: I must dispatch some busines with a frier, and then Ile reade your fortunes.

Philip.

How now, a prophet! fir prophet whence are ye?

Peter.

I am of the world and in the world, but live not as others, by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know. If thou knowest me now, be answered: if not, enquire no more what I am.

Philip.

Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knave, that deludes the people with blinde prophecies: you are hee I look for, you shal away with me: bring away all the rable, and yon frier *Laurence*, remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest; come on fir prophet, you shall with me, to receive a prophets rewarde. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hubert de Burgh with three men.

Hubert.

My masters, I have shewed you what warrant I have for this attempt; I perceive by your heavy countenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for my owne part, I would the king had made choice of some other executioner: only this is my comfort, that a king commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default: therefore in brieft, leave me, and be ready to attend the adventure: stay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, God save the king, issue sodainely forth, lay hands on *Arthur*, set him in his chaire, wherein (once fast bound) leave him with me to finish the rest.

Attendants.

We goe, though loath.

[*Exeunt.*]

Hubert.

My lord, will it please your honor to take the benefit of the faire evening?

Enter Arthur to Hubert de Burgh.

Arthur.

Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom restraint is newly knowne,
The joy of walking is small benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
I would not loose the pleasure of the eie.
But tell me curteous keeper if thou can,
How long the king will have me tarrie heere.

Hubert.

I know not prince, but as I gesse, not long.
God send you freedome, and God save the king.

[*They issue forth.*]

Arthur.

Why how now firs, what may this outrage meane?
O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper help:
God send this sodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reave a wretched guiltless life.

Hubert.

Hubert.

So firs, depart, and leave the rest for me.

Arthur.

Then *Arthur* yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? good *Hubert* pleade the case.

Hubert.

Patience yong lord, and listen words of woe,
Harmefull and harsh, hells horror to be heard:
A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the found.

Arthur.

What, must I die?

Hubert.

No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,
A wrathfull doome, and most unluckie fate:
Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.

Arthur.

Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it must needes be done,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gone.

Hubert.

I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,
To aide the office have at once denide.
Peruse this letter, lines of trebble woe,
Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our
quiet in minde, and the estate of our person, that pre-
sently upon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out
the eies of *Arthur Plantaginet*.

Arthur.

Ah monstrous damned man! his very breath infects the
elements.
Contagious venome dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.

R 4

Unreverent

Unreverent may I be to blame the heavens
 Of great injustice, that the miscreant
 Lives to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
 Ah *Hubert*! makes he thee his instrument,
 To found the trump that causeth hell triumph?
 Heaven weepes, the saints do shed celestiall teares,
 They feare thy fall, and cite thee with remorse,
 They knocke thy conscience, moving pitie there,
 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell;
 Hell, *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
 Hangs on performance of this damned deed.
 This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,
 Ensureth satan chieftaine of thy soule:
 Subscribe not *Hubert*, give not Gods part away.
 I speake not only for eies priviledge,
 The chiefe exterior that I would enjoy:
 But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
 Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eies vaine lacke:
 A cause internall, and eternall too.
 Advise thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,
 To loose salvation for a kings reward.

Hubert.

My lord, a subject dwelling in the land
 Is tied to execute the kings commaund.

Arthur.

Yet God commaunds whose power reacheth further,
 That no command should stand in force to murther.

Hubert.

But that same essence hath ordaind a law,
 A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arthur.

I pleade, not guilty, treasonlesse and free.

Hubert.

But that appeale, my lord, concernes not me.

Arthur.

Why thou art he that maist omit the perill.

Hubert.

I, if my soveraigne would omit his quarrell.

Arthur.

His quarrell is unhallowed false and wrong.

Hubert.

Hubert.

Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur.

Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their judgement with so vile a deede.

Hubert.

Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

Arthur.

Ye's where in forme of law in place and time,
The offender is convicted of the crime.

Hubert.

My lord, my lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes up more grieve, than promise of redresse ;
For this I know, and so resolvde I end,
That subjects lives on kings commands depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But do his charge since he commaunds it so.

Arthur.

Then do thy charge, and charged be thy soule
With wrongfull persecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I doe behold with eies that nature lent :
Send forth the terror of your moovers frowne,
To wreake my wrong upon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view :
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to me)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guilt,
And let the blacke tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
Upbraide them with this damned enterprife,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my orisons are ended,
Begin I pray thee, reave me of my sight :
But to performe a tragedie indeede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
Constance farewell, tormenter come away,
Make my dispatch the tyrants feasting day.

Hubert.

I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist :
Faint did I say ? feare was it that I named :

My

266 THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE

My king commaunds, that warrant sets me free :
 But God forbids, and he commaundeth kings,
 That great commaunder countercheckes my charge,
 He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart.
 Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
 Cheere thee yong lord, thou shalt not loose an eie,
 Though I should purchase it with losse of life.
 Ile to the king, and say his will is done,
 And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
 Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
 To blinde those lampes that nature pollisht so.

Arthur.

Hubert, if ever *Arthur* be in state,
 Looke for amends of this received gift,
 I took my eiesight by the curtesie,
 Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
 But now procrastination may offend
 The issue that thy kindnesse undertakes :
 Depart we, *Hubert*, to prevent the worst.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter K. John, Essex, Salisbury, Penbrooke,

John.

Now warlike followers, resteth aught undone
 That may impeach us of fond oversight ?
 The *French* have felt the temper of our swords,
 Cold terror keepes possession in their soules,
 Checking their overdaring arrogance
 For buckling with so great an overmatch,
 The arch proud titled priest of *Italy*,
 That calls himselfe grand vicar under God,
 Is busied now with trentall obsequies,
 Masse and months mind, dirge and I know not what,
 To ease their soules in painefull purgatorie,
 That have miscarried in these bloody warres.
 Heard you not, lords, when first his holinesse
 Had tidings of our small account of him,
 How with a taunt vaunting upon his toes,
 He urgde a reason why the *English* asse
 Disdaind the blessed ordinance of *Rome*?

The title (reverently might I inferre)
 Became the kings that earst have borne the load,
 The slavish weight of that controlling priest:
 Who at his pleasure temperd them like waxe
 To carrie armes on danger of his curse,
 Banding their soules with warrants of his hand.
 I grieve to thinke how kings in ages past
 (Simply devoted to the see of *Rome*)
 Have run into a thousand acts of shame.
 But now for confirmation of our state,
 Sith we have proind the more than needfull braunch
 That did oppresse the true well-growing stocke,
 It resteth we throughout our territories
 Be reproclaimed and invested king.

Pembrooke.

My liege, that were to busie men with doubts,
 Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with applause
 Your citie streets have ecchoed to the eare,
 God save the king, God save our soveraigne *John*,
 Pardon my feare, my censure doth inferre
 Your highnesse not deposde from regall state,
 Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
 What it should meane to have you crownd againe.

John.

Pembrooke, performe what I have bid thee do,
 Thou knowst not what induceth me to this.
Essex goe in, and lordings all be gone
 About this taske, I will be crownd anone.

Enter the Bastard.

Philip what newes, how do the abbots chests?
 Are friers fatter than the nunnes are faire?
 What cheere with church-men, had they gold or no?
 Tell me, how hath thy office took effect?

Philip.

My lord, I have performd your highnes charge:
 The ease-bred abbots, and the bare-foote friers,
 The monks, the priors, and holy cloystred nunnes,
 Are all in health, and were my lord in wealth

Till

Till I had tithe and tolde their holy hoords.
 I doubt not when your highnesse sees my prize,
 You may proportion all their former pride.

John.

Why so, now forts it *Philip* as it should :
 This small intrusion into abbey trunks,
 Will make the popelings excommunicate,
 Curse, ban, and breathe out damned orisons,
 As thicke as haile-stones fore the springs approach :
 But yet as harmelesse and without effect,
 As is the eccho of a cannons cracke
 Dischargde against the battlements of heaven.
 But what newes else befell there *Philip*?

Bastard.

Strange newes my lord: within your territories
 Neere *Pomfret* is a prophet new sprung up,
 Whose divination volleis wonders soorth :
 To him the commons throng with countrey gifts,
 He sets a date unto the beldames death,
 Prescribes how long the virgins state shall last,
 Distinguisheth the mooving of the heavens,
 Gives limits unto holy nuptiall rites,
 Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth :
 Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
 With such assurance, scruples put apart,
 As it he knew the certaine doomes of heaven,
 Or kept a register of all the destinies.

John.

Thou telst me marvels, would thou hadst brought the man,
 We might have questiond him of things to come.

Bastard.

My lord, I tooke a care of had-I-wist,
 And brought the prophet with me to the court,
 He staies my lord but at the presence doore :
 Pleaseth your highnesse, I will call him in.

John.

Nay stay awhile, wee'l have him here anone,
 A thing of weight is first to be performd.

Enter

Enter the nobles and crowne King John, and then cry God save the king.

John.

Lordings and friends supporters of our state,
 Admire not at this unaccustomed course,
 Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.
 Once ere this time was I invested king,
 Your fealtie sworne as liegemen to our state:
 Once since that time ambitious weedes have sprung
 To staine the beauty of our garden plot:
 But heavens in our conduct rooting thence
 The false intruders, breakers of workls peace,
 Have to our joy, made sunne-shine chase the storme.
 After the which, to trie your constancie,
 That now I see is worthy of your names,
 We crav'd once more your helps for to invest us
 Into the right that envy sought to wracke.
 Once was I not deposde, your former choice;
 Now twice beene crowned and applauded king?
 Your cheered action to install me so,
 Infers assured witnesse of your loves,
 And binds me over in a kingly care
 To render love with love, rewards of worth
 To ballance downe requitall to the full.
 But thanks the while, thanks lordings to you all:
 Aske me and use me, trie me and finde me yours.

Essex.

A boone my lord, at vantage of your words
 We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pembrooke.

We take the time your highnesse bids us aske:
 Please it you grant, you make your promise good,
 With lesse losse than one superfluous haire
 That not remembred falleth from your head.

John.

My word is past, receive your boone my lords,
 What may it be? aske it, and it is yours.

Essex.

Essex.

We crave my lord, to please the commons with
 The libertie of lady *Constance* sonne:
 Whose durance darkeneth your highnesse right,
 As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
 Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you have.
 Dismiss him thence, your highnesse needs not feare,
 Twice by consent you are proclaim'd our king.

Pembrooke.

This if you grant, were all unto your good:
 For simple people muse you keepe him close.

John.

Your words have searcht the center of my thoughts,
 Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
 Dismiss your counsell, sway my state,
 Let *John* doe nothing, but by your consents.
 Why how now *Philip*, what extasie is this?
 Why casts thou up thy eyes to heaven so?

*[There the five moones appeare.]**Bastard.*

See, see my lord, strange apparitions,
 Glancing mine eie to see the diadem
 Plac'd by the bishops on your highnesse head,
 From forth a gloomie cloud, which curtaine-like
 Displaid it selfe, I suddainely espied
 Five moones reflecting, as you see them now:
 Even in the moment that the crowne was plac'd
 Gan they appeare, holding the course you see.

John.

What might portend these apparitions,
 Unusuall signes, forerunners of event,
 Presagers of strange terrors to the world:
 Beleeve me lords, the object feares me much.
Philip thou toldst me of a wizard but of late,
 Fetch in the man to descant of this show.

Pembrooke.

The heavens frowne upon the sinfull earth,
 When with prodigious unaccustom'd signes
 They spot their superficies with such wonder.

Essex.

Essex.

Before the ruines of *Jerusalem*,
Such meteors were the ensignes of his wrath,
That hast'ned to destroy the faultfull towne.

Enter the Bastard with the prophet.

John.

Is this the man?

Bastard.

It is my lord.

John.

Prophet of *Pomfret*, for so I heare thou art,
That calculat'st of many things to come:
Who by a power repleat with heavenly gift,
Canst blab the counsell of thy makers will.
If fame be true, or truth be wrong'd by thee,
Decide in cyphering, what these five moones
Portend this clime, if they presage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I live to see
Thy divination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee above all earthly men.

Peter.

The skie wherein these moones have residence,
Presenteth *Rome* the great metropolis,
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe:
Foure of the moones present foure provinces,
To wit *Spaine*, *Denmarke*, *Germaine*, and *France*,
That beare the yoke of proud commanding *Rome*,
And stand in feare to tempt the prelates curse.
The smallest moone that whirls about the rest,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this island *Albion*,
Who gins to scorne the see and seat of *Rome*,
And seeks to shunne the edicts of the pope:
This shoves the heaven, and this I doe averre
Is figured in the apparitions.

John.

Why then it seemes the heavens smile on us,
Giving applause for leaving of the pope.

But

But for they chance in our meridian,
Doe they effect no private growing ill
To be inflicted on us in this clime?

Peter.

The moones effect no more than what I said:
But on some other knowledge that I have
By my prescience, ere ascension day
Have brought the sunne unto his usuall height,
Of crowne, estate, and royall dignity,
Thou shalt be cleane dispoys'd and dispossess'd.

John.

False dreamer, perish with thy witched newes,
Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies:
If it be true, die for thy tidings price;
If false, for fearing me with vain suppose:
Hence with the witch, hels damned secretarie.
Locke him up sure: for by my faith I sweare,
True or not true, the wizard shall not live.
Before ascension day: who should be cause hereof?
Cut off the cause, and then the effect will die.
Tut, tut, my mercie serves to maim me selfe,
The roote doth live, from whence these thornes spring up,
I and my promise past for his deliv'rie:
Frowne friends, faile faith, the divell goe withall,
The brat shall die, that terrifies me thus.
Pembroke and *Essex*, I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your favours with my feare:
Nay murmure not, my will is lawe enough,
I love you well, but if I lov'd you better,
I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter Hubert.

How now, what newes with thee?

Hubert.

According to your highnesse strict command,
Young *Arthurs* eies are blinded and extinct.

John.

Why so, then he may feele the crown, but never see it.

Hubert.

Hubert.

Nor see nor feele, for of the extream paine,
Within one houre gave he up the ghost.

John.

What is he dead?

Hubert.

He is my lord.

John.

Then with him dies my cares.

Essex.

Now joy betide thy foule.

Pembrooke.

And heavens revenge thy death.

Essex.

What have you done my lord? was ever heard
A deed of more inhumane consequence?
Your foes will curse, your friends will crie revenge.
Unkindly rage, more rough than northern wind,
To clip the beautie of so sweete a flower.
What hope in us for mercie on a fault,
When kinsman dies without impeach of cause,
As you have done, so come to cheere you with,
The guilt shall never be cast in my teeth.

[*Exeunt.*

John.

And are you gone? the divell be your guide:
Proud rebels as ye are, to brave me so:
Saucie, uncivill, checkers of my will.
Your tongues give edge unto the fatall knife,
That shall have passage through your trayt'rous throats.
But husht, breath not bugs words too soone abroad,
Lest time prevent the issue of thy reach.
Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes:
But while he liv'd, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why all is one, such lucke shall haunt his game,
To whom the divell owes an open shame:
His life a foe that level'd at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,

S

Who

Who living aimed shrewdly at my roome:
 But to prevent that plea, twice was I crown'd,
 Twice did my subjects sweare me fealtie,
 And in my conscience lov'd me as their liege,
 In whose defence they would have pawn'd their lives,
 But now they shun me as a serpents sting,
 A tragyke tyrant, sterne and pitilesse,
 And not a title followes after *John*,
 But butcher, blood-sucker, and murtherer.
 What planet govern'd my nativitie,
 To bode me soveraigne types of high estate,
 So interlac'd with hellish discontent,
 Wherein fell furie hath no interest?
 Curst be the crowne, chiefe author of my care,
 Nay curst my will, that made the crowne my care:
 Curst be my birth-day, curst ten times the wombe
 That yeelded me alive into the world.
 Art thou there villaine, furies haunt thee still,
 For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hubert.

Why here's my lord your highnes hand and seale,
 Charging on lives regard to do the deed.

John.

Ah dull conceipted pesant, knowst thou not
 It was a damned execrable deed?
 Shewst me a seale? oh villaine, both our soules
 Have solde their freedome to the thrall of hell
 Under the warrant of that cursed seale.
 Hence villaine, hang thyselfe, and say in hell
 That I am comming for a kingdome there.

Hubert.

My lord, attend the happy tale I tell,
 For heavens health send Sathan packing hence
 That instigates your highnesse to despaire.
 If *Arthurs* death be dismall to be heard,
 Bandie the newes for rumors of untruth:
 He lives my lord, the sweetest youth alive,
 In health, with eie sight, not a haire amisse.
 This heart took vigor from this forward hand,
 Making it weake to execute your charge.

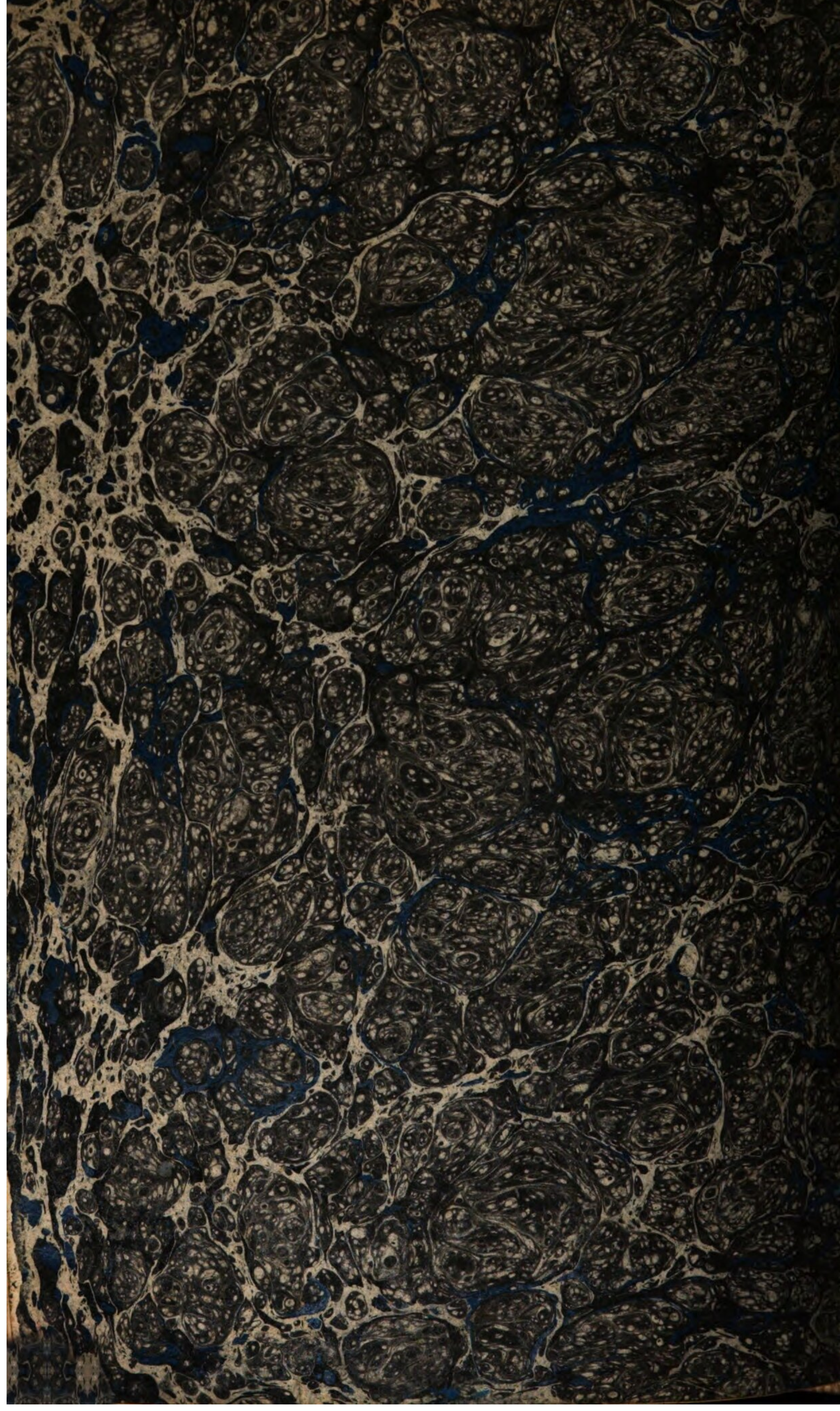
John.

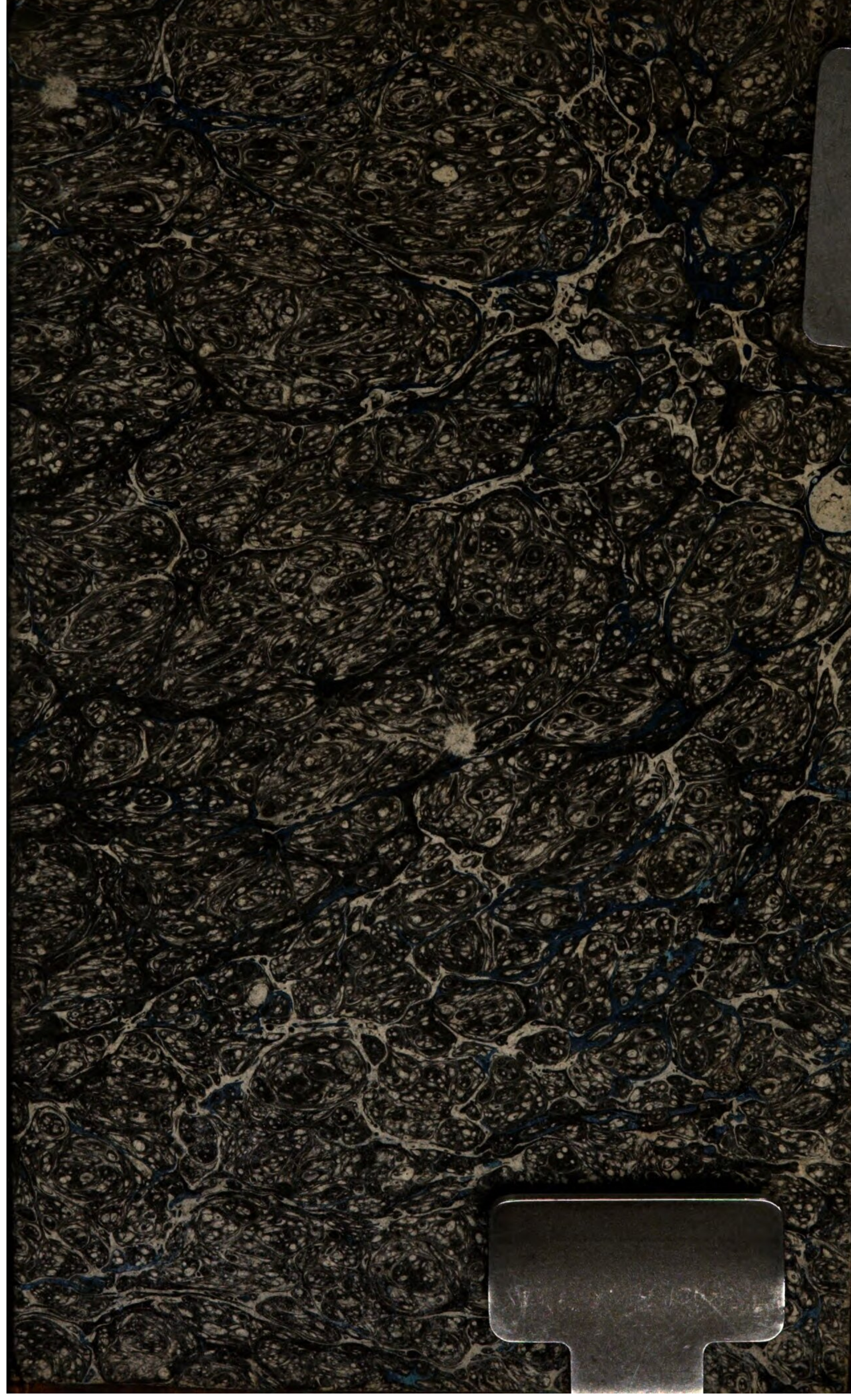
What, lives he! then sweete hope come home agen,
Chafe hence despaire, the purveyor for hell.
Hye *Hubert* tell these tidings to my lords
That throb in passions for yong *Arthurs* death:
Hence *Hubert*, stay not till thou hast reveald
The wished newes of *Arthurs* happy health.
I goe my selfe, the joyfullst man alive
To storie out this new supposed crime.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the FIRST PART.

THE





Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616

Six old plays on which Shakespeare founded his Measure for measure, Comedy of errors, Taming the shrew, King John, K. Henry IV. and K. Henry V., King Lear in two volumes
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